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FIVE YEARS WITHIN

THE GOLDEN GATE.

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BY

ISABELLE SAXON.

"All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to the 'wiser' ports and happy havens."
Ric. II. i. 3.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1868.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO.,
CITY ROAD.

TO THE READER.

THE author of the following pages first reached the western coast of America about seven years ago. She came back to Europe on a visit to her family, and returned to the Golden City at the close of 1866. When in England she was persuaded to record the particulars of what she had observed in the West during her sojourn there. This she has embodied in a desultory mode in the following pages. They will at least tend to throw light upon the social life of a small portion of that vast Western territory as yet but imperfectly explored. With this succinct explanation of the origin and intent of the work, the author commits it to the indulgence of her readers.

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FIVE YEARS WITHIN THE GOLDEN GATE.

CHAPTER I.

PACIFIC STEAMERS—THE GOLDEN GATE—NOBLE BAY—GEOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE OF THE COUNTRY—ALCATRAZ AND OAKLAND—SAN FRANCISCO—TERRITORIAL SURFACE AND SOIL—SEA BREEZES—TEMPERATURE—LOCAL DESCRIPTION—HOTELS.

THE details of a sea voyage from England to the West Indies some years ago, considering how many cross the Atlantic in the present day, would be tedious. Besides this, I shall hereafter have something to say about my homeward-bound voyage, and I would fain avoid repetitions. Large and commodious steamers proceed regularly to Aspinwall: thence to Panama is a distance of about fifty miles over the isthmus. A railroad takes the passengers across in three or four hours, a rate of travelling not very speedy, but fully meeting the object for which it was formed,—of a communication between the two oceans. At Panama the agent, Mr. Corwine, attends assiduously to the re-embarkation of passengers on the Pacific side.

The northern-bound American steamers of the Pacific are now noble vessels, generally of larger tonnage

than those on the Atlantic side of the isthmus. The *Golden City*, for example, which makes the passage from Panama to San Francisco, a distance of 3,150 miles, is 4,400 tons burthen. This vessel is complete in accommodation, with every appliance, even to an ice house, a luxury not to be slighted in a tropical climate. The *cuisine* is equal to that in a first-class hotel, and the wines excellent, if at a price somewhat dearer than in an English steamer.

A speedy passage of twelve days in that fine vessel takes its freight of goods and passengers from Panama to the entrance of the harbour called the "Golden Gate." The monotony and length of a sea voyage, as formerly experienced, are wonderfully relieved by the introduction of steam, and fully as much by the superior size of the vessels, and the extent of space at command, in place of passengers being cooped up without the power to exercise the body. The motion, too, increased in a small vessel, was no slight inconvenience to the stomachs of the landsmen—but enough for the present on this part of the subject.

Before proceeding farther than the "Golden Gate" entrance to the bay of San Francisco, it may be proper to call the reader's notice, prior to the perusal of these pages, to the character of the State of California as regards its geographical form. The eastern boundary is composed of a range of mountains called the Sierra Nevada, which decline in elevation and terminate at their bases in a valley of considerable depth on the western side, but not at once. They diminish gradually in size down to what are called locally "foot

hills," and these in their turn slope into the valley. On the west of this valley, which is very broad, and five hundred miles long, hills again commence, and culminate in the Coast Range Mountains, so called, which are of a very imposing height.

The northern part of the great valley above mentioned is drained by the Sacramento river and its tributaries. The southern part is watered, but less effectually, by the San Joaquin stream, which also receives a number of subordinate feeders. Both these main rivers, approaching each other for some distance, at length mingle their waters at a point nearly midway in the great valley, a little distance above San Francisco, through the noble bay of which, so denominated, they finally escape to the ocean. The bay itself is about seventy miles long by fifteen broad, being, at the entrance, narrowed into a channel only about a mile broad, but fully five long, through which its waters escape in a current at the entrance, as the tide ebbs and flows to and from the ocean. But for that channel or strait, the inner waters would remain like a noble lake. This channel or strait, from the western side of the bay, passes on the northern shore between high promontories, which gradually ascend to the Coast Range Mountains, and in the same manner on the opposite side to the bold but less elevated coast on the south.

The navigation on one side of this channel entrance is dangerous without care. High craggy rocks rise at intervals abruptly near the land, over which the sea breaks with tremendous fury. Even in the calmest

weather, and in that fine climate, the waves break upon them so furiously as to be hurled in volumes of snowy spray the best part of a hundred feet into the air. Thus it would seem as if nature had jealously guarded the entrance to her golden stores. By a slight stretch of the imaginative faculty, the scene, so it struck me, might be deemed the locality of some ancient mythological tale, and the gigantic rocks its guardians, or dragons, like those that protected the gardens of the Hesperides in ancient fable.

Upon entering the strait from the Pacific, the summit of an abrupt promontory on the north is marked by a lighthouse, and still further on the south side exhibits a shelving point of land which terminates in a fortification of considerable strength, bristling with cannon, called Fort Point. The portion of the strait or channel more immediately between the lighthouse and this fort is that termed "The Golden Gate," or "Chrysopylæ." Ahead of the vessel, as she proceeds, mountain islands rise abruptly from the water to the height of two thousand feet.

Further eastward the channel widens, and the little island of Alcatraz, surmounted by a large building of red brick, is seen with the flag of the Union waving over all. Fortifications of solid masonry defend this island, on the east of which and upon the southern shore the buildings of the city of San Francisco make their appearance. Arrived out of the strait into the wide and noble lake-like harbour, the vessel passed a long dilapidated pier, known as "Meigg's Wharf," on the north side of the city. She then rounded what is

called "Telegraph Hill," and a little further southward anchored near a wharf on the east side of San Francisco, as well as of the peninsula before noted as terminating at Fort Point, the outer side of which is exposed to the full fury of the "Pacific" tempests, if it be not an Irishism to use the expression.

It is now perceived that the principal part of the city faces the east. Opposite is a small town, on the other side of the bay, called Oakland—a very pleasant spot, with only a few houses yet built. The Americans, with a sort of passion for the "grandific" in all relating to themselves, call it a city. The site is delightful compared with that of San Francisco, and many citizens reside there, crossing the harbour to their business and returning. The distance by a ferry is about seven miles. It is yet farther to the south that the bay attains its extreme width. The position of the city of San Francisco itself is well sheltered from the storms seaward by a background of sand-hills, which take a peninsular form, nor can any site be better adapted for maritime purposes.

It is in a northerly direction from the city, at a distance of many miles from the mouth of the harbour entrance above described, that the Sacramento river enters the bay by a delta of twenty-five miles in extent, formed by its junction with the San Joaquin and other streams.

The city of San Francisco itself occupies a range of six or seven hills. That part of the place devoted to business is principally constructed of brick, but there are numerous habitations of timber. The suburbs

extend over several intervening valleys, and the rapidity of its construction, to an inhabitant of the Old World, is really a matter of astonishment. To this, however, in addition to the Anglo-Saxon impatience to keep moving, the temptation of the mineralogical wealth of the country added tenfold speed.*

The writer must now be considered as set down in the city as a resident for a time fully sufficient to become well acquainted with the locality and many of the principal inhabitants. To detail the trivial incidents of a stranger's landing and tavern or boarding-house reception would be to repeat what has been repeated a hundred times regarding accommodations of the same nature in the Eastern States, with which the British world is well acquainted, as they have been the matter of complaint or censure, of comparison or arrogant remark, with almost every tourist to the Eastern States. This is often from self-esteem being made the judge of everything foreign in personal bearing and home habit, those tests of excellence regarding any custom, whether peculiarly well adapted or not to differences in thinking, climate, or suitable habits.

In these sketches it is the writer's desire to adhere closely to a truthful representation of San Francisco as it stands at present—as she observed it—rather than as that "ideal" which the anticipations of its citizens trust it will, or the prejudices of its enemies would fain hope it will not become. She therefore trusts that her simple and truthful statements will be regarded with that impartiality to which the plain facts may be

* See observations towards the end of this work.

considered to have a claim. A resident for no short time in the "Golden City," still English in heart, with no inconsiderable attachment to the locality and its descendants of the "old country," to divest her of all prejudice, she thus enters upon her task, a true lover of England, her native land, but with the simple desire to make the new country better known in Europe generally. She believes that the truthful description of a stranger, appealing to reason, and steam-power facilitating an intimacy between England and her descendants, by rendering its appeals more frequent and familiar, may soften national asperities, diminish bigotry, and that attachment to the darkness and ignorance of the past times which is concealed under the innocent term of "conservatism."

To continue: San Francisco is seen to great advantage from the sea, as the stranger views it approaching from the deck of the vessel. The hills and intervening valleys are densely covered with substantial buildings. Those which are more immediately devoted to business in the trading part of the city stand, for the most part, on what was originally the sea beach, now covered by edifices with no other foundations than piles driven into the sandy shore. These "water lots," as they are termed, extend a great distance outward from the firm land, and there are wooden wharves which extend still further to seaward, on account of the shoal water, whence in the earlier time of the city a great expense arose to enable them to communicate with the shore by means of lighters or boats.

The more distant dwellings seen from the sea are

frame houses of two and three stories, some down even to one. The background consists of hills at a considerable distance, while the bay itself is generally filled with fine vessels of all nations, which lie off at anchor, completing the general picture of the many-hilled city.

Here the sketch must end. The eyes search in vain for the presence of vegetation. No trees interpose their umbrage among the suburban dwellings. No luxuriant verdure covers the hills or fills the dales with smiling fertility, and marks the outskirts of the town. In April and May the stunted grass on Telegraph and Russian Hills (eminences so denominated) is green and pleasant, and the hills of Alameda and Contra Costa, on opposite shores of the bay, as well as what are called Angel and Goat Islands, present a verdant appearance. This, however, is quickly succeeded by a parched, brown, sterile hue, which continues through the rest of the year. The inhabitant of the city then becomes sick for the sight of foliage.

New York, broiling as is the heat of that city in summer, exhibits here and there peeps of pleasing verdure and much umbrageous beauty, and it is so with Boston, for I have been in both cities. It is the same in Sacramento, the queen city of California, but in San Francisco the eyes ache and the heart yearns in vain for velvet lawns and leafy bowers, the reason being that the entire peninsula upon which it stands is formed of sandstone, covered with a great depth of sea-sand. The consequence is that nothing can be more fatiguing than a walk, or rather an attempt to walk, where the street or road is not "graded," which means not planked or

macadamised. Ten or twelve miles inland from the city, there is as much vegetation and rural beauty as the most ardent lover of nature can desire. The low lands of Alameda and of Contra Costa, too, abound in orchards and strawberry gardens. San Francisco itself thus stands unadorned with any loveliness from nature, although abounding in all that is artificial in place of natural, in all that commerce and wealth can impart to please and allure in artificial life.

The sea-sand just alluded to adds, too sensibly, to the unpleasantness of the city as a residence, especially during the windy season. In that fine climate the rainy season extends from October to March, after which not a drop of rain falls to freshen the arid earth. In the month of March high winds set in, usually about 10 A.M., and do not cease until 6 P.M. These winds temper the heat exceedingly, but they could cheerfully be spared. One of the daily newspapers thus described the setting in of the wind, which after all is not so much the evil in itself as that on which it acts as an agent of motion, by raising the fine and light sand into the atmosphere; thus, if it keep the air cool, it is at a cost that would gladly be spared, on the principle of choosing the lesser of two evils. The newspaper denominated the *Morning Call* one day described the visit of the wind for the season in these words:—

"Yesterday was as windy and disagreeable as human imagination is capable of conceiving, and human nature of enduring. Clouds of dust whirled through the streets and darkened the air, and the amount of sand which penetrated through every window-frame, and

under every door, was something frightful in the aggregate. Estimating soil at a very moderate rate per square yard, the total amount blown out of the city and county of San Francisco into the bay, or over towards Mount Diablo, would be equal to an independent fortune for a family."

This is not an exaggerated statement. The average of days similar during the windy season is considerable, and not less disagreeable. This is a great objection to San Francisco as a residence. There is farther the change of temperature in the warm summer months, when the heat before noon is often oppressive, so that the lightest dress may be worn; yet after eleven or twelve at noon, when the sea breeze sets in, a change to thicker clothing is indispensable. The utmost efforts are necessary to retain hats and bonnets; while the fine sand whirled about in the air by the wind sprays the skin, and, getting into the lungs, predisposes for consumption—by no means a rare disease in the city—thus increasing the mortality.

The buildings are laid down in streets running up from the bay east and west, and crossed north and south, parallel with the shore, which renders it somewhat formal, though convenience and even architectural neatness and beauty may be best consulted by such a plan.

The houses erected on what are denominated the "water lots" being the earliest built, are, for the most part, indifferent frame buildings. Those immediately fronting the wharves are on the western sides crowded with clothing shops or stores, mostly held by

Jews. The wharves are built ordinarily of wood, and present uniformly scenes of great activity and bustle. That invaluable feature of freedom and improvement, the press, has continually lectured the "city fathers," and made some strictures on the shamefully unsafe condition of many of those wharves, and the large holes or "man-traps" suffered to remain without repair in their flooring. Dead bodies were often found floating in the bay, that it was presumed had thus fallen through neglected apertures into the water at night, or in the dusk of evening. In the earlier days of the settlers, things were no doubt worse than I found them.

"The first street on the shore of the bay is Davis Street, followed by Battery, Sansome, and the Regent Street of San Francisco, called Montgomery Street. The streets are divided into squares, from cutting each other at right angles, the houses comprised within one square of buildings are called a block. These are generally about a hundred yards on each face, and are spoken of as Block No. 1, 2, or 3, as the case may be. Thus, Montgomery Street lies four blocks from the shore of the bay, or the "bay-shore," as the inhabitants call it.

The streets near the water in the bad state above alluded to, with the cause, having been mentioned, recall an incident relating to them which I heard of on my way to the hotel. Here I am a little out of order, yet as I only pretend to write irregularly, as memory reproduces the incidents to which I thus give permanency, I may here state:—A gentleman related that

but a few years ago, while he was walking along Sansome Street in the evening, near where one of the theatres stands, he saw a carriage and horses approaching towards it. On a sudden, horses, carriage, and all disappeared, like a scene-trick in a pantomime. Fortunately, assistance was at hand, and the water under was shallow. They had dropped through the wooden staging—ay, horses, carriage, and all—from the decay of the timber, which was in fact the paving of the street, or rather the planking! Happily without very serious mischief: with the sand and shallow water beneath, no one was hurt so as to endanger life. An hour's amusement was lost, for the inmates of the vehicle were going to the theatre near which the accident occurred.

I mention the foregoing circumstance to show how carelessly, indeed, unaccountably so, human life is hazarded in America, not in such a case as this only, but in others still more neglectful and heedless. Some urge the hasty colonisation of the country as an excuse, but it is not easy to define how that should engender such recklessness. I thought it a poor excuse, as I saw the splendour of many of the buildings in the city in which such occurrences take place. There, too, labour is a costly article, and that might be supposed a motive for more caution in protecting life, besides that the population is no way to be compared with the numbers in the crowded towns and cities of the old world, and human life must be proportionably valuable.

As I entered Montgomery Street for the first time, I was surprised to find it full of fine shops, and in every respect comparable with the finest streets of New

York and London. It cannot, perhaps, rival the Rue Rivoli, in Paris, in the style of the buildings, but it is probable that the Parisian street will have a dangerous rival if those of the American city continue to go on as they have begun. A street called by the plebeian name of Market Street is, they told me rather prematurely, likely to outshine even Montgomery Street.

At the time of my arrival in San Francisco, the most fashionable hotel was that called the "International." There were others nearly equal to it in extent, as the "Metropolitan," for example, both built of brick, and the "American Exchange." The "Oriental" and "Tehama House" were frame buildings on my arrival. But after that time the "International" was outdone by new buildings, and it fell to a third-rate establishment; indeed, it was said to have become a temperance house. The "Oriental" fell into a fifth-class hotel, and the "Tehama" disappeared. Such were changes a little time produced in what may be called a new-born city. The "American Exchange," a quiet hotel of good reputation, kept by substantial people, for which the charge was, they told me, two dollars per day for accommodation, was considered the most respectable.

While somewhat premature in going so far into the subject of the accommodation for strangers thus early on landing, I may add that the noted hotel, the "Metropolitan," has disappeared, with its front of seventy windows, and in its place has arisen the finest of all the hotels in the city, the "Cosmopolitan." There are several others nearly equal to it, as the "Occidental" and "Sick House," which, with "Russ House," are

recent creations. At the latter the charge is three dollars per day, and it is generally used by travellers. There are, of course, other houses of less moment. The "Occidental" is the favourite rendezvous of theatrical people, but the "Cosmopolitan" is the most "aristocratic," for there exists a sort of aristocracy even in republics. The "American Exchange" and "Tehama House" were in class to be numbered with the foregoing.

CHAPTER II.

THE "INTERNATIONAL"—CASE OF BRODERICK AND TERRY—CITY SQUARES —GAMBLING-HOUSES—SCARCITY OF EMPLOYMENT—FRESH ARRIVALS— LAGERBIER SALOONS—CITY DOGS—MUSICIANS—STORY OF AN ACTRESS.

My notes, sometimes desultory enough, were often abandoned for a time, as if I felt myself too idle to continue them; and then they were, by some sudden inclination, resumed.

We took up our quarters after landing at the "International," where the accommodation at the time was all that a reasonable person could desire. It was in this hotel that an individual of note, much respected in California, was with *malice propense* drawn into a dispute with one Judge Terry, a somewhat notorious character, who subsequently turned out to be a traitor, and in the Southern interest. The dispute terminated in the loss of Broderick's life by the hand of this administrator of laws he was bound of all men to observe even to the letter. The event made a great sensation among the public. Terry was a first-rate marksman, while his antagonist was wholly unused to handle deadly weapons. Terry got the choice of the weapons to be used, and he selected hair-trigger pistols. It

was reported he had also the choice of the ground. The pistol of Broderick was prematurely discharged, the ball entering the ground before the words "one, two, three" were concluded—an accident the consequence of Broderick's awkwardness with hair-triggers. He was said to have observed, while on his way to the ground, that he would not fire at Terry above the hips, for he bore no enmity towards him. Terry now had the game in his own hands, and coolly taking aim, shot his antagonist through the lungs. Broderick expired within three days afterwards.

It was publicly stated by one individual that some weeks before this event, being in the lobbies of the legislative House of Assembly at Sacramento, he heard conversations to the effect that Terry was to pick a quarrel with some one, but he did not catch who was intended; and that if Terry did not succeed in killing the person understood, others would involve him in a dispute, and try what they could do until he was got rid of altogether.

I here dilate upon an incident which made a noise before and after my arrival, because the subsequent proceedings which took place in the United States have proved that Broderick, a staunch advocate for the enfranchising of the slaves, fell the "first martyr" to that great principle for the sustentation of which so many subsequently died within the United States. Broderick was the great pillar for the support of free principles in California. He would have it a free State—free from the stain of slavery—and he was, therefore, hated by all the slave advocates in conse-

quence. The fact had been openly stated by his friend Colonel Baker in the course of pronouncing the eulogy over his coffin. His death was deemed a party necessity by the friends of slavery, ill disguised under the colour of a private quarrel. It was said that the infamy of Terry's act was enhanced in that, during the time of the existence of the "Vigilance Committee," Broderick actually subscribed two hundred dollars a week towards a newspaper in order that it should use its influence for Terry's protection.

To show how much Broderick was respected, the people, they told me, moved softly along in the streets of the city, the windows and shops were hung with black, the lamp-posts bore inscriptions on black boards in white letters, being the dying words of Broderick:—"They have killed me because I was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt administration."

Let those of my countrymen who supported Southern slavery, asserting that the rebellion was not really begun by the South upon that question of slavery, regard those dying words of one of the most upright, sensible, and estimable of American senators. Two years before the rebellion actively commenced, California had determined to be a free State, and not to bear the ignominious stain of slave-holding; hence the party hostility.

The respect shown to the remains of this popular man was very great. His body lay in state for two days, during which a continued stream of people poured into the place with tearful eyes to take a last look at

the lamented advocate of free principles. Above four thousand attended his remains to the grave.

The popular indignation was soon afterwards aroused by the burlesque of the trial that Terry underwent. He managed to get a change of venue to a district under the control of persons friendly to him; and on the day of trial, when the witnesses were to attend, and had reached the court-house as they expected in full time to be present, they found the trial over and the criminal acquitted. The court, it was given out, was to open at ten, but really sat at nine, thus deceiving the witnesses for the prosecution. The Californians behaved well under this mockery of justice, as in other cases of a similar aspect.

I shall not dilate upon my hotel accommodation, which lacked no good thing, after the style of the Eastern States. Where money was made and lost with equal recklessness, it would not be consistent that all it could procure should not be within reach. After rest and refreshment, I sallied forth with some friends to see the City of Gold, as some of its denizens denominated it. I can only describe it in an irregular manner, as I have characterised my intention before, simply because I can do no better without superior talents for authorship.

The city then is marked off in squares by streets that cut each other at right angles; you pass up Clay Street, which runs east and west, while Montgomery (the Regent Street of the city) and Sansome Streets cross the former, as before stated. I now reached Portsmouth Square, unpaved in the central part. Under the

Spanish rule this was called the Plaza. The town-hall stands on the lowest side. It was, of course, not level, the site being the side of a hill rising on the west. The centre, vacant and unplanted, was surrounded by wooden railing, and the whole just in such a state as might have been expected in a place so recently constructed. It is from eighty to a hundred yards square. The houses on the lower side are good, and promised to be worthy of the city. There were two other squares, but Portsmouth was the chief one.

On the right of the town-hall a large building stands in place of one which was recently purchased as an addition to the hall, and it was to the advantage of the square. There was once a house called El Dorado, occupying the place of a wooden building of three stories, of the same name and purpose, erected in 1850 in ten days for a gambling-house. It was stated that the most extraordinary scenes took place there which imagination can conceive. The gold acquired by hard labour had been there squandered by men of every nation except the Chinese. Men flocked thither with their gains, and were not easy until they partook in the chance of increasing their store still farther, or losing all. On every side was seen the wildest excitement at faro tables, monte, roulette, trente-et-un, and rouge et noir. There was lost recklessly, in a mode as sudden as it was acquired, that gold for which they had already risked their health, and were now staking, or ready to stake, their last means of existence for more or none. There, too, women—not women of America

nor England—but of old Spain, Mexico, and Peru, might be observed as deeply concerned in the games as their companions of the sterner sex. I was informed that the Spaniards in general played at monte. They won or lost with the same proud indifference and deep gravity. This second El Dorado of earlier days had passed away, and was replaced by the building above mentioned as connected with the town-hall. It is built of stone.

Gambling-houses, though still in a sufficient number for mischief, do not now occupy the most conspicuous places in the city: so I was informed. Still enormous sums are lost and won by gaming. The legislature and city authorities professed to be inimical to this enormous evil, but it was hinted that some of these men were guilty of the vice, while in their public characters they issued protests against it.

I was told that the ground on the western side of the square or Plaza had been bought before the gold discoveries for seven hundred dollars, and that its owner afterwards was offered a hundred thousand for it, and refused to sell. An hotel called the "West End," and the engine-house of a fire company, were all yet erected upon that side.

The Plaza is in a central position, and is about to be planted with trees, and to have an iron palisading. There are shops on the northern and southern sides.

Washington Square is situated at the north end of the city, and is a desolate-looking place, having only a tree of liberty in the shape of a spliced pole warped by

the sun, and a wooden fence to distinguish it. It was quite desolate, not a blade of grass meeting the traveller's eyes in the whole space. The third square, called that of the Union, lies south-west of the Plaza, and in appearance is no better than Washington. It is, however, situated among a group of much better-looking houses.

I inquired in vain for a park, and demanded if there was no public promenade, no *alameda* as the Spaniards call it, who will rarely dispense with it where they are masters. I found there was none. I soon began to long for shade, as the sun was warm. Here too I got a negative reply. Without the city limits the same arid sand everywhere met the eye, here and there patched with scrubby brushwood, called locally "chapparel," exceedingly stunted where it did appear: it was rather calculated to increase the sombre feeling thus engendered than to diminish it. One or two pleasant drives were afforded along the bay toward Fort Point, but the eyes ached in vain for pleasant woodland walks, or meadows, or a solitary corn-field, to tempt the footsteps. The pedestrian found no promenade except in the streets and shops. To be obliged to gaze at plate-glass windows in place of green fields was a great deprivation.

Upon the foregoing subject I was informed at the hotel by a pleasant, conversable man, who had been in British Columbia, that the inhabitants of Victoria, though it is a port too, were much better off in this respect than those of San Francisco, as in five minutes' walking an individual can reach fine umbrage and

shaded walks, with the birds singing over his head. The San Franciscan has no other course than to cross the bay, six or seven miles, for the same comfort, or go up into the country, which is exceedingly beautiful; but then that occupies too much time to be spared from business.

I was sorry to learn, in regard to British Columbia, some time after this allusion to it, that the state of labour in Victoria was most painfully depressing. Thus I heard that a gentleman who had once kept up a comfortable establishment in London, and was a member of a fashionable club-house, was then actually serving out liquor at a bar, and what was more curious still, his employer had been a waiter at the very club-house of which the individual alluded to had been a member!

Another gentleman, who had been once a major in the army in England, was working there as an ordinary labourer at a dollar and a half, or about six shillings, per day. Another well-born man had become a cabbage-dealer; and a man bred in England to the law was seen washing bottles. One of England's university men worked at a forge, happy that he had studied (as an amateur at home) the art of shoeing horses so far as to be able to practise it, and thus to obtain employment.

The American Attorney-General had for a servant of all work the son of a clergyman in the midland counties in England, who had worked on the roads in British Columbia. A man named Donald Fraser was charged by some persons at home with having misled him and

others by erroneous statements. He is said to have been a correspondent for one of the home newspapers. This may or may not be true. There are adventurers, not very thoughtful, often ignorant of life out of their old track, who are sanguine enough to enter upon undertakings for which they are not at all calculated —some, perhaps, of desperate fortunes, and others spendthrifts—ignorant of the character and scene, as well as of the acquirements needful, supposing they can walk into fortune in some country of imaginary wealth. "Distance lends enchantment to the view" of the inexperienced and the castle-builder. He whose fortunes are depressed, and can make no use of a judgment inapplicable to his state, ventures his last shilling to reach his imaginary El Dorado, finds his error too late, has no funds to return home, and no choice but to work, turn menial, or starve.

To return to San Francisco. That city, under some circumstances, is undoubtedly a good field for attaining a moderate independence; but under others, it is one of the most depressing possible for sanguine temperaments. "Money makes money," is an old and true saying; but whatever San Francisco was in its earlier days, it is now no exception to that rule. I learnt this within the first month of my arrival, and from excellent authority. Those who venture there with a small capital may always have a good chance, by the exercise of extreme caution, of doing well — say, with five hundred or five thousand dollars. Those who find themselves there without influence or capital, who have, in fact, only talents or trade by which to exist,

will be most unfortunate. Mechanics will thrive best, though almost every kind of labour of that nature is overdone; but for clerks, book-keepers, and salesmen, in all branches of business, it is the most hopeless of places to find employment.

I must dwell a little longer upon this point, though foreign to my intention in these sketches; for the sake of humanity itself, and after having twice stated my intention to be desultory, I shall to that end, I trust, be excused for a divergence from the description of what I observed. I heard of a youth born in the country, gentlemanly in manner, trustworthy, and writing an excellent hand, who was so long unable to get employment, that he went to sea before the mast, the captain engaging to teach him navigation, and he soon after died on the wave. Numbers land, are disappointed, and then are obliged to leave as steerage-passengers, though arriving in the cabin. I have thus dwelt, as I have said, on a subject foreign to my immediate object, that it may deter adventurers from risking their fortunes where defeat in place of success will await them.* In the early mining days the population was

* A letter in a Californian paper now before me, taken from the *Morning Call*, and addressing the editor, says:—

"Sir,—Your London correspondent, whose letter you published in your issue of this day, gives a deplorable account of deaths by starvation in London. He says you know nothing of this kind, and that these are strange things for the people of California to read about in their land of plenty. He is much mistaken in that respect: several of those that put an end to their miserable sufferings by cutting the thread of life did it to shorten their sufferings from the unavoidable evil which stared them in the face. I strongly suspect that death by starvation will be my end, for I can see at present no prospect of avoiding it. I have been out of employment, now, more than three

scanty, and things were better as to employment; but even then it was the rougher class, the miners, that made their money most rapidly, always excepting the capitalist.

To return to California as I found it: it was greatly advanced from its primitive state. In 1850 money was not so omnipotent as at present, of which a proof may be found in many anecdotes current. Now the stranger can be conveyed in a handsome carriage to his hotel. He may order anything there, from a sandwich to a turtle, a glass of water or the finest champagne, and find perfect satisfaction: waiters, style, luxuries of all kinds, and appointments fit for a prince; but he must have money in order to meet the kind of accommodation he requires.

They informed me that, so late as the above year, money was not able to do this. A well-dressed gentleman addressed a shabby, seedy-looking man one day at that time:—

"I will give you a couple of dollars to carry my portmanteau for me as far as the Plaza."

"You will?" said the man. "I'll give you an ounce * to see you take it yourself."

The shabby-looking man was as good as his word,

months, and in my last employment I earned only two dollars a week. I leave you to judge what a fat living I had then; since then it has been much worse. For the last six weeks I have had neither tea, coffee, sugar, butter, cheese, nor meat in my room, and have had only four dinners at fifteen cents each, at a dining saloon, during the six weeks. Nearly everything I can sell I have disposed of. The owner of the place I occupy, out of pure kindness and humanity, permits me to remain rent free. I am bordering on eighty years of age. I have worked upwards of sixty years, and have lived in comfort and abundance till I came to California."—OCTOGENARIAN.

* Sixteen dollars, an ounce of gold.

for the owner at once shouldered his portmanteau and took it to the place required, upon which the man whom he had addressed weighed out the ounce on the spot, and tendered him a share of a bottle of wine which cost as much, or what he called "treated" him.

This "treating" in the way of potation is a characteristic of the city of San Francisco. Men well bred, lawyers, merchants, and even mechanics, seldom meet by accident in the streets, and part after a short conversation, without "taking a drink," a custom to some extent imitated from New York. It often happens at such times that good-natured men will "treat the crowd"—that is, pay for "a drink" for the loungers about the counter or door. It is this custom, by no means to be defended, which led to the annoyance of groups of idlers, or "loafers," as they are called, who congregate at the entrance of inns or bars wherever spirits are sold. It thus becomes a heavy exaction on the purses of clerks, mechanics, and even professional men of little practice, who must offend nobody; for it often happens that the party expected to treat is no drinker himself. The consequence is, he calls only for cider or lemonade for himself. The professional men have recently begun to set their faces against a custom so unseemly and operating as a tax.

In the saloons, or places where spirits are sold in this mode, all liquors cost about sixpence the glass. A distinct feature in such cases from the old world is that strong characteristic of the liberality of the American habits. In place of pouring out and handing over the full glass, the American liquor-seller hands his guest

the decanter that he may help himself. Nor is this all; for, in addition, there are provided behind the counter where he sits or stands various trifling eatables, as bread, cheese, slices of cold meat, Bologna sausage, and similar things, from which the parties ordering "a drink" may help themselves. On such an occasion, if the treater should take the smallest morsel, the loafer will not follow the example in the amplitude of his "take," which his tribe denominate "free lunches."

The San Franciscans tell a story of a dog that for years visited lunch-tables, until being noticed by everybody, he got the name of "Loafer." A fight took place one day between two of the canine species in his presence, one a wretched mangy thing; the other, a fine dog, was gaining the day, when Loafer dashed in to the rencontre, and rescued the poor animal that was getting the worst of it. The weaker dog was observed afterwards to attach himself to Loafer, and it even refused to quit him. This last animal in consequence obtained from the lunchers the name of "Lazarus." These two dogs were known afterwards as the "city dogs," and in consequence obtained the freedom of the city, in the form of an immunity from the pound-keeper, who had orders to seize all dogs not muzzled, and consign them to the pound, whence they cannot be removed until a guinea is paid for their ransom. In default of this, after a certain time, they are shot. This provision was not unreasonable where canine madness is rife.

In reference to manners—having chanced to walk to the hotel rather late soon after my arrival, when the streets—thanks, they say, to the old "Vigi-

lance Committee"—are as safe as those of a country village, and a perfect contrast in peace to those of New York, I was struck with the sound of very sweet music seeming to come from beneath my feet. Nothing was to be seen; while soft strains, and then louder and more lively airs, sometimes even martial notes, came upon my ear. The strains of Weber and Beethoven, alternating with those of Schubert and Strauss, might be caught by snatches. If the notes had not come upon the ear of the passenger from beneath in place of above, it might be taken for the music of the spheres—it was so soft and unearthly. I began to think I heard the tabors of "spiritualists" in place of the customary music of the day. The listener, however, on such occasions, is soon undeceived by a sudden snatch of some negro or other popular melody, followed by a thundering shout of applause, all seeming to issue out of the earth. Cries of "Schwei lagei!" were certain to mingle in a species of chorus.

This mystery is explained to any one who will choose to descend a flight of subterranean stairs leading into the basement story of one of the fine buildings near by, from whence a gleam of light much stronger than that of the street lamps may seem to invite a descent. A man will then find himself in what is called a German *lagerbier* saloon. Though so called, it is a place where the *lagerbier* is not the only liquor. Every kind is sold there. The customers sit at small tables, which are served by attractive-looking girls, who are unfortunately too often of degraded morals. What better could be hoped of females tempted by poverty to

accept such places, exposed, too, to the necessity of often accepting liquor from the customer (a "drink") in order to gratify him, for the purpose of pleasing the employer by pleasing the customer, or else hazarding the retention of their situations!

There is generally a pianist, so I was informed, as well as a female vocalist, and occasionally a violinist, who attend to amuse the company. These musicians are paid from four to five dollars, or from sixteen to twenty shillings, a night, their duties commencing about seven and ending at twelve o'clock. It is said that there is a wonderful amount of musical talent displayed at some of these places. It is not uncommon that the principal female singer is one who had previously been a favourite on the stage, but had been compelled by reverses or faded charms to descend so far down in the display of her professional calling, for there are degrees in such callings, if not dignities.

I was informed, too, and have no reason to doubt the truth of my information, that an individual of the old French *noblesse* had been seen exercising his talent on the violin at those places for the purpose of procuring a livelihood. What a lesson of change for a member of the oldest order of nobility in Europe to be thus reduced! but not without its use as a warning to the assumptions of the aristocracy of all modern nations, based as they are upon stubble, and for so long claiming regard from idle tradition and a foundation in airy imaginings. In such a case as that of this poor man, truth seems stranger than fiction. Who would have dreamed of it in the proud days of the Bourbon court,

with all its wit and far-resounding pride and profligacy, that one of the "order" should become thus degraded? "Our democracy is laid on a stronger foundation than ignorance in coat-armour and turning cut-throats at the command of popes or pagans," remarked a shrewd Yankee, conversing on the change the French revolution had operated.

It is under such circumstances as those which I thus detail that the most striking life-histories are met with, and scenes that afford good moral lessons are acquired. Many a plot, it was observed to me on conversing about these places soon after my arrival,—many a plot for a novel of a soul-stirring kind might be picked up from the *habitués* of such places by a careful inquirer. One case which I heard of among others much affected me. A young lady who had been the heiress to a considerable property, the idol of a doting father, was obliged, in consequence of his bankruptcy, to provide for herself, and even to aid him, an invalid, by her own exertions. She considered how she should be best able to do it effectually. No opening appeared, difficulties increased, and she was at last compelled to accept the offer of a place as a musician in a *lagerbier* saloon, on a remuneration above the class that was found there in general, or those professionally employed. Her acceptance of the post would place her and her dependant above want. Neither needlework nor teaching would do this, but it was far more humiliating to a feeling mind. After a considerable struggle between her modest dread of the public gaze and her duteous affection, she became the victim of the

necessity of her case. She sang before the crowd with a sickened soul those ballads with which she had charmed private society in better times before her father's friends or guests. Surely there must have been no little virtue in such a self-immolation!

Another case was related to me, on perceiving the interest I took in the former narrative, of a lady who, in earlier life, had been a pupil of one of the first masters in music. She had found herself, on the unexpected decease of her husband, utterly penniless, with three infant children dependent upon her. Her health was delicate; her education had not been very extended, nor did she appear to possesss talent for anything save music. A humble friend proposed to her a situation as a pianist in one of the places thus alluded to. A second friend proposed to adopt two of her children. The struggle was long and painful. She finally yielded to duty, and parted with the children, having full confidence in the friend to whom she confided them. "God forgive me," said he heart-broken woman, "if I err in depriving them of a parent's care; but how could I ever endure the thought that they should find out that their mother had been a musician in a *lagerbier* saloon, and look upon me as degraded?"

Such were incidents I heard related in the Western El Dorado soon after my arrival, nor are they surprising, considering the number of persons with and without money, and well or ill-educated persons of all characters and colour, who came to the city under mistaken views, with false calculations in regard to the

nature of the place, and of the toil necessary to success, until the increase was far beyond the chance of the mean proportion of the influx.

The audiences in these saloons consisted of mixed characters. They were generally well attired, for the shabbily-dressed persons seen in San Francisco are few in number. Here the phlegmatic German lolled along the street beside the vivacious Frenchman, and the obstinate John Bull was heard debating some knotty point with his equally obstinate brother Jonathan, the last proving, by the tenacity with which they hold to their opinions, the unity and value of their common origin.

The cases of the females I have mentioned above recalls another of which I was myself a witness some time after my arrival in the city. It was after I had set myself down in a quiet and very respectable house, where I had been for some time domiciliated, that I met with an instance myself of the foregoing nature, which fully explains the position of too many who had been led to the city by flattering hopes only to suffer the extreme of bitter disappointment. In the case to which I allude, a refined and delicately-nurtured woman was compelled to choose between starvation for her children and a life upon the stage for herself. In the quiet and respectable house I have before mentioned, my attention was drawn one night about twelve o'clock to the cry of a child of four or five years of age, proceeding from the next bedroom to my own. The little creature was craving pitifully for "water—a drink of water." Surprised that the petition was so long continued, I arose,

and finding the door of the room partially open, I entered. The room was comfortably, even handsomely furnished. It contained two bedsteads, in one of which two beautiful children lay slumbering. In the second reposed the little creature whose voice had aroused me. If I had been struck by the beauty of the other two, I was still more surprised at the lovcliness of the third, and apparently the elder, child. Such lustrous, deep brown eyes, heavy from want of sleep, and dewy with tears, were never lifted up to mine before. A mass of rich brown curls, falling, as I lifted her up, to her waist, completed the picture of beauty which met my gaze, as unexpectedly as it was rare. Such "spiritual" loveliness seemed hardly of the earth. So it proved; for the beautiful little creature has been long since summoned to a holier sphere. "What is the matter, darling?" I inquired, as, after receiving the water from my hand, and gazing uneasily around the room, she laid her little head wearily back on the pillow. "Nothing, ma'am, only it seems so long before Stella's mamma comes home. I know it is very naughty of me, but I cannot go to sleep. I am very sorry I cried and woke you, but indeed I could not help it. Lily and baby sleep so soundly, they never hear me, and my mouth was so dry. Do you mind it very much?" and again the sweet eyes looked appealingly to mine. "Mind it? No, indeed, my love." "Thank you, ma'am; you see I could not move out of bed to get the water, for my back is hurt so badly. I fell out of the window a little while ago, and I am obliged to be carried, or indeed I would not have cried." Soothing her as well as I

could, and placing water by her bedside (the gas was already burning, but turned down low), I at last left her sleeping, and returned to my own room, resolved to inquire further about those sweet children. I learned the next day that their mother, after suffering every torture which a heartless and dissipated husband could inflict, with whom she had come to California, had at last been goaded on to separate from him by his brutal desire for her to give her children to be adopted by others, declaring that he had no idea of slaving to support them, when so many wealthy people (struck, of course, by their exceeding loveliness) were willing to relieve him of the burden of their support. This was too much for the mother's spirit to brook. Upon her, indeed, hitherto had devolved the greater share of their maintenance. Gathering her little ones to her bosom, she told him that henceforth their support should be her anxiety, and bid him go on his way alone, and rejoice, if he could, in his freedom. She sought no divorce; she wanted none, she said, so long as he left her unmolested in a voluntary separation. Her next thought was how to maintain her children. Reared in refinement herself, she could not endure to see her children, endowed as they were with such uncommon beauty, roughly clad, coarsely fed and nurtured, which was all she could expect to do for them by the exercise of her needle. She had no ability for the arts available for teaching. She had, however, a remarkably sweet voice, and was, indeed, one of the most beautiful women I have ever beheld. Tall and elegant, even commanding in person, with a wealth of

flowing dark ringlets, unconfined except by a simple fillet of ribbon, which drew them off her intellectual forehead; brown eyes of a liquid lustre, whose expression was the most fascinating I ever saw; and, added to all, a dignity of manner which compelled respect, she was fitted to grace the most elevated station. It may well be supposed that her choice of the stage as a profession was at first most distasteful. It was suggested by the recollection of her school-girl triumphs at recitation at a time when she little expected her lot would compel her to turn her taste for the mimic art to serious account. Her efforts to procure engagements were successful, to which her great personal attractions were no doubt her chief aid. By the salary thus obtained she was able to maintain her little ones in comfort, and, what was of inestimable value to her maternal heart, to keep them all together around her. Still she had not a sufficiently marked ability to command the emoluments of a "star." The rent of her apartments, the ordinary clothing and board of herself and three little ones, combined with the expense of a theatrical wardrobe, left her no surplus sufficient to maintain and pay a servant to attend to her little ones in her absence. Her profession engaged her daily at rehearsal from eleven to three o'clock, and at night from half-past seven to twelve. When she was absent in the evening she told me her only fear was fire, but the landlady was very kind, and did not forget them. Little Stella's fall had occurred one day while she was at rehearsal. She was picked up insensible, and, it was feared, injured for life. To those who make

a point of railing at the vices of actresses, however deserved their strictures may be in many cases, I have only to remark that my solitary acquaintance with this member of the profession would make me cautious in any uncharitable feeling on the point. Then it was I became acquainted with the mother of that child during my short stay at the house in question. Shortly after I left I heard she had quitted the country. I never met a more worthy and laborious woman and mother. She told me on one occasion, while the tears stood in her eyes, that the worst part of her profession to her was not the acting before the public; that became a mere affair of business, sanctified sufficiently by the necessities of her children to remove all scruples from her mind; it was, she said, the annoyances to which a true-minded woman was occasionally subjected by those of the opposite sex who could not recognise the existence of a high moral nature in any who had selected the stage as a profession. They consequently persecuted her with attentions and flatteries as fulsome as they were insulting. She instanced presents constantly sent her by an individual of high social standing in the city and great wealth—presents as constantly returned unopened by her, but which a necessary consideration for the interests of the manager employing her—to whom the patronage of this man was important—compelled her to avoid returning at last with the indignant and contemptuous comments proper under other circumstances. I mention this fact, hoping, as the world is beginning to realise that the

meanest occupation may be dignified by good qualities or virtues in those who follow it, that it may yet be credited possible for a beautiful woman, even an actress, to possess the highest moral attributes of the worthy of her sex.

CHAPTER III.

CHINESE EMIGRANTS—THEIR DWELLINGS—TEMPLES—CHINESE DOCTORS—THE MARKETS OF SAN FRANCISCO—ITS CHURCHES—REV. THOMAS STARR KING—MARRIAGES IN CALIFORNIA—THE SPIRITUALIST MANIA—MISS EMMA HARDINGE—AN IMPROVISATORE—SUNDAY LAW—BANKRUPTCY—CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS—CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCES—TOILETTES OF THE LADIES.

I WAS not long in San Francisco before I discovered what a prominent position the John Chinamen, as they are called, occupy in the city. The population of this class was estimated at many thousands in the past year of 1860. They hold no mean place in the political economy of the city, as well as of California generally. The back alleys, consisting of crazy wooden buildings, are tenanted by vast numbers of the "Celestials," and by them a great proportion of the menial duties of every household is performed. Here and there signs may be seen which signify that Cits Lee or Tung Sing does washing and ironing for the public on terms with the moderation of which neither the "French laundry" nor the coloured women, who are excellent laundresses, can for a single moment attempt to compete. Notwithstanding his low prices, the Chinaman merits all the extensive patronage he receives. When he is overburdened with business—for he never refuses any, whether he can fulfil his undertaking or

not—the linen receives less care, and naturally gives less satisfaction.

John is the name bestowed by the Californians upon all the Chinese who thus labour. Besides these there are the wealthy merchants of that nation—very serious, dignified men, who carry on a profitable trade in teas, rice, and sugar. These "gentlemen"—for such their uniform courtesy and honesty entitle them to be named—are usually the consignees of cargoes of the truer order of Chinese, who, as I was informed by individuals acquainted with the nature of the intercourse, are bondsmen, compelled to pay so much of their earnings to their masters. The arrogance and exorbitant demands of the majority of female servants in California have operated very unfavourably against their true interests, by inducing numbers of families with moderate incomes to employ Chinamen or boys as domestics. These not only work for a much smaller remuneration, but are exceedingly neat and cleanly in household affairs, and the acknowledged industry of their race is in no way diminished by their employment in this capacity. They are never seen idle. When the common course of the day's labour is over, they will be observed with a feather broom incessantly dusting, if no other labour is to be found. They make good and affectionate nurses, though for my own part I prefer the care of a member of one's own race for that purpose, while I am aware this is nothing but a matter of prejudice.

It is a commonly-received opinion that the Chinese are very dishonest,—that is, the lower classes. No

doubt many are so. There are thieves of every nation and race, and John Chinaman, when appearing as a rag-collector, fish-pedler—for he makes a good livelihood by fishing —and so forth, is not to be trusted. The hen-roost, too, is said to present a great temptation to John. Not a day passes but some one of his vast family is under conviction for stealing poultry. Notwithstanding this, whoever has a desire to engage a Chinese servant repairs to one of the principal resident Chinese merchants before mentioned, who will procure one suitable, and himself becomes responsible to any amount for the honesty of the man whom he recommends. Chinamen so recommended are constantly employed in families possessing valuable jewellery, especially diamonds, for which American ladies have a weak predisposition, the wives of clerks and salesmen, and even of mechanics, being seldom observed without a diamond ring or ear-rings worth forty or fifty pounds, when no more. Yet the instance of a dishonest Chinese servant recommended as above is rare. I never heard of a case in any family with which I was acquainted where a Chinaman was employed, and I had soon a pretty large acquaintance in the place. This, I imagine, was to be attributed to their fear of their own countrymen, who had made themselves responsible for their honesty.

The common class of Chinamen herd together in the dirty back alleys of the city, where the atmosphere reeks with impurity. For a suitable description of one of the localities favoured by their preference, I cannot do better than present the following from a local paper :—

"In one of the most chaotic-looking places in our Christian city, where may be seen at a single glance a sample of everything that was ever comprehended under the name of filth and squalor, stands a dingy, rickety row of low-frame tenements, begrimed with dirt and smoke, and forming a background in perfect harmony with the miscellaneous offal and garbage which the community of Chinese scavengers who inhabit the place have accumulated by months of industry. The buildings on either side swarm with these unkempt Pagans, who seem to dread pure air as one would dread the deadly upas-tree. The incense of their sacred censers mingles with the all-pervading stench, intensifying it to such a degree, that only a fumigation with a flambeau of Greek fire might mitigate the noisome abomination. A flight of stairs, that promises the venturesome climber a descent to the ground at some unexpected moment, leads to what might be imagined a balcony. From this a door opens into the sacristy and chapel of the Josh-worshipping scavengers. Here we see the usual hideous effigies, representing the triune idea of the Chinese. The Great Thunderer, whose supposed immensity is said to have filled the universe for a thousand years—the chief person of their trinity —is represented in the similitude of a fat, flabby-looking doll, decked out in many-hued paper vestments. His shrine is approached with awe. On either hand are Cyclopean fellows, rampant, trampling under foot what is supposed to be some infernal quadruped, the likeness of nothing known in terrestrial zoology.

"Passing the veil amid the din and clangour of gongs, we enter the holy of holies. Here is the high altar, and here is what none unlearned in pagan theology can attempt to describe. Here the aristocratic priest and the better classes who go up to worship are parodied. Here in this hotbed of impurity is the centre depôt of Chinese scavengers. Here they daily deposit their collections of offal and garbage; here they reek and vegetate; here they inculcate their vices, practise their divinations, and perform their devotions. Josh, Devil, and Mongolian in one triad, with Christianity blazing all around, yet unable to penetrate the darkness that entombs them—the wall of prejudice in which they are fortified."

I once noticed in the *Nevada Gazette* the following story, which may serve to illustrate the character of the most degraded class of Chinamen; in other words, the thieves and their cunning:—

"Some weeks ago a Chinaman was convicted of grand larceny, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. The night before his departure for San Quentin (the State prison of California) he contrived to shove the blankets belonging to his bed through the grating of his cell to a confederate on the outside, with a note, which ran about as follows:—'To mollow I go jail four year. You chatchum blanket. I come back, you pay me the dollar.' The note was found, but the county is still *minus* the blankets."

The last excitement, or rather the rage, when I quitted San Francisco, was for Chinese doctors! I believe that one of them had really performed some

remarkable cures. He was possibly a learned man in the Esculapian profession in his own country. The public, always ready for a new sensation, soon made him the fashion. In consequence I quickly saw the names of innumerable other Chinese doctors intruded on public notice in the streets. People, ridiculous as it may appear, were found to patronise them, and Doctor "Johns" without end gave up the laundry and fishing business for the more profitable and less laborious one of gulling the credulous whites. Something of the joke was turning to account when I left. Caricatures were seen depicting sapient-looking Chinamen demurely feeling the pulses of their patients, with interpreters standing by, and a couple of Chinamen in the street outside looking at the "doctors'" sign, and exclaiming, "Melican man velly great fool!"

At regular periods troops of Chinese are seen visiting the resting-place *pro tem.* of their departed friends, who, sooner or later, are all conveyed back to the Celestial Empire. Their bodies, even those of the poorest, are never suffered to be permanently in a foreign land. The women carry provisions to the graves on these occasions. At the decease of a "Celestial" a great feast is made for the dead, and fireworks let off.

There is still great prejudice existing against Chinamen in California. It is hardly to be wondered at that the working classes should, as usual, view with jealousy any encroachments made by foreigners upon the different branches of their labour.* In the case of house-

* Cigars manufactured by Chinese labour are among the exports of California.

hold servitude it is a blessing to the community; for while the ratio of remuneration has greatly decreased in almost every other employment, house-servants persist in demanding the same high rate of wages they readily obtained in the golden days of California. Waiters at restaurants, often married men with families to keep, who used to receive seventy-five dollars per month in those days, are now obliged to be contented with forty, while servant-girls, whose board and lodging are found them, demand fully as much.

But when John Chinaman, with his parsimonious economy in food, eating, as he does, rats and lights, and stuff which costs hardly anything to procure, is placed by manufacturers and capitalists in competition with the mechanic who has a wife and children to support, the case is a hard one for the Caucasian artisan. It is difficult to say what legislation can righteously do to protect the sufferer in this case. The cry, so frequently raised by the narrower-minded Americans against all foreigners, forgetting that only the red man has a legal right to the soil they themselves inhabit, is often resorted to in this matter. "They have no business here; the Government ought not to suffer them to come," says Mrs. Grundy. "True, my dear lady; but while the English and Americans are forcing Chinese and Japanese both to open their ports to us, we can hardly keep ours closed to them in the face of the world. How this evil is to be remedied in justice to all parties is a question for wiser heads than yours or mine to decide."

The markets, to return to my narrative, are a

creditable feature of San Francisco. There are two —the "Washington" and "Metropolitan." Both are of considerable extent, the Washington being the larger. They are entirely roofed in. The stalls are kept in a state of exceeding cleanliness. Fish and vegetable stalls usually occupy the central rows. Butchers' stalls lie chiefly on one side of the market-places. The supply of vegetables, owing to the mildness of the climate, is very great throughout the year. Fruit of all kinds, from the strawberry to the water-melon, is plentiful in the summer, but, excepting apples and oranges, is rare during the winter months. One November, however, during my residence in California, the second crop of blackberries for that season was gathered in Humboldt county, and a winter peach measuring eight inches around. Game, consisting of venison, hares, rabbits, wild geese, chicks, and quails, is abundant. That superb English bird, the pheasant, is never seen there, although there is an apology for it in the shape of a wild bird so called, no way resembling it. The poulterers' stalls, so far as tame poultry is concerned, are amusing enough to look at. As a stranger, I wondered wherever such a collection of lean, scraggy, half-starved-looking fowls had been collected. I found they are left pretty much to "scratch for a living," no care being taken to fatten them. The butchers' meat, in comparison with that in English butchers' shops, is very lean, and indifferent eating, especially mutton. The reason of this is, that animals are driven into the city with no preparatory fattening whatever taking place, and thus slaughtered. The

cattle are of an inferior breed too often, called Spanish, if I recollect rightly. The Christmas beef is an exception, being expressly fattened, and very good eating; not much superior, however, to what may be found any day in the London markets, and much less fat, assuredly, than English "prize" beef—perhaps all the better for that, the latter being so to a disgusting degree. For "Christmas prize-beef" in San Francisco an enormous price is obtained, none being sold off the prime oxen at less than a dollar (four and twopence) per pound. Fish is procured from the bay and harbour chiefly by Italian fishermen, who sell it to the fishmongers in the markets. There are no fishmongers' shops apart from the place. A few Chinese hawk fish around the suburbs, or else people have to send to the markets for what they require.

San Francisco may be proud of her churches. They are above thirty in number. There are two Catholic cathedrals, both fine and capacious buildings. There is a pretty French Catholic church, and also a large chapel attached to the new college of St. Ignatius. There are, doubtless, others with which I am unacquainted. "Grace Cathedral," a beautiful edifice in the purely Gothic style of architecture, with remarkably fine stained-glass windows, is the property of the Episcopal Church, or Church of England. That persuasion likewise owns "Trinity Church" and the "Church of the Advent." They lately sold one to the coloured members of their religion. The Congregationalists have a fine place of worship. The Presbyterians own perhaps the prettiest church of all, excepting the cathedrals.

They have two churches, I believe, and so have the Baptists. The Methodists have lately erected a fine church with two steeples. I am not aware how many more edifices are possessed by each body in the country. The new Unitarian Church is a handsome building, erected at the instance and under the auspices of the lamented philanthropist, the Rev. Thomas Starr King. This gentleman was the author of a work upon the White Mountains. Born of good family, he was still essentially a self-made man, and rose from the obscure position of a country schoolmaster to an eminence which caused his death, at the early age of forty years, to be mourned by a whole continent. His obsequies were celebrated with national honours. Of the labours of this liberal-hearted minister in the cause of humanity and progress it might be irrelevant to speak here. He was the mainspring of that world-famous Sanitary Commission which performed so much in mitigating the horrors of the late war, and it was chiefly in labouring for that and similar objects that he sacrificed his life. As an orator, scholar, philanthropist, patriot, and gentleman, his name is the boast of California. Her liberality raised the noble edifice which became the "monument" of that eminent man. The high tone of the character which in all things followed the Christian rule, "Do as you would be done by," was in nothing better evidenced than by his dying remark: "Do not suffer your church to get in debt, for it is my monument," he observed to the mourning members of his congregation around his death-bed. The writer, herself an Episcopalian, cannot forbear

remarking to the readers of another continent a sublime death-scene of far California. While sorrowing friends stood around bathed in tears, with his eyes fixed on the loved forms of his wife and daughter, and especially on his last treasure, his infant and only son, so soon to be deprived of the inestimable benefit of such a father's example and protection, the expiring champion of humanity calmly employed his failing powers in the enunciation of his favourite psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," recited it to the end, and died with its last verse still trembling on his lips. The Christian world generally is loud in its condemnation of the Unitarian creed. What creed, most presumptuous in its arrogation of acceptance before the Almighty, could present, in any of its votaries, a purer life or a sublimer and more triumphant death? I recollect a striking remark made on the subject, with the usual shrewdness of childhood, by a little girl, shortly after the death of Mr. King. Her relatives were speaking of his religious faith to some friends at their table, and lamenting the peculiar tenets of the Unitarian Society, as is customary with many well-disposed persons who would be better exercised in recalling that beautiful prayer of Pope's:—

> "Let not this weak, unknowing hand
> Presume thy bolts to throw,
> Or deal damnation round the land
> On each I judge a foe."

The child in question, looking up in her mother's face, inquired: "Mamma, was not Mr. King a Christian?" "No, my dear," was the bigoted reply; "he

was an infidel." The child paused a moment or two, as if lost in thought. At length, "Mamma," she continued, "do infidels say, '*The Lord is my Shepherd?*'"

Marriages in California are frequently celebrated at night. There is something, perhaps, more impressive in ceremonies performed at such an hour than in those solemnised in daylight. The *convenances* of costume are often infringed at such times by the wealthy ignorant. One evening I witnessed the marriage of a lovely girl, simply yet suitably attired in white, with a delicate veil and wreath, all harmonising with the wearer's position, youth, and beauty. Immediately after followed the nuptial service of a dame who, it may be, conscious of too advanced an age for virgin white, wore a very sensible brown silk dress; but she thought to compound the question with youth and fashion by robing her head in a white *tulle* veil and a wreath of myrtle blossoms incongruous enough when contrasted with her dress. The bridegroom was a fat, florid, elderly personage, who appeared to me an honest, respectable, hard-working man enough. I was told the happy couple enjoyed a handsome competency, and rejoiced in the possession of "an elegant homestead."

The Spiritualistic mania I found had reached the shores of the Pacific long years ago, and the extravagancies of the system have at present nowhere more credulous votaries to back up its absurdities. Certain it was that it entered many families, "not to bring peace, but a sword." The annals of spiritualism in America present a frightful aggregate of ignorance, domestic unhappiness, and discord. Whether this be

attributable to the working of spirits or not is difficult to determine. Human nature in every country, and under every form of political or spiritual government, is human nature still, and that creed which shall best succeed in improving the condition of humanity by permeating the duties of daily life with an ever-present consciousness of our own personal insignificance, with our duty towards our neighbour and accountability towards God, will surely be that most approved by Him, be it Episcopalianism, Unitarianism, or any other creed conscientiously believed. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

I attended several spiritualist lectures in San Francisco. Some, as the result plainly proved, were catch-penny affairs,—the efforts of undoubted charlatans. I remember deriving pleasure from a lecture delivered by a lady, since deceased, a woman of considerable repute in America, and deservedly so,—Mrs. Eliza Farnham, authoress of "Woman and her Era." She was handsome, dark-haired and dark-eyed, modestly attired in a dress of black watered silk, and read her lectures in a quiet, ladylike, and unobtrusive manner. More striking, if not more solid, was the impression produced by a course of lectures delivered there by an English lady, Miss Emma Hardinge, a woman of genius, apparently between thirty and forty years of age, with clear, intellectual grey eyes, pleasing expression of countenance, and elegant manners. She is said to be the only rival of the noted Anna Dickenson in the art of feminine oratory. Well educated, with a good command of language, she drew crowded audiences to her

Lectures on Spiritualism. Not the least of her attractions was her easy and graceful gesticulation. I was told she had been on the stage eight years, which would account for the elegance of her attitudes. Her style was logical, her language flowery. The funeral oration of the Rev. Starr King, pronounced by her, affected me much more than the eloquence of any speaker I ever heard. I was sorry to learn that Miss Hardinge, capable of the sternest efforts of reason as she undoubtedly would be thought, was contented to sink her own gifts of intellect and genius from nature at the feet of a power to whose influence alone she is contented to ascribe them. Her learning was too palpable to be thus flimsily veiled, however, in the eyes of any but the ignorant or credulous. The strongest argument against spiritualism I have ever known was, to me, this merging of almost peerless and positive talent in a mystical ideal.

A very different character I heard in California was a man who assumed the talent of an *improvisatore*, without in the smallest degree possessing it. He moreover feigned, while "under the influence," to be in turns possessed by the spirits of various defunct poets, according to the will of different members of his audience, who by turns selected the subject from the poet to be imitated; thus, "Beauty," by Byron, elicited a wonderful piece of sickly sentimentality, with as little rhyme as reason; and so on, to nauseousness.

The legislature of California, in a fit of homage to Sunday, at one time made strenuous efforts to enforce the stoppage of every kind of traffic on that day. They

succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in preventing all traffic during church hours, and suffering only grocery stores, where liquors as well as groceries are sold, to be opened on Sunday. There are no public-houses. The fashion of California is the *lagerbier* saloon, before described, for mere liquor-drinkers, and the grocery for the accidental wants of bottles of wine or spirit for families that may not choose to purchase wine by the dozen, or beer by the cask, from the wine merchants or at the breweries.

San Francisco, only a few years since the sanctuary of incorrigible rowdyism, is to-day one of the most orderly cities in the world. No vagabonds of either sex are to be found, as in New York, patrolling its streets at late hours, and making night hideous with their discordant and degrading mirth. Incredible as it may appear, San Francisco can fairly challenge the world for public decorum. It is asserted, *per contra*, that there exists within its precincts a frightful amount of private immorality. That may be correct. Yet, so far as it is possible for an observer to judge, it will favourably compare with any other large city existing. I gleaned no statistical information on the matter, and possibly those who take an opposite view may have done so as to private immorality; if they have, theirs must be the correct version of the case, but ostensibly it is otherwise. Failures of large firms are common. So wild are the speculations, and so vaulting is the ambition of the majority of business men, that this is a social feature no way surprising. Bankrupts usually find little difficulty in obtaining credit and re-esta-

blishing themselves in business. Frequently in other countries the worst sufferers by the husband's bankruptcy are his innocent wife and children. California has nobly provided for this class of victims by her "Homestead Law." By the provisions of this law every husband can settle on his wife, by simply recording it as such, a homestead, which, with its necessary appurtenances of furniture, shall be secured from the demands of her husband's business creditors. This admirable law, like almost every institution originating in humane feeling, may have its abuses. What is there socially existing without?

An allusion to the charitable institutions of San Francisco may not be out of place. Thus, the Protestant Orphan Asylum is a fine building, situated some distance from the city, in grounds of its own. The Catholic Orphan Asylum, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, is in one of the principal streets. Both institutions are chiefly supported by voluntary contributions, and both receive some slight assistance from the State. It is a known and marked feature of the American Government, in many respects so admirably worthy of imitation, that it affords equal encouragement to all classes, civil or religious. The institutions alluded to are the recipients of much liberality at annual feasts and public holidays. At Christmas, for example, the owners of poultry stalls in the various markets, first-class grocers, and others, send liberal donations of game, poultry, raisins, tea, coffee, and sugar, for the benefit of the orphan institutions. Christmas, however, is not so exclusively regarded as a

holiday as New Year's Day and the 4th of July. This is doubtless attributable to the Puritan element, which naturally sought to put down all festivals or religious holidays instituted by Papists. America instead has her annual "Thanksgiving Day," which, being an occasion for unlimited feasting and jollity, is generally observed. It occurs upon the 24th of November, and is the season for that annual gathering of familiar faces at the festive board which in England belongs exclusively to "merrie Christmas." New Year's Day is observed much as the French keep it. The ladies remain at home, receiving the calls of all their gentleman friends. Refreshments are served, varying from the *recherché* champagne and exquisite French conserves, crystallised fruits, delicate and elegant trifles offered with good taste by the *haut monde* on such occasions, to the loaded tables of the *parvenus* or *nouveaux riches*, which literally groan under the weight of turkeys, poultry, and food of every description, as the unhappy callers inwardly also groan at being compelled to partake of these collations at every house of the kind they enter, where madam's whole soul is absorbed in making them devour more than they wish to do, and afterwards perilling her wits to discover whether Mrs. B. over the way "set a better table" than she did.

"Such is life," at least New Year's life, in San Francisco, and New York parallels it in this respect. Sensible people there are who are so disgusted with the custom, resulting often in actual inebriation among the men, that they significantly hang out a basket

at their hall doors to receive the cards of callers, as a hint that they are not at home. Others, who really desire to keep up a sociable custom in its pristine simplicity, risk the innuendoes of Mrs. Grundy by daring to offer nothing more than a glass of wine and a slice of cake to those who pay them the compliment of calling at that season. The ladies of many families at such times indulge in considerable gaiety of the toilette. I remember one lady, the wife of a gentleman who possessed a comfortable competence, but only kept one servant, presiding over the luncheon spread in her dining-room, on a New Year's morning, in a superb crimson velvet dress which would assuredly not have been unsuited to a reception at St. James's! Yet her taste in ordinary dress was quiet. As before remarked, American women generally are fonder of showy toilettes in the street than either their French or English sisters. In the ball-room, at evening parties, or on any full-dress occasion, the English lady is not an unworthy rival of the French belle. The tenor of her education, to the credit of her country, is usually such as to give a higher tone to her ambition than an overwhelming devotion to dress, such as is undoubtedly too generally the failing of the French and American ladies. They show it not only on the dress occasions where the English women especially shine, but on all possible opportunities for exhibiting the splendour of their costume, be it ball or promenade, or, as far as the American is concerned, the street, where she invariably decks herself in the utmost amount of jewellery she can wear. It is true that custom in America deprives her of the privilege

of full dress at the theatre and opera, it being usual there to appear in bonnets. Madame l'Américaine, however, compensates herself for this by wearing the most airy or brilliant toilette possibly compatible with the bonnet; and if graceful necks and rounded arms are veiled from public gaze, the glories and gaieties of Epsom and Ascot toilettes, at least, are rivalled by them at those places of public resort. Since the Prince of Wales's visit, however, on which occasion, in compliment to him, full dress was worn at the opera, there has been a sprinkling of fair dames with hardihood sufficient to attempt an innovation on the long-existing mode. They wear "Nubias," or woollen coverings for the head, of which, in consequence of the want of cloak-rooms in American theatres, they are compelled to disencumber themselves in the dress-circle itself. Gentlemen rarely take the trouble to make any alteration in their daily toilette for the theatres in San Francisco, unless it be for the opera, and then white gloves on their part are the exception rather than the rule. White waistcoats, one would suppose, are at a premium, for they are very rarely seen.

CHAPTER IV.

FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSES—HOSPITALITY—SOCIAL REGIMEN—POLITENESS OF THE LOWER CLASSES OF AMERICAN MEN TOWARDS THE OPPOSITE SEX—CONTRAST TO IT AMONG THAT CLASS OF ENGLISHMEN—MANNERS OF THE GENTLEMEN AS SEEN IN THE STREET CARS—RESTAURANTS—CALIFORNIAN WINES—VINEYARDS—PEACH ORCHARDS—METHOD OF COOKING THE TOMATO—PUBLIC-SCHOOL SYSTEM—FIRE COMPANIES—FAST YOUNG LADY—BALLS AND PARTIES—THEATRES—EARTHQUAKES—STREET RAILWAYS—CRYSTAL SPRINGS.

ONE of the most salient features of American life is their patronage, not merely of large hotels, but of fashionable boarding-houses. It is in San Francisco as in New York. Newly-married couples, averse to the anxieties of housekeeping, caring nothing for that sweet domestic retirement which to the English mind constitutes so much of the prospective enjoyment at such an era in life, commonly take up their abode, at least for the earlier years of marriage, at some fashionable hotel or boarding-house. Others of less influence, importance, or means, take furnished rooms at a stylish lodging-house, and eat at some of the restaurants with which the cities abound. The motive is obvious. While it deprives them of much of the pleasures of society, it enables them to make a much better appearance socially than they could do, with the expenses of hospitality to maintain, in a house whose rent would cost them no more than their rooms at the

lodging-house. It is grievous to see such a strong love for ostentation pervading every class of society as even republican America undeniably presents to the stranger. The chief evil of the midde class of English society is, that it displays the same anxiety to "keep up appearances." But, to do England justice, it is chiefly evidenced in discharging the duties of an exaggerated housekeeping hospitality, not in the avoidance of them. Americans are notoriously a very generous people, and it is saddening to see their love of display darkening the pristine simplicity of a noble republicanism, and that to the extent it assuredly does at the present day. Moreover, this same system of restaurant and lodging-house or hotel life, as the case may be, coupled with the passion for dress of the women, who are among the most beautiful in the world, goes far towards rendering them the mere puppets of society. With none of the thousand delightful home duties, which are the pride and pleasure of every true woman, devolving upon them—usually educated, or rather half-educated, in those hotbeds of frivolity and superficiality, large seminaries (the larger the more fashionable)—thrown entirely upon their own resources for pleasure or occupation during the husband's daily engagements in the duties of his profession or business—they but too often trifle away the precious hours of existence to an extent inconceivable by the English matron, who is absorbed either in family duties or those of hospitality, and even in the highest and most fashionable ranks will occupy leisure hours in unostentatious cares for the poor of the immediate neigh-

bourhood, with too high a sense of moral accountability to spend an undue portion of the time which can never be recalled upon mere personal adornment. The daughters of the highest aristocracy, it is notorious in England, are no way to be distinguished in the street from those inferior in rank, unless it be by the exceeding plainness of their attire. It has been the habit of many newspaper correspondents and others, particularly those writing from Paris, to contrast unfavourably the toilettes of Englishwomen there with those of their American and French friends. Let the former rather receive it as a credit than otherwise that they rely more on the qualities of head and heart than on the face, beautiful as even these critics usually admit them to be, or on the skill of their milliners, for the influence they wield in society. It is absurd to suppose, were the energies of the cultivated classes of Englishwomen directed that way, or more, were they willing to cramp the incomes of their husbands to the necessary extent, that they could not as easily attain the art of perfection in dress as in the varied accomplishments in which they usually excel. The real truth is, they do not estimate fashion so highly, and it is to be hoped they never will. The higher ranks feel that mere dress cannot elevate them. To be elegantly and becomingly dressed is a duty every woman owes to society. To worship dress is the abuse of that duty. To so great an extreme does this proceed among American women, that the wife, possibly of a mechanic or small tradesman, whose husband can afford but one servant, supposing them to "keep house," is unhappy

without a "point-lace set," diamond rings and earrings, and a costly set of furs, the latter alone ranging in value from £50 to £100!

I am not in the slightest degree afraid of incurring the animosity of sensible American women by these remarks. Their opinion on these points, I am satisfied, will coincide with mine, having frequently heard the subject discussed and deplored by women whose merits are not surpassed anywhere else in the world.

England can discover much worthy of imitation in the noble institutions and aids to human progress which are so liberally put forth by America. In the matter of social refinement, so far at least as the middle and upper classes are concerned, America can find much excelling theirs in the life and habits of their English cousins, if not as far as regards what is termed the lower class. The American, in point of politeness, especially towards women, in information, and general good breeding (always excepting the use of the spittoon), is far superior to the Englishman. If a group of men in America stand on the pavement—and in San Francisco the name of the groups that thus stand there is "legion"—and a lady, no matter how poorly dressed, passes along, the group instantaneously retires on one side to give her room to pass. In London no notice whatever would be taken of her. Again, when a mail steamer arrives, as it does only semi-monthly in San Francisco, there is naturally a great rush to the post-office, letters not being delivered at the door by postmen, as in England. It is true

there is a window exclusively for ladies, which might account for husbands or fathers who call for their relatives' letters feeling bound to give ladies the precedence there; but, *vice versâ*, let a lady approach the gentleman's window, and not a man will press forward till she is served. I remember being greatly struck with the contrast in cases presented to my notice in this respect on my arrival in England. Advancing to secure my ticket at the railway depôt, I found only two persons, who doubtless considered themselves eminently entitled to the name of "gentlemen," before me at the window. There was ample time, and certainly no excuse possible for the rude manner in which they determinedly excluded me from a precedence, which, seeing no necessity for haste, I had not the smallest intention of taking. A matter of life or death, at the latest possible moment for securing tickets in a crowd, might have excused such a breach of good manners, but here no ground for it existed.

This chivalrous feeling of deference towards women is greatly abused in San Francisco. The street cars are not limited to carrying only a certain number of passengers, as they are in England. The conductors make a constant practice of taking up more passengers than they can seat, well knowing that a female is secure of a seat so long as one gentleman remains sitting; and frequently not until every gentleman in the vehicle has so resigned his place does the conductor cease to take up female passengers. On wet days especially is this nuisance carried on. As the practice simply suffices to fill the pockets of the omnibus pro-

prietors, it struck me that gentlemen should make a more decided stand against it. At late hours on a wet night only is it excusable, for ladies themselves do not like to feel, in entering a public conveyance, that they will probably cause some gentleman to lose the seat for which he has paid, and of which his courtesy ought not to be suffered to deprive him, as it assuredly will, rather than he will be content to lie under the imputation of a deficiency in politeness towards a woman. Of course the law ought to put an end to the practice by making it illegal for public carriages to carry more than a specific number of passengers. I am obliged to admit also that women are too apt to lose sight of courtesy in the custom, and omit even an expression of thanks to those who so unselfishly promote their comfort.

The restaurants, as before suggested, form a striking feature in San Francisco economy. There are several first-class French restaurants where a good breakfast, claret included, may be obtained for half a crown. Some of no mean pretensions are to be found in Montgomery Street, kept by Americans and others. These have a large room for gentlemen, and a separate apartment of spacious dimensions for the accommodation of ladies and their attendants. These rooms are always handsomely carpeted and fitted with two or more large mirrors. Tables accommodating from two to four persons are thickly scattered about, ready prepared for dining. Here, from 6 A.M. till noon, breakfast, consisting of food served *à l'Américaine*, may be had in the shape of coffee, tea, or chocolate, with fitting accom-

paniments of steaks, cutlets, broiled fowl, fried fish, and those *chef-d'œuvres* of American culinary art, "buck-wheat," "corn-batter," or "flannel" cakes. These cakes resemble the pancake in size and shape. Buck-wheat cakes are made from a peculiar kind of flour. They are common in Germany as well as in America, but I never ate them in England. Corn-batter cakes are prepared from the flour of the Indian corn, and the flannel cake resembles the Shropshire "pikelet." The favourite dish called "waffles" by the Americans is similar to the English "gauffres." Dinner, consisting of soups, joints, poultry, game, fish, and pastry, can be obtained at these restaurants any time from noon till 6 or 7 P.M. From that hour till twelve supper is served, and coffee, tea, chocolate, eggs, chops, and steaks are to be had at any hour of the night.

The visitor to these restaurants calls for any dish he pleases,—roast or boiled meats, or chops. He is charged at the moderate rate of sixpence each plate, potatoes, boiled or mashed, and bread and butter, being added without extra charge. For any extra vegetable he pays an extra sixpence. Poultry varies from one to two and three shillings a plate. Fish is generally six-pence per plate, and pastry the same price, as are also tea, coffee, and chocolate.

By this it will be seen that a very fair dinner may be obtained for the small sum of one shilling by a poor man. Ices are one shilling each, and fruit is some-times dear, because of its scarcity.

The Californian wines are already in demand in the markets of the Eastern States. Whether they are to

be had pure in Europe I do not know. California port is a sweet, not a spirituous wine. Sherry and Madeira are made at Los Angelos, a seaport town in the southern region of California, the country around which abounds with extensive vineyards. Champagne and hock are produced in Sonoma valley, north of the city of San Francisco. It is the opinion of those whose judgment on the matter is correct, that California is likely to become one of the most important wine-producing countries in the world, in addition to her other splendid advantages of mineral and vegetable wealth.

Strangers may possibly expect, as some have foolishly done, in consequence of the flattering reports afloat concerning the fineness of the vineyards, to find the grapes produced as large and fine as hothouse grapes in England. Those who expect it are disappointed. Wine is not made from such grapes, but of the size that is grown on walls in England. Quantities of the fruit are grown very slightly exceeding in flavour or size those grown in the open air in the south of England, in gentlemen's gardens or on cottage walls. A few vineyards produce much finer, rivalling hothouse grapes for size, while they undeniably excel them in flavour. Peaches grow in California as apples do in England, being standard trees. All along the banks of the Sacramento river, as you approach the city of that name from the direction of San Francisco, peach orchards are to be seen. The branches of the fine trees composing them are borne down by the enormous weight of the crop; and yet, whether it be that their very luxuriance engenders a rankness of

flavour, which extreme cultivation removes, or whether it is fancy, there are no peaches in California so delicious and delicate in flavour as those I have eaten grown upon garden walls in England. Pears of extreme size and delicious flavour are grown everywhere. Bananas and sugar-cane are brought there from Panama, as are also pine-apples and cocoa-nuts. Lemons are usually very scarce, while oranges are plentiful in the season.

Blackberries, not surpassing those which grow wild in England, are carefully cultivated there, and find a ready sale at eighteenpence per pound. Cranberries, a favourite fruit of the Americans, are used for tarts and sauces. That excellent and wholesome vegetable, the tomato, which it is to be wished was employed in England for something more than sauces, is very deservedly a favourite with Americans. I believe there is no difficulty in growing it in England. Few who have not so eaten it would believe what an addition it is to roast beef or a good steak. Although I have never tried it, I can readily believe Mrs. Mudie's account of the many excellent qualities of the despised dandelion root, which she gives in her amusing work, "Roughing it in the Bush." I hope, too, I may be excused if I venture to suggest to my lady readers the best mode of preparing a delicacy for their tables in the shape of tomatoes as a vegetable to be served in vegetable dishes. Boiling water should first be poured over them, in which they should be left for two or three minutes. This enables the cook to take off the outer skin without difficulty, always supposing that

thoroughly ripe tomatoes are employed. They must then be sliced into a stewpan, and left to simmer a while in their own juice. Afterwards salt and pepper should be judiciously added, a piece of butter the size of a large walnut, and a few bread crumbs are to be lightly grated in. No water is required, the tomato possessing a superabundance of liquid. The longer they are boiled gently the nicer they are, so as that they are not suffered to burn or become too dry. I remember my first introduction to the tomato beyond its use as a sauce was one day in the garden of an intimate friend, who, plucking one for the purpose of sucking the juice, which has an acid taste, and of which many people are very fond, courteously handed me one. Applying it to my lips, I quickly flung it away, disgusted with what appeared to me its sickly flavour; and yet I am now not only exceedingly partial to it when cooked, but consider it very palatable cut in thin slices and served raw, as cucumber is usually served, with pepper, salt, and vinegar.

The public-school system of America, or rather its working in San Francisco, attracted my attention one day by accident. Criticism, as far as it may regard the efforts made by the Government of America in the admirable provision for the free education of the young, would in me be something more than presumption. I believe the excellence of the public-school system is unchallenged and unquestioned. Every opportunity is afforded for the acquisition of a liberal education, at no heavier expense to the parents in San Francisco than the payment of a tax of about three shillings

a year for every child in a family. This tax very properly must be paid by them, whether their children attend public or private schools, or no schools at all. Without presuming to criticise, I may be permitted, as one who has reflected considerably upon the subject, to state what appeared to me the only evil consequent upon the attendance of children at the public schools, as arranged in San Francisco. I am aware that much has been said to the same effect before, and that it has received an indignant denial from many of the daily papers, that weakly, it appears to me, published refutations of the assertions made from the pens of children attending the schools. Of course it was to be expected that the children would be enthusiastic, as youth usually is, in defence of that to which it is attached. Whatever foundation the gentlemen of the press had for their indignation I do not know, but I am very sure they could not have lived for so long a time as I did immediately facing one of the chief public schools of San Francisco, and have been ignorant of the evils to which I allude, resulting from the attendance of male and female pupils at the same schools, precocious as youth is admitted to be in California. I am aware that I may be told, "To the pure all things are pure." To this I agree so entirely that I would at any risk keep the children of a nation pure. Had I not witnessed the evil, I should never have imagined it to exist to the extent it does. I should be very sorry to publish all the proofs of it which have come to my knowledge. They would go far to reflect disgrace on the noble American school system. No one more

sincerely admires it than I do—no one more intensely values education. Yet sooner than expose a daughter of mine to the influences of the evil I have witnessed in conjunction with it, I would condemn her to ignorance for ever. I have spoken thus earnestly because I feel too much attention cannot be given to the subject, and because the evil is one which admits of so simple a remedy, that I am in hopes American legislators will award to it the consideration it merits. That distinct play-grounds and class-rooms in the same building are not separation sufficient, time and the anguish of many a parent has proved. There were many handsome school buildings in various parts of the city. Why not divide them and appropriate half the entire buildings to each sex, instead of half of each building?

The public schools are well built, well ventilated, and supplied with every comfort, as well as every aid to study the pupils can require. Too much praise cannot be awarded the efficient and excellent corps of school teachers employed, who are no less, in most cases, a credit to the community for talent than they are for energy in the discharge of their duty. I trust that I may be pardoned for speaking so strongly upon what I conceive to be the one grand evil of the system. My doing so will, I trust, be generously imputed to its true cause, my sincere desire to see the solitary blot on the perfection of the system removed. It is a stigma upon England, which every passing year increases, that the oldest of her colonies now independent of her should so immeasurably surpass her in the

provision it makes for the free education of the young. Let us hope that British statesmen will be aroused to the necessity of exertion in this respect, and that when the object is effected, their tardiness will be redeemed by the perfection of their arrangement, not only for the education, but for the preservation, as far as may be, of the innocence of the childhood of the nation. America has not to contend with the selfishness and arrogance of an Established Church, which seeks to engross and dictate everything on the question. I shall say no more here upon the subject, most interesting as it is.

Soon after my arrival in San Francisco I was aroused from sleep by the clang of a horribly-toned bell, the vibration of which thrilled through me with a sensation of indefinable horror. Opening my eyes, I perceived a bright glare of red light full upon the window. I started up with the idea that the next building, if not the hotel itself, was on fire. It proved to be one of the contiguous alleys inhabited by Chinese. The wood of which it was composed, rotten with age, blazed up so brilliantly that it gave the impression of a much more serious conflagration than it proved to be. Hardly had the town-hall bell clanged forth the number of the ward, or district, when with much noise of shouting and hurrahing, and urging each other on, the different fire companies appeared upon the scene. Their united efforts rapidly subdued the flames. The Fire Brigade of San Francisco, totally unlike any in England, is composed of young men who volunteer their services without the smallest remuneration. They belong to

different companies, having engine-houses in various parts of the city. Each company has its rules. Unitedly, I believe, they elect the chief of the whole force for a certain term. The fire-engines are mostly drawn by hand, by means of a long rope, seized as the engine is dragged swiftly along by the accession of every fresh member of the company who happens to meet it. The engines are handsome, heavily ornamented with brass and steel brilliantly polished. One or two are worked by steam, the rest by hand: a few are drawn by horses. After every fire the roll is called at the engine-house of each company, and every member not replying is fined two shillings. This occurs but seldom, for being chiefly young men it is a matter of rivalry with them to be active. I suppose they find the excitement pleasing. On procession days, for which America is famous, such as those of Independence or election, the fire companies form a very effective feature. The engines, polished to the utmost extreme of brilliancy, are decorated with flags and wreathed with flowers. The red shirts of some companies, and the buff leather and brass helmets of others, lend a brightness to the otherwise sombre clothing of the citizens. These companies receive frequent benefits at the theatres, and give public balls. It is not uncommon, by way of lending *éclat*, for some lady to be an honorary member of one of these companies. One "fast" young lady of San Francisco glories in "running with No. 5," although that number cut in steel of a large size, worn as a breast-pin or brooch, is the only way in which she runs with it. The same young lady,

the step-daughter of an honourable medical gentleman of the city, is guilty of setting a "fast" example in dress and brusque manners to the young ladies of the place. Her fortune, I understand, is mediocre, not exceeding eight or nine thousand pounds. This lady and her mother are constantly seen at the Tuileries on their frequent tours in Europe.

There is little of the intercourse of polished society found in San Francisco. There are but few private fortunes comparatively which can afford the expense of balls or parties at home. Brother Jonathan is very exacting, and if you profess to give a party at all, nothing short of the most *recherché* style possible will give him satisfaction. Hence, while hospitality is genuine, it is exhibited chiefly in "spending the day," or a couple of parties dining by chance or request at a friend's house. None of those *impromptu* carpet dances and lively little evening parties, or unpretending musical evenings, which render the intercourse of the simple gentry in London society so pleasing. Public balls are all the rage, and as "Jack is as good as his master," it is a common occurrence for a lady to find herself dancing with her lately-discharged servant. "Biddy *vis-à-vis* in the same set!" In spite of the laws of equality, however, human nature more instinctively seeks amusement in the society of its equals in mental calibre. Very few superior-minded people attend the public balls now. If they are not wealthy enough to give balls themselves, they rather eschew pleasure than attend the public ones. This may account for the excessive patronage bestowed by

amusement-seekers on the theatre. There are four or five good theatres in San Francisco, three of which present superior attractions. The Metropolitan is roomy, and is possibly the most fashionable house. It was there that operas used to be represented. Maguire's Opera House is the seat of both comedy and tragedy. Lately, however, Maguire erected the "Academy of Music" for operatic purposes. This is decidedly the handsomest of the San Francisco theatres. It is lofty and extremely well ventilated; there are four entrances to the dress circle, which is but a yard or two from the street, and on a level with it, thus presenting the easiest access to any theatre I ever visited. The pit, called in the "Academy of Music" the "family circle," is entered from the dress circle by the descent of only a couple of steps. It slopes down gradually towards the orchestra. The entrance doors are arched in the Gothic style, and, with the walls of the theatre, are painted white, "picked out" in relief with gold. The doors themselves, opening in the middle, are covered with scarlet baize. The seats of the dress-circle are a succession of long benches, with backs and seats covered with scarlet velvet. The pit is fitted up in the same manner. The four stage boxes (the only boxes in San Francisco theatres) are draped with scarlet brocatello, and richly decorated with fluted columns in white and gold. The drop-curtain is composed of scarlet broadcloth. There are two galleries —the second perched up rather too high. A handsome glass chandelier completes the decoration of this elegant little temple of lyric art. San Franciscans

have contrived from time to time to monopolise a considerable proportion of the dramatic and operatic talent of the present day. Catherine Hayes, Anderson, Jean Davenport, Joey Gongenheim, Charles Dillon, Caroline Kirchings, the great violinist Paul Julien, Adah Isaacs Menken and Emily Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and Matilda Heron, have all trod the stage there as "stars;" while the stock actors who are nearly fixtures in the city are, in many cases, of unusual ability. San Francisco boasts of one, if not two, of the finest melodramatic actresses of the day—Julie Dean Hayne and Annette Ince, whose refined conceptions of character and power of depicting the nobler emotions of the heart are rarely equalled. The latter lady especially, in addition to a highly-cultivated mind and dignified bearing, possesses an unusually rich-toned and impressive voice. Should she ever appear on the London boards, I am satisfied the verdict of the public will confirm my assertions.

Frank Mayo, a young artist, as yet only of Californian celebrity, is one of whom much is expected in the way of future distinction as a tragedian. He played Henry VIII. to Charles Kean's Wolsey while the latter was in San Francisco. Mr. Mayo was said at that time to intend visiting England. C. R. Thorne, jun., is said to be the best light comedian of the American stage. He is the brother of Mrs. Jordan, whose husband performed with Miss Bateman at the Adelphi. He has also been a fixture in California for some years. The high salaries offered may account for the fact, but it must be patent to all that San Franciscans are not so

barren of dramatic intellect as their geographical position of "outside barbarians" may have suggested to the unreflecting of Europe, who forget the power gold possesses as an attraction, even to the ends of the earth.

An earthquake happened soon after my arrival. They are common in San Francisco, though no considerable damage has yet resulted from them. The sensation produced by them upon the human frame is that of slight sea-sickness. When one occurred I was sleeping at the time in the house of a friend. The shock was so severe that instinctively we, one and all, rushed into the street perfectly regardless of our attire. It is astonishing what extreme fright will effect in the way of indifference in this respect. By the time we reached the street the shock had, of course, subsided, and the expression of the majority of our party being most emphatically one of surpassing "sheepishness," we crept back considerably mortified. I took good care to remain the last below, and was highly delighted next morning to find that nobody seemed to be aware I had shared in the general panic. The earth has been known to crack in the environs of the city at such times, but never to any extent. Should a severe earthquake ever occur, that large portion of the city which is built upon the "water lots" would suffer severely.

With all the admirable natural provision by means of hills and bays for good sewerage, San Francisco is extremely defective in this respect, excepting in the main streets. These main streets are laid with rail tracks for the horse-cars, which have become quite an institution of the place. To parties that live anywhere

on level ground they are a great convenience. The inhabitants of the hilly districts, of course, cannot benefit by them so much. They are annoying to drivers of other vehicles, whose wheels are apt to catch upon them. In the narrower streets they are a real nuisance.

There is a railway lately opened to San José, on the southern shore of the bay, about sixty or seventy miles from San Francisco. The country through which it passes is fertile and pretty. At a station on this line, about twenty-five miles from San Francisco, passengers can alight near San Mateo for the "Crystal Springs," as a pretty little glen with a sparkling stream flowing through it is appropriately named.

There is a good inn, where visitors can procure excellent treatment. At the time I first visited it, before the railway was open, we were served with fish, flesh, and fowl, new-laid eggs, excellent ham, good fruit pies, and delicious strawberries and cream. Not a bad bill of fare for a lonely inn in a new and almost wild country. The hills around were covered with the tiny wild strawberry, and alive with ground squirrels. Here I first observed the scarlet columbine growing wild. The gardens attached to the inn are large and prettily laid out; but the glen, and the winding stream o'erarched in places by the feathery foliage of the woodland, possessed greater attractions for me. It is a lovely spot—a place in which one could almost forget the cares of this troublesome world, and taste of that perfect rest and content so uniformly denied us in that restless search after the happiness we are destined never to obtain.

We passed on our return by the "race-course" of San Francisco, which is three or four miles from the city, and ordinary enough in its appearance. That it possesses great attractions for some members of the community is apparent at the racing season, although at no time, as may be supposed, does it emulate the glories of Ascot or Doncaster. Racing is so little to my taste—though I confess to an almost passionate attachment for that noble animal, the horse—that I am utterly unable to give the most meagre technical account of the sports carried on there.

CHAPTER V.

START FOR THE MAMMOTH PINE GROVE—CALAVERAS COUNTY—CITY OF SACRAMENTO—SOUTHERN MINING REGION—JONES CITY—LUNCHEON AL FRESCO—WATER-MELONS—A SENTIMENTAL PONY—MINING TOWN OF "MURPHY'S"—CLEANLY APPEARANCE OF THE WORKING CLASSES—"PLACER" DIGGINGS—DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA—PROCESS OF WASHING THE PRECIOUS METAL—PRESENT DEPRECIATION OF THE SOUTHERN MINES—ARRIVAL AT THE BIG-TREE GROVE—GIGANTIC DIMENSIONS OF THE CELEBRATED TREES—THEIR LONGEVITY—SOLEMN APPEARANCE OF THE GROVE—RATTLESNAKE—BEAUTIFUL LICHENS—RETURN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

My friends persuaded me to make one of a party, not long after my arrival, to visit the celebrated Big-Tree Grove of Calaveras county, California. Always delighted at a trip amid country scenery, and especially so at the idea of intruding on dame Nature in one of her wildest and grandest moods, I was very easily persuaded. My dear friend, Mrs. C——, and her sweet niece, her husband, two other gentlemen, and myself, formed the party. We started at 4 P.M. one lovely afternoon in May, in one of the fine river boats which ply daily between San Francisco and Sacramento, for the latter place, arriving there at about 1 A.M. The fare to Sacramento is five dollars, about one guinea. Passengers usually secure a state-room on the up trip, for which three dollars extra are charged. In consequence of this arrangement many people prefer to remain on board all night, from arriving late in Sacramento,

rather than dress and drive to an hotel. We adopted this plan, going ashore at 6 A.M. The city of Sacramento, mentioned before, is flat; the buildings, even in the main streets, are chiefly frame structures. There are some very good hotels. The St. George is most patronised by fashionables. The mania for good hotel accommodation throughout America is surprising. The most miserable little town of twenty or thirty shanties, which it is often a compliment to term "cottages," contrives to keep up a good hotel for the benefit of the travelling public.

The district of the Southern mines—through which we passed, choosing as we did a somewhat circuitous route for the purpose of more especially observing the existing degree of prosperity, and the mode of working the mines—is a country by no means remarkable for natural beauty. Still it presents a more fertile appearance than we had anticipated. Understanding that few modes of travelling, or styles of dress we might choose to adopt after quitting Sacramento, would attract unusual attention or appear *outré* in the mining towns, we left our luggage to be forwarded to the "Big-Tree Hotel" per stage, and provided ourselves with good stout ponies, and broad-brimmed and not unpicturesque straw hats. These, with the addition of brown-holland riding-skirts and jackets on the part of the ladies, and holland blouses, or "dusters," on the part of the gentlemen, completed the outfit of as merry and happy a party as, I venture to assert, ever travelled those Southern mining districts.

Determined to be pleased and amused with whatever

we might see, from a pan of gold-dust to a wayside weed—resolved to let no annoyance have power to cause us anything but diversion—ready to put up with any inconvenience without grumbling, and to expect no comfort beyond the barest necessaries of existence, how could we do otherwise than enjoy ourselves? I will venture to promise the same degree of pleasure to all those who undertake to follow our example. At the pretty little town yclept Ione City we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Not intending to remain the night (it was but noon when we arrived), the ladies of our party threw themselves down in the shade of a pretty grove a little distance beyond the town, and deputed the gentlemen to seek out for refreshments in the shape of anything they might be fortunate enough to procure, charging them, beyond all else, to bring a supply of that most refreshing of fruits, the water-melon. Time passed; a quarter, then half, then three-quarters of an hour, till we began to confess we had not included this portion of the entertainment in our mental programme. At the moment one of the missing cavaliers made his appearance, with sundry mysterious packages, which he flung hastily and triumphantly down, and dismounting, motioned us to rise and look in the direction of the town. So doing, we perceived the other two gentlemen; one occupied, as it seemed, in vain but frantic endeavours to keep possession of something which as determinedly eluded his grasp. It was poor G——, overladen with water-melons, any one of which would have sufficed for the whole party. His unlucky resolve of bringing

them all triumphantly to "camp," as he termed it, had occasioned the delay which surprised us. Tired and dusty he looked as he dismounted, the very essence of discomfort, but nobly holding to his resolve not to grumble, as he had previously held on to the load of fruit: he was ere long the merriest of the party. How *he* relished the water-melons need not be told! In spite of his restored complacence, he did appear to take a kind of underhanded savage gratification in disposing of them. Our ponies seemed to enjoy their noontide rest and "feed" fully as much as we did. For my own part, I can conscientiously affirm that the most *recherché petit souper* or *déjeuner à la fourchette* I ever sat down to, sank into insignificance beside those same delicious water-melons.

I was not long in discovering, too, that I had a treasure of a pony in the selection made for me—gentle as a lamb, and yet with a surprising dash of pony spirit. "Fly" they called him, and "fly" he certainly did, when necessity or his mistress commanded. He was a piebald, strong-limbed, swift-footed, trustworthy, and obedient Yankee quadruped. How seldom through life do we find so many virtues combined in our human friends as in the poor brutes, who are so quick to recognise the hand that benefits them—so ready to forgive the arm that wounds them! Many a time was I envied the possession of poor Fly: when a distant hill-view was to be obtained, he invariably carried his owner first to the summit in triumph. How many a passing glimpse of scenes of beauty I owe to his swift-footedness, snatched while

others were plodding more methodically upon the beaten track. Poor Fly! I think there must have been something of sentimentality in his nature, or he would have preferred to plod along too, rather than appear so to exult in the races after the "beautiful" which we took together.

There exists a surprising "family likeness" among the mining towns of California. It is but to read a description of one, and to make the acquaintance of all. The town of "Murphy's," as it is quaintly termed, is one I select to convey my impressions upon the subject. There is, of course, a main street, for every town has one. In this main street, at the period of our passing it, were located three principal buildings—the inevitable "groccry" store, where everything eatable and drinkable may be procured, excepting butcher's meat and fresh vegetables. In the possession of the two latter articles, or rather in the sale of them, the second building alluded to rejoiced; while the third was, in the ubiquity of Western travel, the unfailing "hotel," the structure there dignified by the appellation at that time answering to the English understanding of a quiet country inn; albeit the "hotel" would still suffer in comparison, being by no means of so substantial a make nor so portly a presence as "mine inn" suggests. It was composed of mere planks put together with tenpenny nails, and presented, on the whole, so ephemeral an appearance, that I could not help asking, as one would of a plant in a London parterre, "Will it stand the winter?"

Flowers, particularly the hardy and showy scarlet

geraniums and others, were not wanting in the gardens of the simple houses composing the "settlement," at that time not more than a score or two in number, straggling about in various directions, and built in the same slight manner. Considering that sleet, rain, but rarely snow, are common in the winter, it is wonderful that rheumatism is not even more general throughout those districts, since it is by no means uncommon in California to hear of children twelve or thirteen years old receiving medical treatment for it. The contrast between the clothing of the denizens of these cottages, at least in summer, and the meagre appearance of the houses they inhabit, was amusing. "Ladies" (every woman in America is a "lady") stand at the doors of one and two-roomed cottages, decked out in all the hues of the rainbow, as embodied in "lawn," or, as we English say, "muslin" dresses. It is true that American ladies, even among the *élite*, are much more fond of wearing bright colours and costly toilettes in the streets than either their English sisters or French examplars in fashion consider it good taste to do. The women in the mining districts "out-Herod Herod" in their passion for gay colours. Remarking it, one could almost wish for one feature of despotism or some sumptuary law to exist among them, enforcing a picturesque peasant costume, which should blend this regard for colour into something less grotesque and inharmonious than a distorted copy of the prevailing mode in the worst taste.

There is a salient feature in the matter of dress very creditable to the wearers, or rather to their wives and

laundresses — I allude to the pure whiteness of the shirts worn by the men, not only in the mining districts of California, but among working men almost everywhere throughout America. There is a degree of cleanliness, superiority, and self-respect apparent in the labouring men of that country, whether at work or as you meet them returning from labour in the evening, which affords a strong contrast to the dirty, unshaven, rough, and too often besotted appearance of labourers, bricklayers, and others who are seen coming from their day's labour at the delightful twilight hour in old England. That hour, in itself so suggestive of holiness and happiness, is always strangely marred in my view by the slovenly appearance of these men, who it would seem, by the simple remedy of spending less on beer and more on soap, might be better subjects of comparison with the Americans. I sincerely honour the hard-working sons of toil, and it is because I do so that I long to see them aroused to the possibility of bettering their condition. My heart longs to teach them one fact of which they appear to be ignorant—that it is quite possible for a labouring man to be a man who, because he respects himself, is by that in a fair way to win the respect of others. There is no excuse for the English labourer being less cleanly in his work than the American. English wives of such men are proverbially greater drudges than the American women; nor have the wives of American working men the provision made for their aid and comfort in this respect which the English possess in the admirable penny and twopenny baths and wash-houses instituted for their accommoda-

tion by the late lamented and truly "good" Prince Consort.

To return to my tour. Proceeding on our way, refreshed in body and animated in spirit by our lunch at the aforesaid "hotel," we observed a neat little Catholic chapel on the ascent of a hill just beyond the town, and the good curé standing at the door of his humble dwelling, in earnest conversation with some members of his flock. It was a pretty scene, suggestive of peace and repose.

The Southern mines of California are almost wholly "placer" or surface diggings. The auriferous earth sparkles in many regions under the feet, as if veritable gold-dust asked no more labour of the miner than to stoop and gather it up. We quickly discovered our error in imagining this, those gleaming particles in the rich-looking red earth being nothing more than a substance called by miner's "isinglass," possibly indicative of the near neighbourhood of gold, but certainly of no value in itself. Why it is termed "isinglass" is a mystery.

The region of the "placer" diggings reminds one of turf-digging at home, the earth being removed in layers—in some places to the depth of a man's height or more, in other places not more than a foot from the surface. Much of the gold is found in the channels of rivers and in mountain streams. These channels frequently, though very wide, have in the summer months their waters exceedingly shallow, occupying but a small central portion of the entire bed of the stream. From the pebbly or gravelly borders

on either side of the diminished stream a considerable quantity of the precious metal is obtained.

The discovery of the existence of gold in California was made in the following manner. It has been stated before by others, but a mention of it here appears needful. On the banks of the Sacramento river, a little way above the site of the present city of that name, there lived in the year 1848 a gentleman who, thirty years previously, had left his native country, Switzerland, to seek a home in the then "Ultima Thule" of emigration. Little could the hardy Swiss, in the wildest flights of his imagination, have dreamed that his name was destined to be immortalised on the page of history by the very pains he took to quit that quarter of the globe which teems most richly with historical records, to bury himself amid the recesses of an almost unknown region.

Selecting, therefore, a site for the humble dwelling which was to be the home of many future days, not far from the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers, he lived in undisturbed tranquillity for the space of twenty-five years—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot." He was esteemed and respected by the aboriginal and Mexican population. During the summer of the memorable year 1848, having occasion to repair his mill-dam, he caused the water to be drawn off. The little daughter of one of his workmen was, I have been assured, the first to discover the particles of gold left in the sediment of the stream. Certain it is that the discovery was then made. How rapidly the news spread, and how extensive was the exodus which resulted from the announcement, has since become a matter of

history. In Colonel Sutter, the pioneer discoverer, all who sought counsel or encouragement met with sincere kindness, assistance, and true friendliness of feeling, and his name will be perpetuated with expressions of grateful regard as long as California holds a place and a name among the records of mankind.

The face of the entire country was quickly overrun with adventurers, who spared no labour to force from Nature her hidden treasures. Towns sprang up everywhere; lonely wilds, till then untrodden even by the foot of the intrepid trapper, shortly resounded with the strokes of the pickaxe in the hands of innumerable new-comers thirsting after gain; woodland glens, sacred hitherto to the tread of the spotted deer, became the haunts of rough men and coarse desperadoes; while forests that had echoed only to the chirp of the wild bird, the buzz of insect life, the whistling of the wind, or the roaring of the storm amid the pine trees, gave back the sound of the axe mercilessly despoiling them of their hereditary glories to minister to the necessities of their desolaters.

The process of washing gold has been often described by abler pens than mine, so that it seems superfluous to repeat it, and yet it may be unknown to some readers. It is customary for a certain number of men to club together for the purchase of a "claim," as it is called, unless they are fortunate enough to obtain a good one by "prospecting" each for himself, to adopt the local phraseology. Whatever amount is obtained from a claim during the day is usually divided at night among the partners in it. Life and the security of

property being so uncertain at the mines, every one is anxious that his partners should each undertake the guardianship of his own property as speedily as possible. In some cases, so convinced are these men of the vicinity of eyes which regard them for the purpose of robbery subsequently, that they will secrete the gold they are collecting under water, in the tin cup they employ for washing out the gold-dust, and this sometimes in the channel of the stream, where it flows through their "claim." An idea may be formed of the incessant sleepless vigilance that is required in such cases, and indeed is absolutely necessary to a miner's life, as may be inferred from such incidents.

In washing, one miner digs up the earth, which his partner introduces into the "cradle," a machine so named from the rocking motion necessarily imparted to it, in order to separate the particles or grains of gold from the earth which envelops them, while water is conducted through it, and thus washes away the lighter substance, leaving the gold behind. Some have not perseverance enough to meet success, and so, for want of it, getting rid of one claim that is rich and taking another, find nothing.

"What a fool I am!" I heard a man exclaim. "There I was at French Gulch when there were not twenty men there. I had the best 'claim' on the creek, and sold it for two hundred dollars, and the men to whom I sold it took out seventeen thousand dollars in three months. That's just my luck, you see. Then I went over to Trinity, and there I did the same thing. I wish I had patience to stay long enough in one place to do

something, but I can't. But I've got the thing now that's going to pay *sure*. If I had only a couple of thousand dollars I could do all I want in six months; or if I had only kept packing a little while longer I would have just hit it. As quick as I sold out, up went provisions and freights, and the fellow that had my train cleared five thousand dollars in two trips. Here I am, my money all spent; but I'll get it back yet. If I had only two thousand dollars I could make ten easily. Then when I had that claim at Scott's Bar, if I had only stuck a little longer I might as well have made that eight-pound lump that this old man from Oregon got." After other changes the witless man who would not stick to any "claim" remained on the side of ill-luck. At length he got a partnership in a livery stable, ran out his tether there, and undertook at last to break in a racehorse which never won.

I mention this case to show how much depends in mining upon perseverance and a stern resolution.

Leaving Murphy settlement and its mining adventurers, our little party continued its way, observing near the road what are called "flumes," or tiny aqueducts of wood for conducting water. These run for miles together to distant "claims." They were very weakly made, and were stilted high overhead in many places. It seemed wonderful the summer breeze did not overturn them. To renew or repair them required fresh labour when labour was most valuable.

As we rode toward the western base of the majestic Sierra Nevada mountains, the aspect of the country presented for many miles a succession of rolling lands

to the "foot hills," as they are locally termed. Very, very beautiful were those undulating park-like lands, studded with noble forest trees in groups. They reminded me more forcibly than anything I had before seen on the Pacific shores of the groves and glades of merry old England.

As we approached nearer the Sierra Nevada by a tolerably good road, the foliage became much more diversified,—the pine, balsam, and fir, with evergreen shrubs; and the undergrowth or brush consisted chiefly of willow, hazel, raspberry, and poison oak. The pine was thickly scattered along the wooded slopes, admonishing the passenger, by its increasing size, that we were rapidly approaching the spot which is called "The Big-Tree" or "Mammoth Grove."

To see the foregoing wonder was the ostensible object of our excursion. What an astounding object it was! What a marvel! It was worth a hundred times over the fatigue of the journey, and the many discomforts besides upon the way. It was on a spot distant from San Francisco about two hundred and twenty-five miles that we halted to observe this marvel of vegetation. I need not attempt to describe our astonishment. The spot is in a deep valley among the mountains, through which flows a stream of the purest water; yet the altitude above the sea is 5,000 feet.

I will not endeavour to delineate our impressions, for I cannot do it, nor how we looked up with a feeling almost of awe at the enormous height of the first tree among those giant pines as we approached it.

Near by the object, as usual when any rare sight

is to be observed in America, there is, or was then, an hotel kept by an individual named Sperry. In appearance it looked like a pretty rustic cottage *ornée*, but scarcely furnished in the usual style of such a place in England, yet comfortable enough for such persons as can put up with something less than that ostentatious display seen in similar cottages at home. The expense of rusticating there was about three guineas per week and upwards.

The morning of the day after our arrival we sallied forth, sketch-book in hand, to make our observations of those wonderful giants of the forest. In vain did we attempt to delineate them so as to convey an idea of their "awful" proportions, for awful they were. We could not comprehend their real size at first. The efforts of the pencil, too, were out of all power to convey an adequate idea of the grandeur presented to us, as well as the wonderful beauty of the Grove scenery around. We were at length forced to throw our pencils by, for the most accomplished artist must have failed in conveying a correct idea of those surprising natural creations. I question in this case, as in some others, the possibility of the best artist doing justice to such masterpieces of Nature's workmanship, such proofs of her surpassing greatness.

The only mode left to me of embodying the idea of such a scene to the reader is to give the bare dimensions of those lords of the forest, more particularly of the most noted in the local guides.* I must here observe

* See also a particular account of these gigantic trees in one of the Crystal Palace descriptive books, part of the bark of one having been transported to England.

that, gigantic as they appeared to my wondering vision, it seemed incredible they could have reached the enormous height stated. This indeed may have arisen from the want of some known object near, by a comparison with which the dimensions then ascertained might be known, just as we fail to imagine the full size of a first-rate ship-of-war until we see a frigate or merchant vessel of smaller tonnage alongside.

The "Father of the Forest," so called, since blown down, was said to be one hundred and twelve feet in circumference, and four hundred and fifty in height. This gives a diameter of more than thirty-seven feet. The height was thus eighty feet above that of St. Paul's Cathedral to the top of the cross, which is but three hundred and seventy. The tree "Hercules," blown down also, was three hundred and twenty-five feet high, and ninety-seven in circumference. The highest tree now standing, the "Arbor-Vitæ Queen," is three hundred and thirty-five feet high. The "Old Maid" stoops enough to show she is past matrimonial hope, her slender waist measuring sixty feet round. These monster trees are scattered over three acres of ground, and are reckoned to be ninety in number. They grew or grow still amidst other pines, which anywhere else would be thought enormous in size.

The "Mother of the Forest," the largest tree standing when we visited the Grove, had been stripped of its outer bark to the height of more than a hundred feet. The sacrilegious hands which had removed it were, however, almost forgiven, on our reflecting that it was taken, as the representative of one of the many wonders

of the sunset land, to far-distant countries. The bark lately stood in the transept of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, England. The aged "Mother of the Forest" did not long survive the loss of this bark. I heard, before quitting California, that like the venerable "Father of the Forest," she had at last succumbed to the power of the mountain storms. The "Miner's Cabin," so called, is a hollow tree three hundred feet high, and eighty in circumference, open in front to the height of seventeen feet. The "Old Bachelor," an amusing type of his fraternity, looks forlorn enough, having by far the roughest bark of all the trees, and deep rents in various places on its surface. This tree is three hundred feet high, and sixty feet in circumference. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a hollow tree capable of seating twenty-five persons in a cavity ten feet high, with an entrance barely a yard wide. The "Bride of the Forest" is a beautiful tree, two hundred and eighty feet high, and seventy in circumference. The "Beauty of the Forest" has a remarkably smooth bark, and is three hundred feet in height, and sixty-five in circumference. The greatest curiosities of the Grove, perhaps, are the "Siamese Twins." They have but one trunk to the height of forty feet, where they separate, and then grow two hundred and sixty feet higher. One monster tree, fallen down in this Grove, was hollow seventy feet from its roots. At this height it was sawn across, and so large was the hollow that a man on horseback could ride through it. The entire tree originally measured four hundred feet in length. It appears incredible that trees of such

a height could really exist, higher from the ground than even the cross on the top of St. Paul's, but those who are incredulous on the matter have only to observe the bark before spoken of in the Crystal Palace. They will then see that it reaches to the top, or very nearly to the top, of that lofty transept. I can solemnly assure them that, standing before the tree itself, the part from which the bark was taken off appeared scarcely a *third* of its entire height, though, in consequence of the height of the surrounding grove, I should not have supposed it three times that elevation. It is singular that the average stature of these enormous trees yet standing is three hundred feet. The "Father of the Forest" was the only one measuring four hundred feet. Only one or two are as short as two hundred and eighty feet. One perfectly sound tree was cut down by means of pump-augers, requiring the labour of five men for a month to accomplish its destruction. The upper side of it, as it lay, was levelled off, and a fine bowling alley made on it. The stump which remained in the ground, with angles added to it of merely sufficient size to render it square, has been covered in by a neat wooden pavilion, and will comfortably admit of six sets of cotillons being danced upon it at once.

There is much difference of opinion regarding the longevity of these trees. It has been affirmed by those claiming to be learned on the subject, that they are from three to four thousand years old. A scientific man, however, worthy of more reliance than the generality of those who pass judgment on the point,

has stated, after devoting the best part of a day to the investigation, that judging by their concentric rings or layers of sap, he saw nothing to intimate that they had seen more than twelve or fifteen hundred years. The idea that these patriarchs of vegetation had weathered the storms of every earthly winter since the days of David and Solomon was too much for credence. That they should have caught the declining rays of every setting sun since the reign of Constantine the Great is extraordinary enough as an example of longevity. These trees are evergreens and coniferous, their leaves somewhat resembling those of the cypress. The bark is of a pale cinnamon-brown colour, light and soft. Nothing can exceed the solemn grandeur of that magnificent temple of nature; its floor the earth, covered with the mosaic of a thousand trailing vines and delicate blossoms; its columns the majestic pines, its arches their boughs, its tracery their foliage, and its roof the glorious vault of heaven above, radiant with its own matchless azure. At night the heavens over us were gemmed with myriads of diamond stars that here and there shot their rays through the foliage, and illuminated the space beneath with their undying radiance. How poorly effective, I thought, was the "dim religious light" of the venerable and time-honoured cathedral to the religious but sombre influence of those pure lights of heaven gleaming amid the boughs of that "dark pine grove!" There, even at mid-day, the soul felt a species of awe when within its dim precincts. I hope I am not less susceptible of orthodox religious feeling than the average of my species, but I am fain

to admit that the finest peroration of the greatest preacher I have heard never spoke half so forcibly to my soul of the majesty and glory of the Supreme as did the almost unearthly silence and grandeur of that solemn and gigantic pine forest.

What pigmies we appeared strolling amid those giant memorials of dead years! Questioning my reason one day as to whether there could be any worthy ultimate purpose capable of accomplishment by creatures so insignificant as we are, my query was unconsciously answered by a little dog which had greatly attached itself to me. Aroused from my reverie by his short, sharp, distressed bark, as I was trying to catch glimpses of the brilliant sky between the interlacing pines, I turned my eyes on the ground, only to discover immediately before me a huge rattlesnake. This reptile is common in California, and was not the first of its kind I had seen. Recovering from my momentary alarm as the reptile glided swiftly away, I caressed my four-footed favourite with a renewed hope that there was a chance of my utility in this magnificent universe, after all, for some unknown object as superior to me as I was to poor "Spot." The idea being somewhat comforting in view of my lately diminished self-respect, I clung to it with the tenacity of a drowning man to a straw, though in the eyes of wise logicians it may seem to be to as little purpose.

The soil of this beautiful place is a rich black leafy loam, the natural result of the deposit of the autumnal foliage for countless ages. A beautiful lichen grows

not only on the pines, but on various trees all over the Sierra Nevada. It is of a bright yellow colour, and hangs like bunches of fine cord, yards and yards in length.

Some one of the Italian poets has made voices issue from the trunks of trees. While I was admiring the wonders of that lonely region, how often did I wish that those venerable trees might for one brief space be endowed with voices to whisper to humanity the mysteries of the past ages! It became a yearning as intense as vain. That past, and their relation to it, who shall read? Their futures present a page more easily deciphered as the sacrilegious foot of man encroaches more and more upon their ancient domain. Alas for the day when perchance science and steam shall drag their unveiled beauties before the gaze of the millions, who will scarcely deign to spare their venerable forms in the march of human progress and thirst of lucre! Let us hope, however, they will continue to be regarded with the veneration they merit from our own age, and be preserved as noble vestiges of nature in the past of California.

After a week or two spent at the Grove we quitted it for San Francisco, *viâ* Stockton, a town of considerable size on the San Joaquin river, seventy-five miles from the Grove, whence a steamboat conveyed us to our destination.

CHAPTER VI.

MISSION DOLORES—PAST AND PRESENT—CORA AND CASEY—ACTION OF THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—THE WILLOWS—RUSS GARDEN—CLIFF HOUSE—SEA-LIONS—LONE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY—CALVARY CEMETERY—BRODERICK'S MONUMENT—MONUMENT TO A NAVAL OFFICER—TO A REGRETTED WIFE—POISON OAK AND IVY—THEIR EFFECTS—INCREASING VALUE OF REAL ESTATE—WATER—MANUFACTURES—FUEL—COOKING STOVES—WASH-BOARDS—CHINESE LAUNDRIES.

A FAVOURITE resort of the San Franciscan cockneys, especially on Sundays, I soon discovered was the old mission of San Francisco Dolores, or "Mission Dolores," as it is commonly termed. This I found was one of the various missions, numbering in all twenty-one, established between the years 1769 and 1822 by monks of the order of San Francisco. Each of these missions was presided over by a father of the order. They were instituted, of course, for the purpose of Christianising the Indians. The edifices thus erected bear everywhere a strong resemblance to each other, being fabricated of adóbe or mud bricks, and consisting invariably of a church or chapel, with habitations for the clergy, besides various dwellings for stores and offices. Frequently there are as many as two thousand Indians attached to a mission, while, again, some do not number more than five hundred in a congregation. These Indians may or may not reside near the mission. In some places adóbe dwellings are provided for them at a

little distance from the church; in others they live in their own primitive fashion of wigwams, or huts of a conical form, about twelve yards in circumference and from three to four yards high. These wigwams are made of sticks stuck in the ground in a circle, tied together at the top, and covered with grass, rushes, boughs, or even hides, so as effectually to protect the inmates from the weather. There used to be a small guard or piquet of soldiery attached to these missions for the purpose of overawing the Indians, and acting occasionally as posts for the Government.

Nestling among the greenest portion of the hills to the south or south-west of San Francisco lies this Mission Dolores, with its church before mentioned, and encircling graveyard. These are the sole monuments which speak of man's past in the environs of a city so eminently of the present. No other memorial links the bay city with departed days. In rambling the streets, traversing the cemeteries, and reading the inscriptions on the monuments and tombs, the lateness of the dates upon all reminds one continually of our existence of a day, and we are almost induced to forget that yesterday ever existed at all—that yesterday of dead years, of which every other part of the world so perpetuates the memory, but to the thoughtful mind exhibiting much more gloom than gladness. Still, looking on the old mission church, and treading the labyrinthine walks of its beautiful graveyard, I was grateful to it for linking the heart once more to the assurance of a past, in which human hearts had lived, joyed, suffered, and hallowed those shores, now so

completely engrossed by the money-making whirl of existing humanity, as to become almost indifferent whether there be either a past or a future. The graveyard of Mission Dolores presents a quaint contrast to the beauties of the two fashionable cemeteries of San Francisco. Flowers planted long ago over beloved and regretted ones, by hands which themselves are long since dust, grow in unheeded and unchecked beauty in close companionship with weeds and grasses. Vines and climbing plants, once carefully trained over the slumbering forms of parent or of child, spread themselves in very wantonness of luxuriance along neighbouring tombs, binding together in death with their circling embraces the memories of those who perchance on earth were as widely parted as death from life. The graves of many early French residents of San Francisco, buried at this mission before the Catholic cemetery of Calvary was opened, were remarkable for the vases and garlands of *immortelles* which deck the tombs of their distant Père la Chaise so profusely. The grave of Cora, or Casey, who was hung by the Vigilance Committee in the early days of San Francisco, was one of the lions of Mission Dolores. Cora's story is a tragical one. He attended the theatre one evening with a woman of indifferent reputation. The next seats to those secured by them were taken by a General Richardson and his wife. The latter, little imagining what her conduct was to cost her, refused to sit next to the woman in question. Words ensued, resulting in a challenge and the death of Richardson. The Vigilance Committee seized, tried, and condemned

Cora to be hung. Prior to his execution he married the woman, since known as the notorious "Belle Cora," who had been his companion at the theatre, and bequeathed to her all he had to leave. To her credit, it should be stated, that she expended large sums in fruitless efforts to obtain his acquittal or pardon, and failing, left San Francisco a few years after his death, carrying with her his remains, which were disinterred for the purpose of removal.

There is a railway between San Francisco and the Mission Dolores. Trains run every half-hour to accommodate passengers, although the distance is less than two miles. The great want of San Francisco is a public promenade or park. How eagerly its toil-worn inhabitants seek fresh air and country scenery is here shown by the crammed state of the cars or trains on this railway, especially on Sundays. Half a mile from the mission is a little glen or hollow, where a few willows and shrubs, exulting in the unusual dampness of the soil, have had the hardihood to grow to a considerable size. This leafy hollow was seized upon with avidity by some enterprising individuals, laid out in a small series of winding walks, embellished by a few beds of flowers, diversified by a refreshment saloon, a concert platform, and a few swings and hobby-horses after the manner of suburban tea-gardens, and finally dignified with the cognomen of "The Willows." Here on a Sunday may be seen a cosmopolitan crowd of pleasure-seekers, among whom the Saxon element undeniably predominates, and if not the most refined, they are assuredly the most cheerful of amusement-hunters.

There is a more exclusively German Sunday *rendezvous*, called the "Russ Garden." The Cliff House and Ocean House, about seven miles directly west of San Francisco, face the sublime Pacific, and are greatly resorted to by Sunday excursionists. The Cliff House is built, as its name implies, on a cliff facing the rocks before alluded to at the entrance to the Golden Gate, over which the sea breaks with such extreme fury. One of the larger of these rocks is a favourite resort of sea-lions, that may be discerned thickly covering its sides with their clumsy bodies, and sending their deep hollow bayings over the surrounding waters. They are often a mark for sportsmen.

As the excursionist returns to San Francisco from the Cliff House along a macadamised road, he sees half-way betwixt the ocean and the spires of the many-hilled city, upon the highest intervening ridge of land, a solitary peak, which rises in the form of a sugar-loaf, as if it were an earnest of the neighbouring mountains stretching away in a southern direction on the right. This peak is aptly and beautifully termed "Lone Mountain." It gives its name to the Protestant cemetery directly opposite, on the other side of the high road which winds past its base. Subsequent to the formation and naming of the Protestant cemetery, the mountain itself has been purchased, with some land surrounding it, for a Catholic cemetery; and the purchasers have named the latter "Calvary Cemetery," the name "Lone Mountain," which should designate it, having been previously appropriated by the Protestants. The Catholics have very suitably crowned

the apex of Lone Mountain with a large stone cross. The conical hill and cross form together a notable landmark for miles around. Standing on this hill with his back to the south, the observer sees before him, on the northern horizon, the ridge of high mountains on the north side of the channel called the "Golden Gate." On his left, sloping gradually downwards to the Cliff House and beach, the road terminates on the shores of the wide-spread majestic Pacific. On his right, distant about three miles, rises the hilled city, with her "blocks" of buildings, spires, and streets. Still farther beyond lies the noble bay, like a huge sheet of silver, bordered on the extreme east by the distant hills of Alameda county. No more picturesque situation for a last resting-place can be imagined than San Francisco possesses in its cities of the dead. Far from the busy hum of men, away from the turmoil of the far city, with the ceaseless murmur of the grand Pacific wave upon the distant beach, and the moaning winds ever wailing a dirge over the spot, there is a solemnity and sanctity about the scene singularly suited to its object. The Protestant burial-ground, Lone Mountain Cemetery, is laid out with taste, and contains many monuments of beauty, besides possessing finer growths of foliage than the Catholic graveyard opposite. Some monuments struck me as unusually fine, especially that erected by national gratitude to Senator Broderick, before mentioned. A square pedestal of massive stone supporting a second rather smaller, is intended to bear the statue of Broderick, not yet completed. The upper pedestal is sculptured in bas-relief with figures representing Cali-

fornia weeping for her patriot's death. The mechanics are also symbolised: Broderick in his early days had worked at the anvil. On the four sides of the plinth are inscribed the words, "Broderick," "Mechanic," "Senator," and I think "Patriot"—if not, I forget the last word on the fourth side. It is to be hoped the committee that has the matter in charge will not fail to record upon it his dying words before quoted, prophetic of the troubles in store for his native land so soon after his death. On receipt of the news of the assassination of President Lincoln, while the San Franciscans were draping their houses in mourning, a party of ladies and gentlemen went to Lone Mountain and draped Broderick's monument—a fitting act of sympathy, as the foe of slavery in San Francisco.

Enclosed by a circle of flowering shrubs and cypresses, inside a tasteful iron railing, is a sculptured column representing a broken mast, erected to the memory of a gallant officer who perished with his captain and vessel between San Francisco and British Columbia. The officer in question had succeeded in conveying several boat-loads of passengers to the shore in safety, and when urged by them not to return again to the doomed vessel, he replied in words which are fitly sculptured on his tomb: "My life is as dear to me as that of any man, but it belongs to the passengers and captain of that vessel; and while one man remains on board I will not desert her. If I am lost, tell my wife and children I died doing my duty." Brave heart, noble spirit, gallant gentleman, hail and farewell!

One more monument I must notice before taking

leave of Lone Mountain. In a triangular enclosure, embedded as if in green velvet, surrounded by a thick hedge of laurel, and garlanded by roses, is a grave—that of the beloved wife of a San Franciscan merchant. Every Sunday morning a lady and gentleman may be seen driving out to Lone Mountain, and making their way to this grave, entering the enclosure by a gate in the railing which surrounds the laurel hedge. Here they spend an hour or more in trimming the flowering plants, and replacing the faded blossoms in the handsome French vases on the grave itself with fresh ones, brought from the city for that purpose. These melancholy yet affectionate tributes being paid to the memory of the dead, they return together to their distant city home. The lady is the sister and the gentleman the still sorrowing husband of the lost one, who dying bequeathed the care of her little ones, and the consoling of her idolised husband, to her little less beloved sister. How sincerely she is yet mourned, and how strictly her wishes have been carried out! The sister, I am told, truly fills the place of a fond mother to the orphaned children.

Several pretty and simple devices mark the resting-places of children. "Our Willie," or "Our Minnie," is all that tells the tale of the precious dust below—inscriptions more classically eloquent and concise than our cemeteries commonly exhibit, and more, too, after the antique.

The road from Lone Mountain to San Francisco is, as before stated, macadamised and kept in good order. It crosses continuous undulating sand-hills, partially

covered with "chapparel," of which poison-oak forms a principal shrub. This oak, together with poison-ivy and poisonous snakes, form the great detriment to country enjoyment all over California. It is impossible thoroughly to enjoy a country walk when one dares not follow one's natural impulses of scrambling through grassy glades, over rocky trails, or amid thick brush-wood, in search of moss, lichen, or rare and beautiful wild flowers, because at any step one may tread upon some venomous reptile, or with every flower one gathers risk attracting the poison from the neighbouring oak or ivy. Poison-oak is a shrub with leaves strongly resembling those of the young oak, exceedingly glossy and pretty to look at. It affects some constitutions much more rapidly and severely than others. I have known persons poisoned by only passing the shrub, while others are not affected unless they touch it. I have unhesitatingly thrust my hand under its boughs, and plucked flowers growing at its root, having a great fancy for the scarlet lychnis which is often found there. These blossoms I have worn in the band of my dress all day, at places where almost every one was suffering from the effects of poison-oak, and yet I was never affected by it. At one place I well recollect an Irish chambermaid declaiming violently against the "murtherous counthry," where she "niver dared go one blessed yard from the house without getting poisoned, bad luck to the place! It was only fit for savages, and the likes of 'em intirely." Certainly, poor creature, she suffered severely. The poison makes itself apparent in the system in the form of a terrible rash, which

breaks out either on the face, body, arms, or sometimes on all together. The irritation produced by it is torturing. The eruption rises considerably from the skin, and frequently assumes a rough or scaly appearance. The part affected swells at the same time, and exhibits a state of extreme inflammation. Poison-ivy is much dreaded in its effect. I was at a watering-place once when a traveller entered who had incautiously lain down to sleep near some poison-ivy, and he was indeed a piteous object. His face was chiefly affected. It was so swelled that his eyes were closed, and he had to be led like a blind man, his head appearing nearly twice its ordinary size. During a trip of one or two weeks into the country some people get poisoned more than once. In cases where the poisoning has taken place several times, the evil lurks for a long time in the system, and is very difficult to eradicate. Various remedies are employed. Some recommend steam-baths. I was assured by an old Californian that the most effectual cure was chewing the leaves of the poison-oak without swallowing them. Several have told me they have been cured by this method. I confess, were I ever to suffer from the disease, I should feel a little nervous in trying that remedy.

The land on both sides of the road from Lone Mountain to San Francisco is surveyed and laid out with the inevitable features of modern American cities—blocks and building lots. These lots are at present more or less built over, the city enlarging chiefly in a western and southern direction.

On the old San José road cottages and farms extend

over hills that only two or three years ago were utterly destitute of human occupation. People talk of these once remote regions as really "worth something" at last, and the holders who formerly managed to use such distant fields for hog-ranchos are now, by the increasing value of real estate, become men of independent fortunes. Some "lots" sold a few years back at the nominal price of two guineas each, on a tract called Bernal Heights. These are now worth at least twenty guineas; and those who were ridiculed for speculating in them have got the laugh upon their side. San Francisco is undeniably a great and growing city, and many large fortunes will yet be made by such shrewd investments in the improving tracts of land around it. So great are the changes in the suburbs effected in a few years, that it is necessary to witness in order to believe them.

Water is supplied to the San Franciscans in pipes laid on to their dwellings. It is soft and detergent in quality. It costs on an average about eight shillings a month. Many houses possess large underground cisterns capable of holding some thousand gallons. These cisterns are filled during the winter season by the rain water, and contain sufficient to last the families till the next rainy season. Some of these families use this rain water for all purposes, and, strange to say, the doctors recommend it as very healthy. Many prefer to buy their drinking and cooking water of the water-carriers, who have large casks on wheels, and call twice or thrice a week at the houses of those who employ them. One of these casks-full costs a dollar, and it requires at least four fillings to last a small family

the month. The water-carriers sometimes contract to supply a family at so much a month. The water they provide is clean but hard, and of very good quality.

Although manufactures have not as yet been carried on to any great extent, there are good woollen factories in California, where the usual fabrics, especially blankets, are produced of as fine a quality as any in the world. The sugar refinery is a large building, where the operation is performed to a very considerable extent. The sugar produced is excellent. There are also extensive foundries, but here the great complaint is the high price of coal suitable for iron-working, resulting from the want of good coal-mines in California, and the necessity of importing it from great distances. English coal sells here at eight pounds per ton. Coal and coke, the latter obtained at the gas works, are almost as much used by families as wood. The latter fuel is obtained either at the wharves direct from the lighters, where it is purchased at a small reduction in price, or from wood-yards, where it can be obtained cut into small pieces ready for immediate use. That purchased on the wharves is in four-feet lengths, and a cord requires the labour of a man for a day to split and cut up. It is worth from two to two and a half guineas per cord, and they pay the man ten shillings for cutting it. Inspectors are appointed by law to see that the wood sold on the wharves is correct in quantity. The kinds of wood most in use are live oak, maple, and pine.

The American cooking stove is of universal adoption in the kitchens of California, and a great im-

provement over the ordinary kitchen grate in London. The kitchen accommodation in large houses in the latter city, with the perfection of hot plates and ranges, may be unrivalled; but far before the old-fashioned kitchen grate of England, among the residents in small houses, is the American stove, with its tidy arrangement of unsmoked saucepans and bright tea-kettles. True, some people, who love a peep at a blazing kitchen fire *en passant*, in wintry weather, may exclaim against the black and somewhat dreary look of the shut-up cooking stove; but let the housewife's opinion, who has tried both, be asked, and her verdict will inevitably be in favour of a cooking apparatus that enables her to prepare delicate custards and choice dishes without fear of smut or smoke, or marring their flavour.

All houses newly built, or building, have English parlour grates, and marble mantelpieces in the drawing-rooms, instead of the once universal Franklin stove, although the latter undoubtedly warms a room much better and more effectually, if it do not present so cheerful nor so elegant an appearance. The English grate is indisputably healthier, with its open chimney, than the close-shut stove. Let whichever may be really the best, the stove is falling into disfavour for reception-rooms. Bedrooms in San Francisco seldom require a fire; hence the avoidance in the general architecture of their buildings of unsightly chimney-pots, which so spoil the beauty of the London streets.

While upon domestic subjects a word must be said in favour of an American invention which is as fully worth

the attention of English housewives as the sewing-machine or perambulator. I allude to the American wash-boards. If people were aware how much more speedily that weekly horror of small households, the washing, is accomplished by their assistance, they would not hesitate an hour about their adoption. I have recommended them to families where the washing invariably required the hard labour of a day and a half, and it is now done in five or six hours. They are to be bought in London, made of wood, for a shilling apiece. Those covered with zinc are superior, but difficult to obtain in England.

There is a vulgar prejudice excited against them at first sight, which experience shows to be entirely unfounded. It is that linen wears out quicker in consequence of their use. I can only state it as my conviction that it depends entirely on a proper understanding of how to use the board. I found sets of linen last quite as long in California as in England; I believe—with all due deference to the chemical excellencies of the washing powders so freely employed in Great Britain—if anything, considerably longer. These wash-boards are greatly in use too in the British colonies. The secret of their proper use consists in comprehending that the clothes are not cleansed so much by a hard grinding of the linen singly upon the board, as by holding it in thick folds, and continually turning it as it is rubbed, and incessantly sluicing it through the water.

I have before alluded to the patronage the Chinese in California obtain in matters of the laundry. It is

amusing to watch their process of sprinkling and ironing clothes, the washing and starching being accomplished by them in some mysterious den where the vulgar gaze of the public eye can never intrude. They iron, however, at tables in their little "cabooses," close to the street, where any curious passer-by may watch the operation, if he pleases. "John" employs an original iron of his own invention. Whether he has ever taken out a patent for it I am not in a position to determine. This iron is neither more nor less than a machine, precisely like a saucepan, of five inches diameter. In this saucepan, by some mysterious agency, he contrives to make a charcoal fire burn, though whence any draught is obtained I have puzzled my brains in vain to discover. Armed with this saucepan in one hand, and a mouthful of clean water from a mug at hand, "John" falls to work. Seizing a piece of linen, which has gone through no process whatever since it was taken dry from the line after starching, he commences by ejecting the water from his mouth in various directions over the garment, instantly passing his unique iron over it wherever he has succeeded in damping it. It does not certainly appear the most delicate mode of sprinkling clothes, but it is marvellous how well he manages to make them look when done. If I can conscientiously recommend the American wash-board to my readers, "John's" truly original method of damping clothes I must leave entirely to their own discrimination.

CHAPTER VII.

CALIFORNIAN LAW COURTS—COUNSELLOR F. AS REFEREE—PITCHED BATTLE BETWEEN COUNSEL—APPEARANCE OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BENCH AND BAR—A DIVORCE CASE—BEAUTIFUL OCTOROON—A MURDER CASE—QUESTION OF CORRUPTION—COLOURED TESTIMONY—DECORATION OF THE COURTS—FLOODS OF 1861—BOATING PARTIES BY MOONLIGHT—SERENADES—TRAGICAL CATASTROPHE—PERILS OF A FAMILY BY WATER—THEIR SUBSEQUENT DEATH BY FIRE—INCIDENTS OF THE FLOOD—CHARITABLE ACTIONS OF THE SAN FRANCISCANS—LUDICROUS OCCURENCES—INDIAN TRADITIONS.

A FEW words may be said upon another race not so independent as the Chinamen. I allude to the African slaves. That long-oppressed race has at length been freed from its sufferings at a fearful cost to the United States; still, if man cultivates a vice and defends it, reversing the truth in that defence, he may be certain of a reaction sooner or later. Even in this world vice does not so generally prosper in practice as in certain examples we fancy it may do, though only for a time. There are a great many of the negro race in California; but it was a free State long before the terrible civil war broke out. The negroes were remarkable there for their great industry and steady accumulation of property, with no inconsiderable degree of ability in their different callings. Never having been in the Southern States during the existence there of that pest in the sight of humanity, the

slave system, I can say nothing reliable upon the subject of the mode in which slavery worked there. On the question that every human being possesses an "equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," there can be no dispute. Even Mahomet made it a fundamental law that all men were born free. The abolition of this crime from the fair face of their land has cost the Americans dearly. Nations, as well as individuals, must sooner or later pay the penalties of immorality.

California at one time was so far tolerant of the crime that she permitted a Southern slave-owner to come with his cargoes to her shores. I know not whether he could buy and sell them there; I imagine not. I had a strong proof, however, in the conduct of a female who lived at some distance from San Francisco towards her slave, which convinced me that all the pictures drawn of the treatment of slaves in the South before their enfranchisement were not so greatly overdrawn as it was attempted to make the world believe. When a woman, living in a free State, could forget what was due to the feelings and opinions of those around her so far as to give way to the degrading influence of a tyrannical anger, I could easily credit what I heard of the South. The negro in question was a youth of only eighteen or nineteen years old, the provocation slight, and the treatment he received for an offence scarcely worthy of notice if committed by a free servant, was most cruel.

My attention was drawn one day to a discourse between two gentlemen whom I knew upon the matter

of jurisprudence as it was once exercised in the city or State, I do not know which. I am inclined to think that cases in both were intended. The allusions were not to recent events, since things were settled and in correct order, but related to the six or seven years preceding, when the city was inundated by strangers, and order had scarcely been enforced, so sudden was the influx of population. It appears to have afforded some rich scenes to adorn the annals of jurisprudence. There are cases in practice which beat any in the volumes of verbiage extant from the North to the South Pole. The "Justice" and the "One-Horse Courts" —so denominated—would have furnished matter for a multitude of the most ludicrous of scenes for theatrical laughter. In one of the interior counties of the States a scene took place which I will relate. It appears that referees in a cause have no resource in a case of contempt of their court being committed—they can only report to the court that appointed them the facts that have occurred.

Counsellor F——— had been appointed a referee in a very complicated case, and the counsel on either side were not remarkable for courtesy towards each other. During the examination their conduct was frequently such as to require a reprimand from the referee, but it failed to effect a cessation of their misconduct. Finally, the plaintiff's attorney propounded a question to a witness which the defendant's counsel roundly asserted was improper, and recriminating and provoking expressions were freely used on both sides. The referee made up his mind he would not again

interfere, let what would be the consequence. At last, the counsel from words came to blows, "fast and furious." F——, the referee, remained all the time apparently unmindful of the fray. While the counsel were thus settling the affair *à la Cribb*, one of the witnesses rushed in and endeavoured to separate them. On this the referee interfered, and pulled away the meddling witness by the arm.

"My good fellow," he said at the same time, in the most bland terms, "I have frequently been injured by interference with the disputes of others. Take my advice, and keep out of this mess."

The two Latitats fought till they could fight no longer, and with bloody noses gave over the contest.

"Now, gentlemen," said the referee, "you had better wash yourselves; there is water here."

The ceremony of ablution being duly performed:—

"Now shake hands," was the mild command of Mr. F——, the referee.

The order was obeyed, and the referee once more resumed his seat, and then with much quiet dignity in his mien, united with the utmost suavity he could put on, he said:—

"Gentlemen, as you have settled the point disputed to your mutual satisfaction, you will now, I hope, proceed with this cause. I shall say no more than that if such conduct ever again occurs I shall report it to the court above."

The case proceeded, and it was not long before another disputed point arose, and once more recourse was had to fisticuffs. F—— parted the combatants

and adjourned the case, and he then proceeded to the judge to complain of the contempt put upon his proceedings, all of which he described to his Honour to the very letter.

"They committed a contempt by fighting, did they?"

"Yes, your Honour."

"You separated them, did you?"

"The last time they fought, your Honour."

"Well, I fine them twenty dollars each. As for you, sir," turning to the referee frowningly, "you are fined two hundred dollars, sir, for your contempt."

"My contempt?"

"Yes, your contempt. You're an officer of this court, sir! I'd have you to know, sir, that when any officer of this court interferes to prevent a fight between two such rascally lawyers, he is guilty of the worst kind of contempt, for he interferes with the first rule of practice in this court, sir!"

F—— paid the two hundred dollars, but took care never again to officiate as the "one-horse judge" of a referee court in that bailiwick.

Gentlemen who are at a loss how to spend a leisure hour often drop into the law courts. The laws are made clear to the meanest capacity, and are justly administered. There is, it is true, much less of absurd and affected solemnity, that etiquette from the dark ages, which is still retained about the European law courts. Ridiculous wigs of the time of Louis XIV., ermine and velvet, coif and gown, either with judge or counsel, are beneath the reason and sim-

plicity of a court of justice. Judge and pleader in America are not thus caricatured. The sole distinction is the canopy-covered chair, with the elevated seat of the judges or judge. The true mark of greatness is perfect simplicity. The vulgar are no longer awed by that which it is not reasonable should overawe them. It is the law itself, the real terror to evil-doers, which should effect that, for an obsolete costume will never do it.

A lawsuit which occurred but a year or two before I arrived may serve to show, in spite of the love of free principles in California, how strong was the antipathy of some to the negro race so far as regards yielding them the common rights of humanity. The suit was brought by a merchant of San Francisco to obtain a divorce from his wife on the score of infidelity. The lady was a beautiful girl of eighteen or nineteen, with a remarkably fair skin, hair and eyes of a bright hazel, and a face of the most innocent girlishness. Her husband fell in love with her at a boarding-school, whither he was conducting his own daughters by a former wife. He married her, and took her to live at one of the most fashionable boarding-houses, where he left her young and inexperienced, exposed to all the flatteries which her beauty was sure to attract from men who make the art of seduction a science. Refusing to accompany her into society himself, he permitted her to visit places of amusement attended by an *employé* of his own, who was perhaps but too well qualified to enact the part of the spider in the fable of the spider and the fly. The lady may or may not have

been innocent, but when a man of mature years marries a girl young enough to be his daughter, and lovely enough to turn men's heads, the least he can do is to watch over and protect her from the assaults of the evil-minded.

The wife triumphed—alimony was granted her. The husband, greatly exasperated, appealed to another court. By this time he had discovered that his wife was an octoroon. Now the lady was assuredly neither less lovely nor less virtuous than at the first trial, yet the whole tide of popular sympathy turned immediately against her. The husband obtained a decree pronouncing the marriage null and void; not on account of the lady's immorality—that was no better proved than it had previously been—but a wretched octoroon had no legal right to contract the marriage at all; and yet she had suffered a prosecution for immorality! Honour be to President Lincoln still more; for he it was who inaugurated a better state of things, paying the price of his own honest heart's blood for his immortal defence of "justice for all," even for the victims of white felonies committed on the African coast.

In connection with this subject let me mention another case. A negro was a few years ago brutally murdered in his own shop in one of the most public streets of San Francisco in broad daylight, and before witnesses. The murder was committed by a white man. The provocation was strong (a charge of theft), but the murder was cold-blooded and brutal. The trial came on four or five months subsequent to the offence. The case commenced, and the counsel for the

prosecution arose, having previously subpœnaed his witnesses. Not one was *forthcoming*—not one! Had bribery and corruption done their work? "Quien sabe?" It was unaccountable. They had been subpœnaed—these white men of consideration. The coroner who held the inquest, and others, could have said much. The court waited two hours in vain. The prosecution could only obtain one witness, who happened to be a quadroon, a man of sense and intelligence, able to afford the fullest evidence—but he was a quadroon! The dignity of the white savage, the murderer and stealer of men himself, must not be insulted by testimony from the noblest of white blood, if mingled with one drop from the veins of his victim's race. Thus justice was mocked again by the infliction of some trifling punishment. The counsel for the prosecution with indignation denounced in his closing address the villanous corruption of the people; and in allusion to the proud pre-eminence of Britain, inquired what it was that placed her so high in the rank of nations. "The unswerving justice of her courts," said he, "the incorruptible integrity of her judges, from whose immutable decrees the peer of the realm knows no greater chance of escape than the poorest labourer who walks the streets." The legislature subsequently passed a decree that wherever the testimony of white people is available, it shall be preferred to that of coloured persons; but in the event of the failure of white evidence, the testimony of coloured people "shall" be received. Thanks to the present enlightened administration, freedom is secured to the country at the

costly price of blood. The judges of San Francisco to-day are men of a very different metal from that of the infamous Terry before noticed. There are men at present on the bench there who would honour the most exalted positions.

The law courts of San Francisco are decorated with extreme richness. No expense is spared. Costly Brussels carpets cover the floors, which I am sorry truth compels me to admit are obliged to be frequently renewed on account of the very uncleanly habit of spitting, so universally indulged in by American gentlemen. Let us hope that time, and a sense of how little is needed to complete the polish of character for which they, beyond almost all other men, are so remarkable, will at length induce them to reform their houses and habits in the matter of the nauseous spittoon, at present the invariable necessity of every dwelling, even of the most splendid drawing-rooms of the Upper Ten!

About the date of the lawsuits above mentioned, two or three years ago, there occurred the terrible floods. The rain poured in a deluge, without intermission, for ten weeks! What with the rains in the valleys and the snow in the mountains, the entire coast, from the Sierra Nevada to within a mile or two of the Pacific Ocean, appeared one entire and vast lake, diversified here and there by straggling tree-tops and piles of drift-wood, with floating relics of once prosperous homesteads and thriving farms. Whole towns were swept away. Scarcely a village in the entire district of the Southern mines remained. The capital city of

the State, Sacramento, built upon a dead level between the Sacramento and American rivers, was repeatedly bmerged, the water being so deep in the streets that l who ventured to remain were driven to the third ɔries of brick dwellings, and were seen issuing from the indows in boats. In spite of all the surrounding vastation, the mercurial temperament of the people as witnessed during that anxious time, in the fact that boating and rowing parties were formed for moonlight excursions; and strains of music were constantly heard floating over the waters whenever an hour or two of intermission in the rains occurred. They even sent invitations to friends in the bay city (San Francisco) to visit them for the purpose of participating in these enjoyments. Serenades, always a feature of American life, were more common at Sacramento than ever. Those serenades, however, do not imply the dulcet strains of the guitar, the instrument of soft sounds and southern climes, with the associations of moonlight, deeply dark eyes and love's witchery: the serenades of California are far more overpowering to the nerves. They are usually the effect of a full brass band, or a chorus from a number of powerful throats under your window, or your neighbour's—sounding, particularly at a little distance, agreeably enough upon the still night air, but hardly causing one to dream of Æolian harps or bowers Elysian. It is expected of the parties serenaded that they acknowledge the compliment by showing a light in some part of the dwelling. If this be done, the serenaders will retire contented. It is more usual for the flattered parties to ask them in, and offer

them refreshment. However fascinating the combined charms of the music and the flattery may be, it is not the most delightful of sensations to entertain company while you are conscious that half your faculties are still in the keeping of Morpheus, and cannot be controlled by your uttermost efforts while faintly attempting to acknowledge the honour paid you.

To return to the sadder scenes of the flood. A young couple, only a few years settled in California, from the Eastern States, had acquired a comfortable farm, or rancho. An unmarried sister of the wife followed them from the East. The husband died not long after her arrival. The young sister, shortly after her brother-in-law's death, married a farmer from a distant country. The bridegroom, at the occurrence of the flood, had just quitted his bride and her widowed sister, and returned to his distant rancho, intending to sell it, and purchase half of the widow's farm, in order that she might have his more immediate assistance in the management of her affairs. The flood came, and simultaneously a report of the bridegroom's death by drowning. The water rose rapidly round the widow's house, and the young bride, a girl of great nerve, heroically insisted on the widow and her children putting off in their only boat, with the serving-man to row them, while she remained till his return with the boat, which, being old and small, would not contain all the party. The widow and children reached their destination in safety, but so rapid was the rise of the waters, that the man returned too late to rescue the heroic young bride. On the steamboat bound down to

San Francisco a few days after, a mournful group was gathered, consisting of the widow and her babes and an almost broken-hearted man, the husband of the drowned sister, who, himself singularly preserved from destruction, had returned, ruined in worldly wealth, to find his last treasure swept from him by the ruthless element.

In the city of Sacramento, though few lives were lost, some sad scenes occurred. One woman, living in a dwelling erected by the hard earnings of herself and husband, the husband being absent, was forced to retreat with her children, a babe of two, and a boy of four years old, to the upper story of her cottage, a frame structure. She was finally compelled, by the rising waters, to place a trunk upon her bedstead, and mounting upon it, to stand with her young ones in her arms, frantically shouting for assistance during a period which must have seemed interminable, help only arriving when the water had reached her feet. They were saved, but only to meet a still more horrible fate. They went to San Francisco on the ensuing day, and took lodgings in a building of considerable size, a third-rate boarding and lodging-house. Like all such houses, at that time being crowded, they were only able to hire what is termed a dark room; that is, one whose window looks upon a corridor or passage. The house was covered externally with sheet iron, as a supposed protection against fire. During the night of their arrival some adjacent mills took fire, and the flames communicating to the boarding-house, it caught fire from below. Its numerous inmates, with few exceptions, escaped.

Among those who perished were the unfortunate mother and children from Sacramento, who, it is supposed, in consequence of occupying an inner room, did not become conscious of their danger till escape was impossible. The mother's screams were heard, but the building was blazing around her on every side, and no possible aid could be afforded. The skulls of the hapless victims of the flames were dug from the ruins the day after, with some toys of the children by their side.

Many during that flood spent days and nights on the roofs of their once happy homes, exhausted with cold, wet, and hunger, till rescue came, or they fell into the water and were drowned. One mother told me her babe had dropped three times into the water from her benumbed arms. Another said she had been confined the morning before, but where her husband and newborn babe then were she had not the remotest idea! Fearful indeed was the misery I witnessed, and the devastation occasioned by that three months' deluge.

The people of San Francisco acted in the noblest manner. They opened their largest hall—capable of accommodating full two thousand persons—and supplied it by voluntary donations with bedding, clothing, and food in abundance for the sufferers who flocked there, besides subscribing 40,000 or 50,000 dollars to the Howard Benevolent Association at Sacramento for the purpose of distribution. The poor creatures were treated by them with the sincerest kindness. Leading ladies and gentlemen of the city waited on them at table, and every respect was shown them in

order that they might feel as little as possible that they were recipients of charity.

There were some incidents that were ludicrous even in such a terrible inundation, when numerous lives were in jeopardy. Houses built of wood would naturally be affected more than others. One was discovered sailing away to a considerable distance, and was then borne back again by the current. A gentleman, having property in Sacramento, visited that city in order to see whether a particular fence surrounding some of his land had resisted the flood; and in place of his fence, discovered that his "lot" had caught and stopped two other houses, with all the latest improvements in construction. Many houses were found floating hither and thither, turned over or upside down. The whole town seemed like a floating caravansery.

An hotel, which stood on tolerably high ground, was thought to be above the height to which the water would ascend; and dinner was ordered two hours earlier than usual in consequence. While the guests of both sexes were at table the water entered the house, and so rapidly that it rushed a foot deep into the dining-room. The ladies were obliged to be carried to the staircase in their chairs. The streets were filled with boats. Everybody was hurrying, and no meals were attainable. Every house-top and balcony was crowded with men, women, and children, many with saddened and anxious countenances, as beneath floated away furniture, the wreck of houses, the street planking, and lumber wood from the timber yards, blocking up the passages for the

boats. This too, it must be added, was over a very extensive surface, and not that of a town end or a single street. Wherever there was a little high land, horses, cattle, and people alike crowded. Whenever practicable, the steamers appeared, and they were overloaded. Boats, luggage-laden, as well as having men, women, and children on board, were seen hurrying away from the drowned city. The steamers plied to San Francisco, which was the only place considered free from peril in the State. One man spent four hours seeking a spot of ground dry enough to inter the body of his child. Such a scene had never before been witnessed since the Americans had visited California. There had been traditions of previous floods under the old Spanish rule, and allusions made regarding such occurrences, but little notice had been taken of them by the Americans. It was observed, however, that the missions of the monks had all been placed upon high ground, from which such misfortunes might be inferred as occasionally happening. The fact of high mounds being found in the vicinity of rivers, evidently of Indian origin, seemed to indicate something of the same calamity in past times, as they were said to be once the site of villages so placed for the protection of the dwellings from the rising waters. The extent of this flood was thirty miles broad, and three hundred long, every elevated spot being an island, on which men and animals sought and found a wretched refuge. All the dams were destroyed, while the expensive "flumes," bridges, and tunnels all suffered, and river beds were changed. In one little settlement of twenty

houses only two were left standing. The thermometer, never before known in San Francisco to stand below 28°, fell to $15\frac{1}{2}$°. Five millions of dollars would not replace the injury, and not two-thirds of the rateable property paid taxes that year. Provisions rose enormously—flour and potatoes to two guineas per hundred pounds.

CHAPTER VIII.

START FOR THE GEYSERS—PETALUMA—BEAUTY OF THE SCENERY—FENCES—HEALDSBURG—DELIGHTFUL CLIMATE—OVER THE MOUNTAINS ON HORSEBACK BY MOONLIGHT—THE "SURVEYOR'S CAMP"—THE —"HOG'S BACK"—GRANDEUR OF THE MOUNTAIN SCENERY—PLUTO'S CANON—THE GEYSER HOTEL—OLD LEVEY COTTAGE—THE FALLS—THE DEVIL'S CANON—THE MOUNTAIN OF FIRE—PROSERPINE'S GROTTO —COMBINATION OF ACIDS—THE WITCH'S CALDRON—THE "STEAMBOAT EXHAUST PIPE"—OPINION OF SCIENTIFIC MEN—THE INDIAN SPRING—CHEMICAL ANALYSIS—A FISHING EXCURSION—MADAME CRINOLINE AND THE PINE TREE—A FLIGHT FROM AN IMAGINARY FOE—A HIP BATH—SKETCHING PARTIES—WILD FLOWERS—DISCOVERY OF THE GEYSERS—RETURN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

It was one pleasant June morning that, with a few friends, I left San Francisco to join a party in a country excursion embarking on the bay, for once calm as a millpond. Our enjoyment of its fine scenery was one of those few bright spots in our existence never to be forgotten. Our destination was one of the wonders of the Golden State—I mean natural wonders—the far-famed Geysers,—perhaps the future watering-place of the Western World. We arrived at the pretty little town of Petaluma, snugly nestling among green hills. There we waited a short time at the hotel, while the conveyance was getting ready to take us to Healdsburg, thirty-five miles further. We started off neck and neck with the stage for the same place. Unfortunately the clouds of dust from the wheels obstructed the

view of the beautiful landscape on all sides, deteriorating very considerably our enjoyment. In consequence, it became a question of speed between the vehicles, and some excitement ensued. Finally, the light weights carried the day, and we entered Healdsburg at 7 P.M., an hour before the stage coach. The vehicle we used was an American buggy, with four wheels and two or three seats, those in front having merely a low rail to support the back. There is a kind of canopy over all, including even the driver's seat. All the seats face the horses. Narrow side and back blinds of black waterproof can be raised or lowered at pleasure to exclude rain, sun, or dust. The buggy is more built for "cosiness" than any other comfort; but the backs of the seats being upright are inconvenient. The "rockaway," which resembles an English phaeton, is much more comfortable for the lounger.

The scenery between Petaluma and Healdsburg, and indeed throughout the whole of the Sonoma and Russ river valleys, is of great natural beauty. The latter is the great corn-growing valley of California. The appearance of the entire country indicates the energy of its inhabitants. In the eyes of a veritable John Bull the rough, wooden, three-bar fence of the "lots" appears a harsh feature of the landscape, after that beautiful peculiarity of his native land, the hawthorn hedge. The myriads of wild flowers which gem the earth were to us, however, some compensation, for the Escholsia is as common there as the buttercup in England. Just before reaching Healdsburg we crossed Russ river, at this point rather a deep stream, by

means of a ferry boat. The climate of Healdsburg is entrancing, balmy, and genial in the highest degree, but intensely hot at times in summer. There are a good hotel, excellent livery stables, and an "express" office for letters—more reliable as well as more expensive than the post-office—besides very good "stores" (shops) in the little town.

Anxious to be on our way as quickly as possible, horses and a guide were procured. It was determined to make the rest of the trip—twenty-fives miles over a mountain road, dangerous for carriages—on horseback, and by moonlight. The first eight miles of the road was tolerably level, and wound through a well-wooded country, intersected by Russ river, which we again forded, the water rising to our horses' shoulders. We reached the "station," a long, low, wooden cottage, the only dwelling between Healdsburg and "the Geysers," distant eight miles from Healdsburg, in about an hour. Quitting the "station," we were disposed at first to think the difficulties of the mountain road exaggerated, the "track" over the "foot hills" being comparatively easy; but after leaving the "Surveyor's Camp," the last open glade on our path (the elevation 2,460 feet), as we ascended to the high and continuous ridge, known as the "Hog's Back," on a narrow way, bordered on both sides by prickly bushes and the shrubs designated "chapparel," we were fain to admit that it was sufficiently perilous to our taste. This road was only wide enough for one carriage. It continued for three miles along the extreme summit of a ridge, whose sides on either hand sloped down for

eight hundred feet at an angle of more than forty-five degrees. It certainly presents an admirable field for any number of adventurous Phaetons to lose their lives, if those charioteers venture there. The moon was at the full, and her calm but fitful light revealed a scene of extreme grandeur. Range after range of mountain summits were seen,—around, above, below, and on every side, nothing but mountains. They appeared by night all the wilder and more savage from the dense "chapparel" and forest trees on the surrounding ridges, the foliage of which by day imparted a milder character, while now their deep shadows increased the sublimity of the landscape.

Our guide was a gentlemanly and intelligent young man. He gave us, in reply to our inquiries, not the most pleasing information, that grizzly bears inhabited the mountains, and added that it would be in no way surprising were one to cross our path. This peril we escaped. The young man was a native of California, descended from one of the old Spanish families that were the earliest settlers of the country, and take graciously enough its acquisition by the ever-dominant Anglo-Saxon. He told us he had never beheld a snow-storm, and imagined it must be a most beautiful sight.

Having arrived at an elevation of 3,092 feet, attained in a trip of fifty or sixty miles, we commenced the descent of a *canon*, or ravine, which appeared interminable. It was well named "Pluto's Canon." At several turns of its apparently endless windings, a sound resembling a steamboat letting off steam saluted our wondering ears,

breaking strangely on the intense stillness of the mountain solitude at that dead hour of night. It was the indication of our near approach to the wondrous Geysers. For ages, no doubt, the ear of the red man had been greeted by that unceasing sound—long before he dreamed of the advent of the imperious European usurpers of his heritage, who have revealed its mysteries to an admiring world. The road for the last few steep windings was overarched with trees, whose branches obstructed the light of the moon, and did their best to persuade us, by darkness and descent, that we were actually penetrating into the shades of Avernus. The gentle baying of a deep-voiced dog, given as if in mild inquiry of who had ventured to intrude on his seclusion, reminded us, not of Cerberus, but of civilisation, intimating to our modern ears the proximity of an abode of man. In a moment more we suddenly came upon the "Geyser Hotel," as it is somewhat pompously termed after the fashion of America, which is too apt to dignify inferiority of many kinds with high-sounding names, forgetting that simplicity is the noblest dignity of republicanism. The Geyser Hotel is quite as good a building as could be expected in such a location; but the Shakspearian term "inn" would better suit its modest appearance. It is true Shakspearian authority likewise says, "What's in a name?" But with infinite deference to the great sage and poet, we venture to reply—much; and in this case we think we can justify our assertion. The "hotels" at various watering-places, or "springs," as they are called in California, are usually scenes "where *fashion* congregates."

Ladies going to the Geyser Hotel. might naturally enough suppose a supply of gauzes, grenadines, and laces a positive necessity of the place; while the simple word "inn" would suggest the suitable toilette of the Geysers—namely, calico or print dresses for excursions, and for the fullest dress needed, a simple muslin.

The Geyser Hotel, then, is a slight wooden or "frame" building of two low stories, built in the shape of the letter L. It has verandahs running all around on both stories. Each room opens on the verandahs, both above and below, there being but one door to each of the upper rooms, and no hall, lobby, or vestibule whatever. The sleeping-room doors also open on the verandah, whence, by a single staircase at the angle of the aforesaid letter L, guests descend to the verandah below.

We had barely time to note the appearance of the house before "mine host" emerged *in propriâ personâ*, and gave us a friendly greeting, in spite of the lateness of the hour and our having disturbed him in his first sleep. We afterwards ascertained that he and his wife kept but three house-servants, a chamber-maid and two waiters, besides a man cook. In the Old Levey Cottage, on the opposite side of the creek—the first building put up—a denizen of the Geysers had resided for many years, having charge of the hay and the little garden which yielded the hotel its scanty supply of vegetables. Beef (Spanish), of a very inferior kind, excellent mutton, and fowls were killed on the premises. All fruit, potatoes, groceries, and other necessaries had to be brought from Healdsburg, which made fruit an

exceedingly rare article on the table, and was the only desirable thing which we missed. Ice, that desideratum of warm climates, was rendered unnecessary by the delicious coldness of a spring which issued from a rock behind the hotel, and had been arched over for several yards to preserve its temperature. The furniture of the hotel was simple, and actually refreshing from its primitiveness, in contrast with the superb or heavy decorations of most Californian hotels. In place of mahogany or rosewood, there were plain painted or cot bedsteads; for marble washstands and gilt mirrors, were foot-square looking-glasses hung against the wall, and a pine table with a wash-basin beneath; for Brussels and Axminster carpets and ten-guinea lace curtains, there was a dining-room with a deal table, wooden chairs, and a floor innocent of even matting or oil-cloth. It was still a delightful spot, take it altogether, in which to forget alike the cares, the vanities, and the frivolities of society—equally refreshing from its surpassing natural beauties and its primitive simplicity.

Standing on the inner piazza of the hotel, which we have described as shaped like an L, and looking towards the Geysers opposite, the visitor faced about due north. Immediately before the hotel is a level area of fifty yards' breadth, whence the ground abruptly descends to the bed of a rushing stream. This separates the hotel from the Geysers. It runs in a course from east to west, and is called Pluto's Canon. This stream alone, as it comes tumbling along over rocks and boulders, in many places completely covered in by trees, is a picture

of great beauty. Three miles east of the Geyser Hotel are "The Falls," where the stream tumbles over ridges of rock between precipitous walls of the same on either hand. It abounds with trout.

A large, deep, white ravine, running north and south opposite the hotel, but on the other side of the main stream, is called the Devil's Canon. Its smaller tribute of waters enters Pluto's Canon at a right angle. The eminence to the right of this, apparently covered with red and white ashes, is called the "Mountain of Fire." Crossing the main creek, or Pluto's Canon, and proceeding due north, we entered a narrow glen, the commencement of the foregoing Devil's Canon. Shortly it narrowed to a rocky pass, roofed by the trunks of two large trees long ago fallen across it, whose interstices later years have filled with earth and creeping parasitical plants, as well as *débris* of rocks and stones from the banks above. This the Rev. F. C. Ewer, of New York, appropriately named "Proserpine's Grotto."

Proceeding still north, the "trail" (for the constant changes of the earth's surface prevent a decided foot-path) leads closely along, and often across, the stream of warm water flowing down the bed of this remarkable ravine. Wherever the visitor treads, he finds a combination of powerful acids, rocks, and heated ashes, apparently a mere crust, under which roaring noises are unceasingly heard. Steam arises in volumes to a great height from the boiling springs scattered through the canon; steam bursts from the banks on either side above the head, which appear half eaten

away, and ready to cave in; and steam also issues from every tiny fissure beneath the feet.

It is almost impossible to divest the mind of the impression that in about two minutes more, at the latest, the whole will be blown up by some hidden agency. We explored the ravine three times, boasting of tolerably strong nerves, but reason and judgment had hard matter, the last time as well as the first, to prevent instinct from making us run away on the instant as the only means of safety. The visitor has to leap over boiling water, as he proceeds further on, at almost every step. There is one large hollow, filled with water of a pitchy blackness, termed the Devil's or Witch's Caldron, which night and day, year by year, boils so furiously that visitors cannot approach it for fear of being bespattered. The "Steamboat Exhaust-pipe," so called, near the head of the canon, keeps up incessantly a terrific noise, and produces the sound we heard on approaching the Geyser Hotel on the night of our arrival.

Scientific men assert that there is nothing to indicate volcanic action. The whole is the effect of acids. Boiling and ice-cold springs emerge from the earth side by side. Here a stream of black sulphur, and there a jet of pure water; in one place the two latter rise in the same pool, yet the liquids refuse to mingle, and the sulphur flows on like a black snake, though without tainting the purer element, till it reaches the main creek, the general receptacle of all these varied tributes.

Springs of pure alum, of salt, and of sulphur, black,

white, and blue, springs of magnesia and springs of iron-water, and, again, springs in which all are united, abound in this curious region. Epsom salts, alum, magnesia, and sulphur can be gathered from the rocks without change of position. It is, in brief, a grand chemical laboratory of nature.

Emerging from this deep hollow by dint of clambering almost upon hands and knees, the trail crosses a small brooklet, whose waters flow in a south-east direction towards the main ravine. Two trees meet across it, where, to quote Mr. Ewer, the visitor may "carve out immortality for himself," and where, judging from appearances, many have attempted to do so.

Continuing on our way, we examined the "Devil's Tea-kettle" and "Wash-tubs," and descending the Mountain of Fire, recrossed Pluto's Canon and Creek, and regained the hotel after an uncommonly fatiguing walk, though not more than a mile and a half.

The Indian spring, one of the greatest luxuries of the Geysers, is situated about a mile westward down Pluto's Creek, in a small glen on its northern bank. Here the Indians have been in the habit of coming for generations to benefit by its healing waters, and here, again, the Anglo-Saxon has deprived the red man of his heritage. The water is hot and darkened with black sulphur, but a stream of pure cold water flows through the bath-house (a primitive structure of rough boarding, with a canopy of dead boughs), available at pleasure. One feels a decided reluctance at first to a plunge into the black liquid, but its effect upon the skin proves delightful.

Over one of the boiling springs, rising on the edge of Pluto's Canon, to the east of the hotel, a pine-board structure is erected for the purpose of steam-baths; in the second compartment there is a douche of cold water from the rock overhanging the bath-house, the whole of which latter is not much larger than a bathing-machine.

Perhaps of all the baths, that called the acid or sour spring, lying also across Pluto's Creek in a north-westerly direction, has the most beneficial effect upon persons whose skin is disordered. The following are the ingredients composing it, as analysed by an eminent chemist, but we made no note of the proportionate quantities of each :—

Sulphate of aluminium.
Sulphate of soda.
Sulphate of lime.
Sulphate of magnesia.
Sulphuric acid.
Protosulphate of iron.
Chloride of sodium.
Silica.

As a tonic, under careful treatment, for the cure of dyspepsia, chronic diarrhœa, and a host of ills that flesh is heir to, it is invaluable.

We had many enjoyments during our sojourn in this lovely home of nature, not least among which were fishing excursions up the banks of the lovely creek, from which even ladies never failed to return with a plentiful supply of delicious trout. On one occasion

we started, a party of three, up the eastern bank, leaving word at the coffee-room of the hotel that some ladies had started on a fishing excursion in that direction in order to prevent parties of gentlemen going—a very necessary precaution, as the reader will perceive. There are no paths whatever after reaching the mill-dam, a half-mile east of the hotel, and beyond that point it is necessary to scramble through brushwood and "chapparel," in spite of rocks and brambles, now on hands and knees, up some crag which overhangs the stream, now parting the low boughs of thick trees above your head, now in desperation rushing head first through a thicket, at the risk of torn hands and scratched faces, and now sliding at full length down some rocky slope. It may be easily conceived, then, that on such occasions and in such places the company of Mesdames Fashion and Crinoline is insufferable. We had previously donned a light under petticoat, reaching only to the ankles; and we managed to scramble through the thick brushwood of the first turn of the creek, after quitting the mill-dam, and there out of sight of all the rest of humanity, we went into a committee of ways and means. Overcoming the scruples of one of our number who had never made the excursion before, our crinolines, dresses, and white skirts were taken off and hung on the boughs of a bending pine. Amid much hearty laughter at our appearance in short skirts and the white Garibaldi's which we all wore, we then succeeded in making the discarded portions of our toilettes sufficiently fast to the solemn old pine, which waved as majestically to and fro as if not conscious of being a

fit subject for the mirth which such a novel clothes-rack excited. We continued on our way, now stopping under the o'crarching boughs at a favourable spot to angle for trout, whose graceful evolutions in the translucent waters made us half regret the object of our excursion. Now we crossed the creek on such parts of the boulders in it as afforded any sort of foothold; then hidden from sight by the masses of tall tiger-lilies, into which we plunged, half amused, half afraid, for rattlesnakes abound there; and now resting on a fragment of rock to enjoy the beauty of the scene, amid the intense silence and coolness of the spot, all the time realising how glad we were that we had left Madame Crinoline to be nursed by the old pine tree! We proceeded as far as the Falls, three miles from the hotel, before we commenced to retrace our steps. It was difficult to obtain a good view of the Falls, as the creek proceeds between perpendicular rocks of great height on either hand for several yards, and then curves at a sharp angle, the Falls being round the corner of the angle as approached and completely out of sight, unless by a scramble up an almost perpendicular ascent, and a peep at them from above, which spoils the beauty of the picture.

A gentleman afterwards told me that he proceeded alone the first time he went fishing as far as these Falls, and instead of fishing up the creek as he went, intended only to fish down it on his homeward route. He reached the near side of the Falls, duly adjusted his fishing-tackle, and took up his position. Hardly had he done so when an ominous sound amid the trees

on the opposite bank reminded him strongly of the fact that grizzly bears were occasionally to be seen there. Fish, fishing-tackle, trout-dinnèrs, all suddenly changed from a charm to a horror in his estimation. Careless of even the joke which was sure to go against him, he started at double-quick time for the hotel, without stopping to assure himself whether his fears had any foundation in fact or not. He was a tall, stalwart-built man, anything but a coward in ordinary dangers, but the idea of meeting a grizzly bear while unarmed was too much for him.

One of our party, on our homeward route, not following the steps of the more initiated, found herself suddenly where she could proceed nò further, and was compelled to cross the creek to her companions at a point where there were no rocks above water to afford a foothold. Taking off her boots and stockings, she declared it would be easy to cross on the rocks, which were but an inch or two at most under water, and said it was far preferable to turning back fifty yards to the spot where the others had crossed. But the unlucky lady did not realise the slipperiness which attaches to such rocks, and at the second step in she went, nearly to the waist. Disdaining now to turn back, she contrived to flounder the rest of the way across, to the dismay of the trout, and for her comfort she had to let her clothes dry upon her. Colds, however, are seldom taken in that delicious and pure mountain air.

The luxuriance of vegetation in the Geyser mountains during the earlier months of summer is extreme. Of the flowers which grow so profusely in unheeded

beauty, we recognised many favourite annuals of the European parterres. The Escholsia (named before), the Clarksia pulchella, Nemophylæ, and Collinsia bicolor, besides the scarlet lychnis, and rarer than either, the scarlet columbine. The magnificent tiger-lily reigns undisputed queen of these floral regions.

Like all hotels, the "Geyser" boasts its register book of visitors, but unlike others, can boast of being quite a curiosity in its way. We observed the name of Bayard Taylor, and if we recollect aright, that of Lady Franklin. The curiosity of the Geyser register consists in the liberties visitors have taken with its pages. All sorts of *jeux d'esprit* are scattered in them.

The first white man who discovered the Geysers, I heard, was a mountaineer, a William B. Elliot, who, during the April of 1847, was encamped with a trapping or hunting party at Clear Lake, a region some ten or twelve miles only north or north-east of the Geysers. They had started on a bear hunt, when Elliot, believing he had the right trail, separated from his party, and spurred his horse over the ridge which divided them from the Geysers. He had never beheld a steamboat or locomotive, and perceiving steam, or, as he thought, smoke, hurried on, surprised at the idea of a human habitation there, till he came upon the north end of the Devil's Canon, with its roaring noises and boiling caldrons. Turning his horse's head in affright, he dashed back with his utmost speed to his party, exclaiming as he reached them, pale and breathless with excitement, "Boys! boys! I've found hell!"

It was with great regret that we bade farewell to

the cool green shades of the Geysers. Committing our "lives," if not "our fortunes," to the custody of the experienced stage-driver of that perilous road, we departed in a "concord waggon," or rather "ambulance," drawn by four fine horses, that actually took us "on the slope" all along the dangerous Hog's Back without exciting anything but a sense of extreme exhilaration, and left us in safety at the Healdsburg Hotel on our way back to the Empire City of the Golden State.

CHAPTER IX.

SAN FRANCISCO HACKMEN—ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS—THE PRESS—STATE FAIRS—PAINTINGS—SABLES—SURGICAL COLLEGE—TAXATION—THE INEBRIATES' HOME—DASHAWAY SOCIETY—ITS ORGANISATION AND OBJECT—THE AFRICAN RACE—CHASTISEMENT OF A SLAVE BY HIS MISTRESS—SLAVERY—ENGLISH OPINION AND SYMPATHY—"EARTH'S ADVERSE PRINCIPLES"—RE-ELECTION OF LINCOLN—GRATIFICATION OF AMERICANS AT HER MAJESTY'S LETTER TO MRS. LINCOLN—FEELING OF SAN FRANCISCO DURING THE WAR—PROCESSIONS—UNIVERSAL MOURNING FOR LINCOLN'S DEATH—ACTION OF THE EXCITED POPULACE—DESTRUCTION OF "COPPERHEAD" NEWSPAPERS.

On our arrival in San Francisco, amongst the crowd of loungers that invariably surround the wharves we found the usual number of hackmen, who rush on board the boats as if they had not an instant to live, and their eternal happiness or misery depended on their success in obtaining occupants for their vehicles. A lively young lady not inaptly likened them to a pack of ravening wolves. Escaping with our luggage by dint of almost frantic efforts, we speedily found ourselves bowling along the streets of the bay city towards our own door, obtaining from one of the "characters" of the place a smile of benign condescension as we passed. The "character" in question was an individual known by the familiar title of "Uncle Freddy," who either is or feigns to be insane, in consequence of which, as he is perfectly harmless, he obtains the

entrée of all places of amusement. He dresses in a suit of fine white buckskin, with knee-breeches, tasselled boots, and three-cornered hat, the very picture of a revolutionary hero. Indeed, he delights in representing Washington, as he fondly imagines, to perfection. If he is insane, it is much to be deplored that so noble and benign a countenance should be thus afflicted. If he is not insane, he is much more of a rogue than he looks. His attire is always scrupulous in its cleanliness, and it is his pride to station himself in full "continental" costume in some part of Montgomery Street during the fashionable hour, and smile with ineffable self-satisfaction at the passers-by, especially the ladies. A strong contrast to him, both in expression, attire, and personal cleanliness, is a rival in eccentricity, whom I have always been disposed, perhaps uncharitably, to consider as "more knave than fool." This worthy styles himself the "Emperor of the United States;" makes pompous proclamations, especially when he is getting out at the elbows, to the effect that it is the duty of his loving subjects to provide him with a new suit of clothes; and he never hesitates about interrupting the gravest deliberations of a jury or the legislature, which he is good-naturedly permitted to do with impunity. He wears a suit of cast-off regimentals, with huge epaulets, and a red scarf tied round his waist.

San Francisco supports several large newspapers. Their total number I cannot affirm positively. The *Alta California*, *American Flag*, and *Evening Bulletin* are very large daily papers. The little *Morning Call*

assumes for itself the largest daily circulation, above 9,500, in a city of 100,000 inhabitants. There is also the daily *Evening Journal*, the *Herald and Mirror*, the *Pacific*, the *Echo du Pacifique*, *Le Phare*, and others whose names I forget; the *Sunday Mercury*, *Californian*, and *Golden Era*—the three latter are exclusively literary papers. There are one or two magazines besides. The *Sacramento Union* is undeniably the best paper in the State. I am sorry candour compels me to admit that, beyond matters of local interest, the very lightest of light reading alone is appreciated by the generality of Californians. It would appear that they are commonly so deeply engrossed in the race after wealth, position, or fame, that they require only to be amused in the few leisure moments left them in their restless endeavours to grasp the phantoms they so ardently pursue.

State fairs are an "institution" of California. They are held at regular intervals alternately in the larger cities. The various articles of home production exhibited do credit to the young State. The last of these fairs which took place was held in San Francisco, where a circular wooden structure of very large dimensions was erected in one of the squares, nearly covering its entire area. The machinery department, and the brass-works in particular, were highly creditable. Among the fine arts most of the pictures, as is customary at the majority of such exhibitions, were wretched daubs and burlesques upon art; but here and there the eye of the observer lighted on a gem whose lustre redeemed the sombreness of the mediocre

productions, giving the false a use as foils to the true. One lady, a Madame Mathieu, exhibited some exquisite water-colour drawings of simple subjects, such as flowers and "wayside waifs." A pair of paintings uncommonly beautiful, by this artist, were nothing more than a couple of birds'-nests in the lower part of a hedge, almost buried in clusters of primroses. Nature was never more closely delineated in every detail of straw and grass, and weed and flower, natural to such a tiny portion of her treasures. A more ambitious painting, by the same artist, was a water-colour view in Scotland. Two oil-paintings of Californian mountain gorges, strongly after the style of Calame, struck me especially; and one little foot-square bit of "Sunset on the Sea-shore" was, in my judgment, the gem of the whole collection. There were some creditable views of Californian scenery by a Mr. Frederick Butnam, an artist of whom the world is likely one day to hear more, if the native modesty of real merit does not, as in too many cases, prevent his courting that distinction which his talent deserves. If his paintings are as crude and capable of improvement in many respects as some assert who assume to criticise him, there is the undeniable stamp of a genius upon them which only needs more of classical study to give it a prominent niche in the temple of art.

Conspicuous among the objects of Californian interest was a magnificent cape of the finest Russian sable; the fur from Sittra, made up in San Francisco, and valued at a hundred guineas. Some beautiful specimens of cabinet-work in the various woods of California were

also exhibited. The fancy-work department was highly creditable to the ladies of the Golden State.

The public spirit of one of the citizens has endowed San Francisco with a Surgical College, which, when completed in every detail, will be worthy of the metropolis of the Pacific. It contains lecture-rooms capable of accommodating two hundred and fifty students. The cost of the entire building was estimated at 75,000 dollars.

The Inebriates' Home, so called, owes its origin to the Dashaway Society—a temperance organisation which originated in the year 1859. The Inebriates' Home is a philanthropic institution for the reformation of drunkards of either sex. The total number admitted into the Home since its institution is 1,610. The length of time which these patients have remained in the Home has varied from two days to three months. Few remain more than a week or two. So soon as they think themselves equal to resisting the temptation to drink they are discharged. Some return several times to the Home, utterly incapable of reformation; a few, however, have reformed; and to the benevolent supporters of the institution this fact presents a sufficient incentive to perseverance in their philanthropic efforts. One man and his wife were received while intoxicated and in a destitute condition. They remained some time, appeared seriously reformed, and finally were discharged. The director lost sight of them until, happening to be in church on a Communion Sunday, he saw this very couple received into the Church whom he had taken to the Home in the very depth of

wretchedness and inebriation. They expressed their grateful acknowledgments, informed him that they now owned the little cottage in which they lived, and were happy and industrious. Is there an Inebriates' Home in London? If not, might not some of Mr. Trevelyan's surplus zeal in the cause of temperance be appropriately and humanely expended in the erection of one, accomplishing a great purpose at least as effectually as by trenching on the freedom of the nation, and making sumptuary laws which attack the liberty of the subject? Such an organisation as the Dashaway Club also might be brought to answer very nearly to Mr. Layard's sensible and kindly desire to increase the happiness of the working classes. The Dashaway Association of California has its debating, amateur theatrical, and musical societies; and its members meet on certain days of the month, with their wives and daughters, for the purpose of dancing and social recreation. Weekly lectures are delivered to the members on scientific or other subjects by gentlemen of information, who take an interest in the well-being of the society, and volunteer for that purpose.

It was shortly before I quitted San Francisco that the long-suffering African race succeeded in urging its claims to civil equality, at such fearful cost to the white race. There are, as I have already said, many negroes in the free State of California, or, as a young American facetiously terms them, "gentlemen of the coloured persuasion." Long before the commencement of the terrible war which has so convulsed the United States, they were conspicuous for

their quiet conduct. I never remember to have seen a negro intoxicated in the street, and brawls among them are rare. It is a sad reflection on the warm-headed sons of the Emerald Isle, that they should be so conspicuous for failings for which even the negro may well hold himself their superior. Whatever excuse they may put forward for the fact in their native land, the Government they are so forward to accuse of being at the root of all their evils, they can hardly excuse themselves on this score in America. If, as I understand, they are indignant at the civil equality conferred upon the coloured people, they will do well to remember that it is their own fault alone if they suffer in consequence, to say nothing of the absurdity of a people who cry out against home tyranny, and openly exclaim against the emancipation of any of the human race! Myself a native of a free country, never having lived or travelled in the Southern States, I am unable to offer any opinion upon the "peculiar institutions" of the latter, except that which springs spontaneously to the lips of those who instinctively recognise the right of every human being to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I have observed in a preceding page that slave-owners could bring slaves into California. I now find they might retain them there. I have also alluded to the conduct of a lady there one day towards her slave. I will state it fully, as evidence sufficient to satisfy the reader that the abolition pictures of Southern life were not so much exaggerated, when a lady could so far forget herself in her conduct. I will here notice it more particularly,

for the inference will be fuller, especially regarding a State that simply admitted a slave with his owner, though it forbade dealing. The slave in question was a remarkably intelligent youth. His duty was that of a coachman. From some accident or inattention while driving through the town, he injured the panelling of the carriage. The damage was trifling, but sufficient to arouse the ire of his mistress, who, on her arrival at home, in the extreme of passion wrested the whip from the negro's hand, and administered as violent a castigation to the offending youth as her physical strength would enable her to inflict. Never shall I forget the impression made upon me by that circumstance. The sense of degradation manifest in the intelligent countenance of the youth, the look of utter hopelessness which characterised it, combined with a firm resolve not to betray, by the writhing of a muscle, the pain which he necessarily suffered; such deep capacity for endurance, so much resignation, such suppressed yet acute sense of wrong, affected me beyond expression. My indignant remonstrances, instead of shaming, only increased her passion, but it made her slave mine in the highest sense, that of grateful regard. That youth would have gone through fire and water to serve me afterwards. I needed no greater proof of the lengths to which the power of that frightful despotism of the master over the slave was likely to run, in any country devoted to its perpetuation, without legal restraint. Hundreds of Southern slave-holders might be good, humane, and noble men; but while a law existed which condemned one human being to suffer wrong

and misery at the mere caprice of another; that law must be fundamentally, socially, and morally wrong, and no amount of sophistry can reverse the wrong. Human nature, in its best phases, is rarely fit for unquestioned and unlimited power. There are, and have been, Washingtons, but the Torquamadas of society are always in the majority where despotism is the rule. How England,—the land of Fox, Wilberforce, and Clarkson,—the country which so nobly showered her golden treasures to ransom the slave in her own dependencies,—the soil on which the foot of that slave once placed, he was a slave no more,—the land whose flag floated for years unparalleled on earth as the symbol of the free,—the pride of free hearts, the emblem of exalted hopes, the very polestar of the tortured and degraded African, how that England could be so fatally false to her own high moral nature as, for one passing moment, to sympathise with the oppressor of the unhappy negro would be a marvel and a mystery, did we not know how omnipotent is the moneyed interest in all commercial countries. The moneyed interest was the originator and supporter of slavery to the last, and it was that sympathised with the South in England. The only way in which posterity—that unprejudiced judge of national action—can possibly gloss over so glaring a reverse of professed principle by any in our time, will be the fact of the influential high-flown party attached to the Holy Alliance powers, seconded by ship-builders, Jewish loan-mongers, and such as are moved only by arbitrary principle and the sordid lust of gain, largely influencing the English press.

American hearts that beat with throbs of filial regard for the mother-country must know this, in spite of the many unpleasant truths constantly spoken among relatives, who often overlook each other's real virtues in the clash of conflicting interests. At that same time, they really cared more for each other's good opinion than for that of any besides in the world; and they have, from first to last, during the war of "earth's adverse principles" in their borders, possessed the unswerving sympathy of all high-principled, far-seeing, and right-judging Englishmen. How gratefully upon American ears at the time would have fallen a little more impulsive and outspoken heartiness of sympathy with the "sublime" principle for which they were struggling! I well recollect how anxiously, how yearningly, every fresh expression of British feeling was watched for. If bitterness were engendered by the venal action of her ship-builders and money-mongers, one genuine outburst of kindly feeling from any other rank of her people would have removed it all. But that outburst should have come during the struggle, not after the North was victorious. I was in San Francisco at the time of Lincoln's assassination, and there, as in New York, which I visited shortly after, I well remember what deep gratification the course taken by the illustrious lady of England, in her autograph letter, written before diplomatic action was taken on the subject, afforded the whole American nation, and how nearly the spontaneous expression of horror, indignation, and sympathy from England obliterated much of the memory of previous bitterness. Did the two

countries but realise, with all their various faults, how truly worthy the Anglo-Saxon race on either side the Atlantic are of each other alone in their mutual elements of overwhelming glory and greatness, the world would be benefited by the realisation. England and America united in friendly sympathy, the future of the Anglo-Saxon race reads, "the dominion and happiness of the world;" the reverse of it is, "the misery of humanity." The Latin and Cossack races can comprehend the oracle well.

I had frequently been asked, after my arrival in England, how San Franciscans generally were affected throughout the war. During the latter part of the struggle, up to the re-nomination of the ill-fated President, doubt was expressed by many as to whether the city would prove loyal to the existing Government. The triumphant re-election of Lincoln, not only by San Francisco, but by the entire State of California, set the matter decisively at rest. The Secession element proved much less powerful in effect than it had appeared throughout the previous political campaign. It mustered a strong force in the processions which marched under the banners of M'Clellan, the opposition "Copperhead" or democratic candidate. The number of men who composed the last Copperhead processions there could not have been less than ten thousand. They marched through the streets of the city from 8 till 12 P.M., carrying torches, coloured lanterns, and various devices burlesquing the existing administration. Their distinctive badge was a broom. Nearly every man carried one. Their motto was something to the

effect that they intended to sweep corruption from office. In consequence of this they were sarcastically called by the Lincolnists "Broom Rangers." A few evenings after, the Union party announced a grand procession, and in point of grandeur they redeemed their promise. The procession must have numbered fifteen thousand men, divided into companies. Military, civilians, fire brigades, art, mechanics, and trades were all represented. Montgomery Street for an hour and a half, from end to end, was one blaze of red, white, and blue light; rockets were fired incessantly from the roofs of houses; coloured lamps, enormous banners, and gas illuminations extended across the street; the windows were filled by well-dressed ladies, many wearing the Union colours (red, white, and blue), waving their handkerchiefs in response to the cheering of the crowd below as the procession moved past. Bonfires blazed at the intersections of cross streets, and innumerable editions of "Old Kong," as they fondly term the stars and stripes, were issued to meet the public gaze from every available point of sight. There were thousands of them. One gigantic flag hung endwise across the street from a cord attached to the tops of the highest houses. This fell so low as almost to impede the passage of vehicles beneath, and was wide enough to reach half over the pavement on either side. It was composed entirely of coloured silks fringed with deep gold bullion. A more brilliant sight than Montgomery Street presented that night was rare in any country. So great was the enthusiasm that as the various bands, military and otherwise, moved by, playing the new and

spirit-stirring war song, "The Battle Cry of Freedom," the crowd, and even the ladies in the balconies and windows, took up the chorus.

Time passed on, and Lincoln was re-elected by an overwhelming majority. San Francisco, as the chief city of California, testified her joy in a suitable manner, and subsided again into her ordinary routine of work-a-day life. Suddenly, one morning, the city was startled by a simultaneous display of flags at half-mast nearly all over the city. The church bells commenced tolling. The inhabitants of suburban districts were amazed. Those in town quickly learnt the fatal news which flashed over the wires, and speedily communicated it to their neighbours. Half-way on my road down town for a morning walk, I observed the lowered flags, and entered a shop to inquire the meaning, and the grief was apparent on every face as I proceeded. The person of whom I inquired could hardly trust herself to reply, "Oh, madam, our good President is assassinated." Hopeful as many were at first that the news was unfounded, like many reports of victories never won, which had been telegraphed and rejoiced over before, a mere *canard*, they found it quickly confirmed. By the time I reached the heart of the city, the stores or shops were rapidly closing, and stalwart men, many of them with eyes brimful of the tears their manhood disdained to shed, were hastily draping the fronts of their respective dwellings with mourning. In a short time not a house was to be seen destitute of its mourning badge. Notorious Secessionists, perchance trembling for the consequences of the mad act upon a justly

irritated people, sought to smooth down popular indignation towards themselves and their property by assuming what was truly in their case a "mockery of woe;" for several did not hesitate while in the streets to express their approbation of the deed which made all Europe shudder. But the deep mind and great heart of the public were not to be deceived. Men knew it was a burlesque in relation to the death of the good and noble man whom their dishonest principles had driven out of life. There was a settled, sullen gloom resting on the faces of the people as they clustered together, the very quiet which brooded over the lately busy streets prognosticating more to the thoughtful than any violent exclamations of sorrow would have done. The calm often precedes as well as follows the storm. The telegraph office was fairly besieged by an anxious crowd, to gratify which bulletins were exhibited as rapidly as received. An English gentleman whispered to me, "I only wonder how they keep so calm. I don't believe I could feel worse if it had been Queen Victoria. And, by heaven! if I was an American, I am afraid I should have shot the first Secessionist I met. A cold-blooded, brutal, dastardly act; I believe it was a madman's; but if it turns out a conspiracy, I can hardly blame the Yankees if they go in for extermination. Some Secessionists have been glorying in the news; if they do that there will be bloodshed here beyond all question."

Well, reader, this crowd of exasperated republicans —Americans, notorious as they are in some Western

as in Southern districts, for the unscrupulous use of the bowie-knife and revolver — these citizens of a nation where every man holds himself a sovereign— how, think you, did they wreak their vengeance for their beloved and murdered chief magistrate? Did they shoot down, stab, or kill obnoxious and unpopular men—men whom they believed to have been active in instigating the deed? No. Did they outrage their rights, burn their houses, destroy their property, insult their wives and daughters? Nothing of the kind. Calmly and determinedly they went to the offices of opposition papers, organs of the "Copperhead" party, that had for months been darkly hinting at the removal of the President in some mysterious manner, and when they found the police surrounding them, before their arrival—for danger was apprehended— they respectfully listened to the remarks made by the Chief of Police, quietly made their way to other offices, entered them, and in less than two hours every article composing the material and type of those papers was taken from their offices, cast into the street, and utterly destroyed, without the smallest injury to the rights of other papers carried on in the same buildings. In one case, I was told, the type partially employed between a Union and Secession sheet was spared out of deference to the former. This work accomplished, they dispersed without injury to a single individual. So much for the self-restraint and orderly conduct of a city that day under circumstances of great provocation, which only ten short years ago needed the stringent efforts of a

Vigilance Committee in which to insure order and peace. San Francisco in this instance set a noble example to the violent and brutal mobs of New York, and many other cities both in Europe and America.

CHAPTER X.

NEVADA MINES—GRAND SCENERY AMONG THE NEVADAS—PIONEERS—CARSON VALLEY—KIT CARSON—VIRGINIA CITY—BOARD OF BROKERS—ROMANTIC CASE OF GRATITUDE—REESE RIVER—APPEARANCE OF THE GREAT BASIN—ITS MINERAL WEALTH—THE PACIFIC RAILROAD—CALIFORNIA AND OREGON LINE—GRANTS OF CONGRESS—IDAHO TERRITORY—AGRICULTURE—SONOMA COUNTY—PETALUMA—HEALDSBURG—RUSS RIVER VALLEY—GREEN CORN—SUCCOTASH ROADS—PETROLEUM—A SETTLER'S WIFE—COPPER MINES.

THE discovery of the silver mines of the Sierra Nevada caused a great exodus from California to that State, then merely a territory of the Union. The road from San Francisco to Nevada proceeds by way of Sacramento, Folsom, Placeville, and other towns, and beyond them, by a hazardous road over mountains, down ravines, and through deep gorges, to Carson, a city situated in a valley of the same name, called after a hero of Indian adventures, Kit Carson. No pen can do justice to the majestic beauty of the pine forests which clothe the summits of the entire range of the Sierra Nevada. The last mountain gorge through which travellers pass before they emerge into the comparative daylight of Carson Valley seems as if it had been a chasm rent in a granite mountain. Boulders of granite, as large as two-story houses, lie as if rained down on every hand. It seems as if some gigantic convulsion of nature had shattered the very founda-

tions of the earth. The sides of the mountain in places where the chasm is rent appear literally to overhang the road many hundred feet above; huge crags seem ready to break from their frail supports, and tumble into atoms on other crags below; while enormous rocks are so perched in situations that the touch of a finger seems enough to displace them. A foaming mountain torrent leaps down this chasm from rock to rock, and frequently crosses the road, now many feet under a rough bridge of unhewn logs, and then ripples peacefully between the very hoofs of the coach-horses. Lofty pines have taken root and shot their graceful columns many score feet high in air long ages since those giant boulders of granite were torn from their original abiding-places. Tons of gunpowder have been employed in blasting the rocks to render the road only as good as it is at present, and it is terrific enough even now. The undaunted men who first attempted to cross the Nevada with waggons had to take them to pieces at that place, and were a week getting through that single ravine or canon, only six miles in length. How little can people accustomed to the calm tranquillity of life in countries like peaceful "merrie England" realise the danger, and difficulty, and sleepless vigilance which are the portion of the pioneers in the task of developing the resources of new countries; those dauntless individuals who, in their simple, unpretending, and unconscious way, work out as vanguards that civilisation which will one day encircle every spot upon earth in its triumphant embrace!

Carson Valley is about twenty miles long, somewhat

oval in shape, sloping gently from the base of the mountains on the north, near which, and not far from the mouth of the canon alluded to, nestles the pretty town of Carson. The soil of this vale is black and loamy, watered by Carson river, a beautiful stream which meanders from end to end of that oval-shaped valley, and passes Carson city rather more than half the width of the valley distant from it. Grass, clover, and wild flowers compose the lawn-like surface of the ground, which is destitute of trees, excepting a thin line of foliage on the immediate edge of the river, or dark pines which clothe the sides of the mountains, a few yards from their bases up to their summits. The Sierra Nevada Mountains separate the State of California from that of Nevada, rising like a wall. The balmy west winds, which sweep over the wide Pacific, discharge their principal moisture upon the favoured Californian slope, and hovering awhile over the snow-clad peaks of the towering Sierra Nevada, pass onward with their dower of ice, and snow, and cutting frost, to the less fortunate soil of Nevada. Carson river rises in the Sierras, and finally loses itself in a small lake. It abounds with delicious trout, and is about a hundred miles in length. The Indians spear the trout, or kill them with arrows.

Kit Carson, the intrepid discoverer of this region, is still alive, and, I believe, was engaged by Government during the war, somewhere in the southern regions of California or in Texas. Since the influx of emigrants into Nevada, in consequence of the discovery of its silver mines, the city of Virginia—already far

surpassing its elder sister, Carson, in size and appearance—has sprung into existence on a barren ridge of land, desolate exceedingly to the eye of the artist, and desirable as a residence to none but those who are anxiously seeking the "gold that perisheth." It is a very unhealthy climate, probably on account of the strong alkaline property of the only water obtainable in its vicinity. The discovery of the Washoe silver mines, in the neighbourhood of Virginia city, had a powerful effect upon San Franciscan commerce and activity, more especially in the establishment of a novel "Board of Brokers" in Montgomery Street—that boasted promenade of the fair sex, or the "Ladies' Street," as it is termed. Fearful inroads are now made on its allegiance to its goddesses; hundreds of well-dressed men daily congregating in masses on its pavement, some having offices, and many mere "street brokers," who seize a friend by the collar, and dragging him into a passage, and seating themselves on the first step of stairs leading to lawyers' offices, will badger the unwilling victim into the investment of his dollars in a mining company, which frequently has no existence, excepting in the fertile brain of the broker or the credulous one of the shareholder. In such cases the "specimens" shown have been purchased for a trifle, and serve to lure the simple-minded investor to losses he can ill afford. The fluctuations of the market are so great and rapid that the best paying mines, such as the celebrated "Gould and Curry," which on one occasion declared a dividend of 120,000 dollars on 1,200 feet of ground, have been known to depreciate from 6,000

dollars per share to 600 dollars. Notwithstanding the immense quantity of gold and silver realised by the Washoe mines, more money, I believe, has been made upon the fluctuations in the value of their shares by the harpy-like brokers than has gone into the pockets of those who owned them. The following, from the pages of a weekly paper in San Francisco, was given as a satire upon the gentlemen in question, from the pen of a lady at that time editress of a small "monthly magazine" in that city :—

"The brokers of San Francisco, to the stranger, present the appearance of a crowd of nabobs who are content to dwell together in harmony. Their extravagant dress and apparent ease of carriage give them an air of nobleness unlike the Wall Street men of New York, who walk as if they were driven before a body of police, their pale faces and compressed lips testifying heavy cares and immense business—their whole appearance indicative of responsibility and anxiety. The Californian brokers seem to be men rolling in wealth and luxury. Good-nature beams in their faces wherever you meet them. One fact is certain—no matter whether in funds or out, in debt or otherwise, the faces look equally as comfortable, and laziness supports her style. They are the most liberal men in the world! Liberal with money, with assistance, and patronage to all novel enterprises; liberal in ideas and views of facts and people, never complaining, and chanting the 'Pauper's Burial;' at home anywhere, but never at their office. They congregate in swarms, and a broker is known as soon

as seen. A youth without money or credit can commence that business easier than any other, and make it more profitable. A yard of crape on his hat, a pocketfull of certificates (he can get them printed anywhere for a trifle), a mineral specimen or two, and he has all he needs to establish himself in a thriving business. By paying twenty-five dollars, he can become an honorary member of the Board of Brokers; he will have nothing to do, and prosper nobly, having an identity, a position—a position he cannot acquire in any other line of business. He will then find himself the recipient of frequent invitations to social gatherings, clubs, Russian balls, and sundry recreations. There is a comfortable way of living as brokers in San Francisco, a genial ease and luxury about it, stamped in semblance upon every one of them, giving them an easy air and style unequalled by any other profession or class of men. They appeal to the good feeling of the stranger, and are most attractive to the new-comer who walks down Montgomery Street, with open eyes in amazement, watching them with intense interest, and their 'feet' with speculation."

The observer concludes the description of them:—"Verily England has not their compeers—such men of healing power and wisdom of feet! Paris has no rival, Germany no match for them."

Some startling anecdotes are related in the mining regions of the Far West. The following is a specimen of one of the Washoites, or Washoe mining adventurers, and not an unpleasing one:—

"Some time ago, a poor penniless adventurer arrived at San Bernardino, his clothes in rags, his cheeks hollow, and his eyes with that singular, perhaps fierce, expression seen in those who have been some time without food. The stranger stopped at a lone farm-house, and in a hesitating manner begged for a meal. The *ranchero*, or farmer, an opulent man, at once complied with his request. On entering into conversation, it was found that the stranger was endeavouring to make his way to the mines, had miscalculated the expenses, and had not means to carry him to the end of his journey. The farmer was so impressed with the stranger's story, that he lent him money to help him to his destination. Some time had elapsed, when the farmer, despoiled of his little property, sought out a precarious living in San Francisco, and subsisted with difficulty. More time had passed in that way, when a well-dressed gentleman drove up to the poor farmer's quarters in the city. It contained the penniless man whom the farmer had once relieved with a meal and money. His fortunes had changed. He had made money rapidly in mining at the silver mines of Washoe. He invited the farmer, with his family, to ride with him and see a cottage he had just purchased in the suburbs of the city. On reaching it, one of the neatest in the vicinity, and well furnished, the former were invited to a repast, when the host said to the poor man: 'It is not long ago since I came, a destitute stranger, to your gate for something to satisfy my craving from hunger. You sent me on my way rejoicing, with more money than

I had had for some time before. I am, you know, that stranger. I reached my destination by your means. I succeeded there, and am become wealthy. I visited San Bernardino to find you and repay the obligation in vain. I sought, but could not find you. I now find you nearly as destitute as I was when you relieved my hunger. You have been pleased to admire this cottage; it is yours. Take it with its contents, and may Heaven enable you to prosper as I have prospered.' The title-deeds were placed in the hands of the astonished farmer, and he was once more restored to comfort and a home."

To return. Farther still from Carson city than Virginia lies the still more newly developed Reese River district, touching the mines of which there is nothing of special interest to report. Continual explorations develop an increasing number of quartz ledges, and great confidence is felt in the ultimate richness of the entire region. Great impediments to the development of its enormous wealth exist in the lack of water-power, the scarcity of timber either for fuel or lumber, and the heavy expense attendant on the freightage of machinery requisite for crushing the quartz. Nearly all the gold and silver found in Nevada is imbedded principally in quartz rocks. A large capital is therefore necessary to erect a sufficient number of quartz-crushing mills, without which nothing can be accomplished. The silver is sent to San Francisco in the form of small square blocks, termed silver bricks.

There is no doubt that the whole of the great basin

lying betwixt the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada range will prove hardly inferior in mineral wealth to the Pacific slope. The face of the entire country east of the Sierras presents in its general features a parched, barren, desolate appearance, utterly destitute, for scores of miles together, of either timber, verdure, or vegetation of any kind. Beyond Virginia are whole tracts of country destitute even of water. I imagine that the very arid desolation of the landscape would suggest, even to the uninitiated, the probable presence of mineral wealth. The extreme dearth of water and fuel might induce fear lest the sole productions of those widespread tracts of land should be for ever unattainable by man; but already the distant soil of Nebraska and the neighbouring shores of California are resounding with the strokes of that prince of pioneers, the pickaxe, foretelling that the sovereignty of even those inaccessible regions belongs to civilisation; the anvil is already forging the iron hoof whose despotic tread will trample on the solitudes of centuries; the Pacific Railway has commenced, and, freighted as it will be with the industry and achievements of nations, the silent valleys and sterile plains of the great basin will speedily become the inheritance of those twin giants of human progress—Science and Labour.

Teeming with wealth as that inheritance assuredly is, it requires only the completion of the grand iron highway to astonish the earth with its developments. Humboldt asserts that diamonds exist there. Opals have been lately discovered. Iron and coal, gold,

silver, copper, and quicksilver already abound. At present the necessity of the "Far West" will no doubt lengthen the list of mineral products. When the fertility of the Pacific slope is considered, and the capability of the country, especially for vegetable productions,—even cotton having been raised on the American river in her borders,—when the extent of pasture lands, grain fields, peach orchards, and vineyards is fully ascertained, in addition to the maritime advantages, who will venture to set bounds to the wealth and extent of population of that country which, in a crude and imperfectly developed condition, has already succeeded in so startling the world by its natural productions?

San Francisco county alone voted a subscription of 600,000 dollars towards the stock of the Great Pacific Central Railroad, determining, as did the universal voice of the Pacific slope, that in spite of national wars or debts, that railway should be built.

Second only to the Great Pacific Railroad in its importance to California is the proposed Californian and Oregon line, a bill for extending national aid to which has already passed through Congress. The length of this line (650 miles) will, when completed, be equal to one-third that of the "Great Pacific," or "Great Continental Railway," to which it will prove an important adjunct. Its estimated cost is 30,000,000 dollars.

The California and Oregon Railroad project is in the hands of two corporations, organised respectively in the two States. The California company proposes

to make the road from the terminus of the present Marysville and Ocoville Railway to the Siskiyou mountains on the Oregon border, *viâ* Red Bluff, Shasta, and Yreka. The Oregon company, known as the "California and Columbia River Railroad Company," will continue it through the Rogue river, Umpqua and Wallamet valleys, to Portland. Apart from the need for it as a connection between the Great Continental line and Puget Sound, a line of railroad connecting the productive valley lands of Northern California and Oregon with tide water can alone give the settlers in those regions quick access to the best markets for their produce, and enable them to export large quantities of grain, the transportation of which to market at present is impossible at remunerative rates. In addition to these considerations, this railroad will be in the direct line of the coast trade, now "vitalised" by the northern mining discoveries. It will be infinitely preferable to the sea route for the freight and travel between California, Oregon, Idaho, and British Columbia. The whole line of the proposed railway possesses great agricultural resources, unlimited water-power for manufacturing purposes, vast forests of timber, and mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron.

Congress has liberally made a donation to the Company of the California and Oregon Railway of every alternate section of land (excepting, of course, mineral land) for ten miles on either side the road. The Great Pacific or Continental line, being of a less local, or rather, of a more national character, will receive double this amount of land, with the still further privilege of

going forty miles on either side their line, and taking up even sections in lieu of odd sections pre-empted, sold, or reserved.

Every alternate ten miles of the road is therefore a munificent grant, securing to the shareholders 6,400 acres for making each mile of the road, or 4,160,000 acres for the distance of 650 miles, the length of the proposed line. The lands thus granted are chiefly in the valley regions of California and Oregon, and will undoubtedly be very soon as valuable for farming purposes as the prairie lands of Illinois, so liberally granted to the Illinois Central Railroad Company, which have made that railway company the wealthiest in the United States. At the Government price of 25 dollars per acre, the Oregon Railroad grant is worth to-day 5,200,000 dollars.

The new territory of Idaho, mentioned above, possesses claims to notice as a gold-mining region, although the difficulty of obtaining water, that grand desideratum of mining districts, together with the length of the wintery season, operate unfavourably for the development of its resources. I derive my information on this point from an experienced miner who, having made two fortunes in California during the early days of her mining history, and succeeded in eventually losing both, spent three years in Idaho, and returned even poorer than he went.

The projected Oregon Railway will doubtless procure for Idaho the artificial aids to prosperity which are necessary. In contrast to the information derived as above stated relative to the severity of the Idaho

winters, I quote from the *Lewiston* (North Idaho) *Radiator* the following :—

"Few places can be found in this latitude where the winter climate is more agreeable than in Lewiston. Not more than two inches of snow have remained on the ground during the present winter. The trails between this and Elk city and Oro Fino have been regularly travelled by express men.

"It is a pleasant contrast to the route over the Nevada Mountains on the Washoe stage line, where fifteen feet of snow extend for scores of miles; the travellers frequently making that part of the trip in sleighs, and sometimes being compelled to walk in snow-shoes. At such times some persons become what is termed snow-blind, an affection of the sight occasioned by the glare of the snow. Else nothing, as is well known, can be more exhilarating than a sleigh ride; the bracing air, the rapid motion, the sparkling crystallised appearance of nature, the merry jingle of the sleigh bells, are agreeable anywhere, and doubly so where enjoyment is enhanced by the slight chance of danger which prevents it from becoming monotonous. Future settlers in Idaho, however, in spite of the fine winters at Lewiston, may rely on sufficient snow for pleasant sleighing as one of the attractions of a residence there."

The name of Idaho signifies "gem of the mountains." It is of Indian origin.

The present great agricultural county, as before remarked, is that of Sonoma. Its variety of soil and beauty of climate are equally well adapted to the

culture of the grape, and to the growth of grain and vegetables. To these advantages must be added the natural superiority from a facility of communication with San Francisco. Sonoma is perhaps, with the sole exception of Napa, the most fortunate county in the State. Wheat, rye, oats, barley, and buckwheat are a certain crop everywhere. The finest potatoes in California are grown there. Russian River valley is *par excellence* the corn-growing valley of the State; and all these vegetable productions grow without irrigation or special care, though this is almost the only district in California that will do it. In some parts of Calaveras county, and a few other spots only, beside Russia River valley, can Indian corn be grown in this way. Farmers in England tremble for the harvest if rain is withheld for six consecutive weeks, and yet in that splendid agricultural country not a shower falls for eight or nine months together! Sonoma county is likewise famous for its fruit. Its vineyards are but little inferior to those of Los Angeles, the more southern and grape-growing region of the county. The careless method of farming common to the country is giving way in Sonoma to a better mode of husbandry. During the year 1865 one-third more ground had been sown with grain in Sonoma than was ever sown before, and the yield would probably be immense. The farmers in this section frequently continue their sowing as late as the middle of April. If the spring rains are prolonged to the end of that month—and it is seldom they fall later—these late-sown crops often turn out well; but they are hazardous.

The town of Petaluma, containing about two thousand inhabitants, is the largest in Sonoma county. Steamboats ply daily between that town and San Francisco. A railroad through the county is projected, to start from a place called Lakeville Landing, at which the Petaluma boat calls daily.

The railway is to continue to Healdsburg, the second town of importance in Sonoma county. It is situated in Russian River Valley, and contains at present only about a hundred dwellings, and seven hundred inhabitants. The country around Healdsburg is beautiful and park-like in its scenery. Indeed, the whole of Sonoma county is remarkable for rural beauty. The richness of the land, particularly towards Healdsburg, and the salubrity and mildness of its climate, render it most beneficial to invalids, and a delightful contrast to the fogs and winds of San Francisco, to say nothing of its mineral springs, or the famous "Geysers." The houses in Healdsburg are nearly all built of redwood, with which the neighbouring mountains abound. They are plain, but comfortable. The inhabitants lead an easy, but somewhat listless life, as I judge from the assurance made me by an individual there who was desirous of purchasing some timber for building, and who declared that, in spite of the redwood forests close by, and the numerous saw-mills in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, he had the utmost difficulty in procuring shingles (pieces of wood the size of slates) to roof his dwelling.

The settlers in Russian River Valley are mainly emigrants from the Southern or Mississippi Slave

States, and retain the improvident and idle habits of that region of slave-holders, natural to men who employ others to keep themselves idle. Settled in one of the best grazing as well as agricultural districts in California, they are often pinched for the necessaries, assuredly for the comforts, of life, and rarely possess the luxuries of English farm-houses, or of American farm-houses in the Northern States elsewhere. With fine herds of cattle and excellent pasture land, they are often without butter and cheese. They miss their old slaves. Vegetables of every description grow almost spontaneously, and yet they are seldom seen on the table. The people live chiefly on pork and hominy, the latter being a preparation of Indian corn. Green corn, properly cooked, is one of the most delicious of vegetables. The cob is picked while green, divested of its swathing of leaves and tassels, broken in half, and simply boiled till the grain softens; this it will do perhaps in fifteen minutes. It is then sent to the table, buttered, peppered, salted, and eaten, of course, hot. It must be taken in the fingers, and the grain, on which the butter has been spread as on bread, must be nibbled off mouse-fashion, as the succulent matter would be lost and the flavour spoiled by attempting to scrape it off the cob with the knife. Considerable dexterity is requisite to accomplish this feat elegantly and yet successfully. To quote one who is worthy of being quoted on few other subjects, "It is not so much the picking a bone which is obnoxious to refined taste as the style in which it is picked." If a first-rate gentleman in

Europe admitted the possibility of picking a bone. gracefully, I may be excused for asserting that it is possible to eat green corn in the same mode.

"Succotash" is a dish which I never eat in England. For the benefit of those of my fair readers who, with Lady Mary Wortley Montague, believe that the fact of working to please those we love beautifies even a menial employment, I give the following recipe for its preparation. Schools of cookery, however, are happily becoming the fashion, so I might have waived any apology for introducing the subject. Succotash is an Indian dish. Green corn is scraped into a dish with sliced French beans and white haricot beans, the latter having been previously parboiled; the whole is stewed in milk, which, when nearly ready, is delicately thickened with flour and a bit of butter the size of a large walnut. Pepper and salt are put in at an early stage of the process.

Hominy is a preparation of Indian corn,—how prepared for sale I do not know. It is boiled like rice, and eaten either as a vegetable or with syrup.

The swine of Sonoma are almost the only corn-fed pigs in California. This accounts for the superiority of their flavour over the pork of other counties, which is miserable eating, being fed chiefly on slops and offal.

A railway, connecting this fine agricultural region with the Bay of San Francisco, is wanting. It would facilitate the transmission of its vegetable produce to the best markets. In winter the roads of Sonoma are in a bad condition, being all but impassable. The heavy rains create deep mud, and convert the roads into

sloughs. The rivers, shallow and peaceful in summer, become swift torrents, rushing to the sea, high and difficult to cross, in many cases sweeping away the few bridges erected.

At Point Arenas, fifty miles north-west of Healdsburg, and at Mattole river, forty miles south of Humboldt Bay, petroleum deposits have been discovered, the latter especially of a purer quality than elsewhere in the State. It is expected in California that petroleum and railroad manias will succeed the late mining excitement.

The curse of California has been its land titles; grants of land under the old Spanish rule having occasionally invalidated others, and originated—particularly in cases where large tracts of land were in litigation—an endless amount of vexation. One of these disputed Spanish grants extends over the entire vicinity of Healdsburg. At one time the settlers became so exasperated that it was necessary to call out the soldiery to preserve order. Cases have occurred in which peaceful and industrious settlers in California have again and again been compelled to purchase titles to property, after which, perhaps, a new claimant has arisen, professing a legal claim of anterior date, and the heart-broken settlers have been obliged to pay every cent of the hard earnings of years, or go forth ruined from their prosperous farms. It is no wonder that the people became exasperated at the burlesque of law which proved so ineffectual for the protection of honest industry. I was introduced one day to a mild-looking woman, who, with evident and

pardonable pride, showed me over a prosperous homestead and its flourishing acres, which owed their condition to her own and her husband's toil for the best part of a lifetime. "You would not guess," said a friend to me subsequently, "of what that mild-looking little woman has proved capable."

"Undoubtedly," I replied, "of indefatigable perseverance."

"Considerably more than that," was the rejoinder.

"How?" I inquired. "Of what?"

"Simply of murder," was the calm reply. My friend continued: "It was a case of great provocation. The land upon which they settled, with the understanding that in so many years they were to become purchasers, fell into litigation. They purchased the title to their portion under the advice of judges between the rival claimants. Shortly after an earlier claim to the land, under an old Spanish grant, was admitted. Once more they paid the price of their beloved homestead, and once more the whole district was claimed by one of the ubiquitous land-grabbers. His claim was so far judged good that the sheriff was empowered to enter and take possession of various dwellings. The husband of that little woman, a meek-spirited man, was for resigning the homestead. Money they had none left; their family was large, and would be homeless. 'Do as you please,' said the wife. 'Whoever attempts to turn us out shall rue the attempt.' The sheriff and his posse appeared. The neighbourhood were almost in arms, and he was warned that they would resort to desperate measures. Nothing daunted,

he proceeded, poor fellow, in the discharge of his duty. The first step he made into the doorway of our friend's sitting-room he fell mortally wounded by the discharge of a gun. The room had been crowded with the friends of the *ranchero*, or farmer. It was perhaps purposely somewhat darkened, and the upshot was that no one could or would tell whose hands had held the gun. It was shrewdly surmised among the settlers, however, that yonder gentle-looking little woman could have solved the mystery, from which, in consequence of the occurrence of other and more exciting events, public attention was shortly diverted. I forget whether the title is in abeyance still, or whether it was purchased a third time."

The coast range on either side the town of Healdsburg is rugged and imposing in appearance. Mount St. Helen's, twelve miles east, rises to the height of three thousand seven hundred feet. Other peaks near are scarcely less lofty. In the neighbourhood are fine veins of quicksilver. To the northward, again, beyond Sonoma is Del Norte county, chiefly noted for its veins of copper. In one mine of the rockland district in this region, called the Cruikshank vein, the lodes are all in slate (in which only, some scientific men say, copper exists). It shows more or less on the surface. In the immediate vicinity of this vein are copper, quartz, and talcose granite,—all, I believe, considered to indicate the existence of a superior mineral region. The rock known in Cornwall as serpentine abounds in Del Norte.

CHAPTER XI.

COMMERCE—PANAMA CITY—FREE TRADE WITH NEW SOUTH WALES AND WITH CHINA—RUSSO-AMERICAN ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—CONDITION OF SAN FRANCISCO—POPULATION—STATISTICAL PARALLELS OF MURDERS COMMITTED IN THE FREE AND SLAVE STATES—MONEY-MAKING—GARDEN PRODUCE—MARKET PRICES—RATES OF SALARIES AND WAGES—HOUSE RENT—TAXATION—CURRENCY—IRISH VOTES FOR M'CLELLAN—THE "NEW HUMAN CONGLOMERATE."

It is impossible for any dispassionate person to cast his eyes over a chart of the great Pacific, and not to perceive that the port of San Francisco will prove the great commercial depôt of that vast ocean. Victoria lying to the northward, and therefore some hundreds of miles less accessible, will be its only rival. As to the Spanish, or rather the old colonial Spanish ports from Mexico to Cape Horn, they are unlikely to prove formidable rivals either to the one or the other, when the character of their population is considered. There is another reason why the ports of South America will not be likely to rival the North, and that is the railroads, for these before long will connect the extreme Western States of the Union with the great rivers on the east, and the ramification of the railroads on their banks already extending in every direction in that part of the United States. The territory of British Columbia, too, will no doubt ultimately have its railway

to Canada. Cape Horn will then only be rounded by vessels with cargoes of heavy and dead merchandise. The Northern coast will be the deposit of all the goods from Europe that both railway and shipping will convey. The isthmus of Panama would seem to be the station for a great *entrepôt* of commerce, when glancing at a map, if merely on account of its apparent convenience. Geographically, it is well adapted for the grand commercial depôt of the Pacific, but to this place there are insurmountable obstacles. It cannot furnish sufficient productions of its own for exchange; it is situated in a deadly climate; and its inhabitants are a race totally destitute of the enterprise of the nations of Anglo-Saxon blood. The general impression has been that San Francisco will export only the precious metals of its own and neighbouring States. This is an error. Situated in a latitude happily between the extremes of heat and cold; possessing a vast extent of fertile soil at but a short distance from the ocean, a soil where the rich minerals are scarcest (for these abound most in ground unfitted to the purposes of agriculture, a subject already noticed); possessing, in addition, great fecundity, time sufficient to establish the cultivation of the land is all that is necessary to insure great remunerative agricultural returns. The efforts of an increasing population have heretofore been directed to the accumulation of searchers for precious metals. Eventually these chance gains will be less valued than the certain, but smaller profits of the less laborious pursuit of agriculture. It is a common practice with those who must, to a certain extent, be short-sighted, to

grumble at the large importations of foreign manufactures into San Francisco, and unceasingly to demand the exclusive consumption by Californians of the productions of native industry. In view of the surpassingly beneficial effects of free trade upon the wealth of other countries, these arguments have no foundation in fact, and are worthless in consequence. Some, equally wrong, complain of the influx of emigration. It is truly to be regretted that so few agriculturists are among the number of emigrants, or at least that so few betake themselves to the occupation of farming; but the very increase of population which is deplored will inevitably tend to force the cultivation of the land at low rates, and to induce settlers rather to seek competence by the soundest of all pursuits than chance fortunes by the ruin of health and the waste of toil constantly attendant upon mining, where, for one who wins, two lose. The sanguine and impatient may build *châteaux en Espagne*, and find their dreams end in disappointment, if relying upon chance; but to live without excessive labour is all the mass anywhere can hope to do. Dreams may at present be more frequent and deceptive than ever. This is not wonderful. Whoever contemplates the probable future of the Union and the gigantic efforts it so lately made to quell a formidable rebellion undertaken in behalf of the permanent establishment of a slave empire, will acknowledge that if the indulgence of an idle vision or two regarding that future be a little premature or boastful, those visions are based on inferences drawn from rational grounds, and not from the images of a distempered fancy.

No free communication for productions of the State with the interior can be opened to any great extent until the rapidly increasing population is induced to betake itself largely to agriculture. The great capabilities of the country in this respect are not yet half developed. It is said that opium can be easily produced, and that labour alone is wanting for that purpose. The cochineal insect can be multiplied for export. It affords also, in addition to its other vast resources, a field for the production of raw silk. The limit to the exports of such a country is not easily surmised. It can be only for a time that even the precious metals can overshadow its other great natural advantages.

The first step to be taken towards its progress is the construction of the contemplated "Pacific Railroad," which will facilitate communication not merely with the Eastern States, but, by affording an easy transit to the interior counties of the State itself, be the means of fixing agriculturists on suitable lands. This railway is at present actually in process of construction. The electric telegraph already speaks from San Francisco to New York.

Commerce between San Francisco and New South Wales has long since commenced; it is principally carried on by exchange for coal. English coal sent by way of Cape Horn brings eight pounds sterling per ton in San Francisco, as before stated. Coals are sent there from Oregon. English coal is chiefly employed for purposes where inferior coals are not suitable. Petroleum of good quality has also been recently discovered in Santa Barbara.

With China, Japan, and the Philippines—in fact, with all the trading Asiatic islands—there is a wide field for commerce. Quicksilver finds a ready sale at Hong Kong, and flour is sent to the Chinese ports. The return cargoes from China are often passengers of that industrious race, with their tea, sugar, rice, and similar commodities.

From Manilla cordage, coffee, sugar, molasses, hemp, and other articles are sent. San Diego supplies oranges, oil, tallow, hides, wool, and live cattle. The passage to Hong Kong occupies from sixty to eighty days. The parent States supply almost every kind of merchandise in exchange for the precious metals. From New York, per sailing vessels, the voyage is often prolonged to a hundred and forty days and more. From Newcastle, England, the passage has been made in the same time. The communication with Victoria, distant about eight hundred miles, is continual. From San Francisco to Cape Horn is six thousand three hundred and thirty miles. From San Francisco to Panama is three thousand one hundred and fifty, and from thence to England four thousand five hundred and fifty. Total from England, *viâ* the West Indies, seven thousand six hundred and fifty miles. By way of New York, the cheaper but the farther sea-route to California, the distance from England to San Francisco is eight thousand six hundred and fifty miles.

The efforts generally made by Americans to extend their communications were in some degree retarded by the disarrangements caused through the war. The enormous cost thus incurred must necessarily diminish

every means of improvement, but the American people have shown themselves well aware of the importance of the subject by their previous activity and spirit respecting it. It cannot be expected for ages to come that a railway can be constructed in the North of Asia across the frozen deserts of Siberia. The want of population, and of produce for traffic in such a waste, will postpone such a work even at the latitude of 60°, which is about that of St. Petersburg. It is different with the electric telegraph, which is in process of construction from San Francisco to St. Petersburg, *viâ* the Aleutian Islands. The telegraph from San Francisco to New York has long since been constructed.

At first the city of San Francisco, founded by adventurers and men of all classes and countries, who were drawn there by the mines, was a disorderly scene without moral character. The miners in the country robbed each other, and murders were common. All this, except robberies occasionally practised upon miners up the country by the abandoned of the same class, is quite changed. The city of San Francisco to-day, as already observed, is one of the most quiet and orderly in the world. Murders in country districts are still somewhat more frequent than in other "Free States" of the Union in proportion to the population, but not equal to those which took place in general in the Southern Atlantic Slave States, where the bowie-knife and the revolver were the slave-owners' appendages, and too often held to be the first and last of their arguments. There is no doubt that the Vigilance Committee, followed by the regular action of the law courts, placed

the State on an equal footing with other Free States, and restored some character even to the lawless miners. The population in 1851 was 350,000. In that year there were sixty-five murders. The Slave State of Texas, with 500,000, returned but fifty. The Free State of Wisconsin, with a population of 552,109, returned but eight! New York, with 3,470,059 population, returned but seventy-four. Pennsylvania, with 2,542,960, returned twenty-eight. The total number in one year in the whole of the sixteen Free States, with 15,887,399 of white population, was returned at 302. The fifteen Slave States, with a population of 7,593,413 whites, returned 380! It is presumed that slaves executed for murder would be few indeed, while the murder of a slave by a white man would be no more than manslaughter. The slaves, therefore (3,200,304), are omitted, and the whites in the South and North placed against each other. The parallels are striking: thus, in Massachusetts (Free) there were 1,133,123 population, and nineteen murders; in Kentucky (Slave State), 1,086,587, and forty-six murders. In California the gambling of the miners and the quarrels and disgraceful scenes of the country districts in the early colonisation of the State have passed away, and like the capital in the early days of its settlement, the comparison with the past is most favourable. San Francisco itself, with its fine public buildings, its ecclesiastical edifices, and places of business, enjoying perfect tranquillity, seems as if changed by enchantment.

The mental direction of the population is towards

the art of making the most money in the least time, which has a tendency to induce less honour in business dealings generally than is customary in many other places,—so I learned by the general tone of conversation among its citizens, who are prone to declare that in business affairs they would almost doubt the honesty of an angel who should so far mistake his road as to alight in California. For my part I believe human nature to be much the same everywhere, save that custom, rather than religion or honour, rules with a more iron hand in some parts of the world than in others. The English have been termed, with the intention of deriding them, "a nation of shopkeepers." If this be an opprobrious epithet, which is more than questionable, it must apply with even greater stringency to the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, the very aristocracy of whose chief towns—"Fifth Avenue" aristocracy in New York, to wit—is largely composed of those who owe their position in life to success in trade. John Bull's retort upon his Gallic derider was, "that sell what they might, they would never sell the island." Whatever selfishness may commonly be engendered by undue devotion to money-getting, San Franciscans can never be accused of want of generosity. Every energy is directed by them to that end, it is true; the wonder is, how cosmopolitan the faculty appears. Admitting the *penchant* of John Bull and Brother Jonathan that way, it is surprising to observe that the appetite of Dutch, German, Swede, ay, and of Johnny Crapaud himself, is no way distinguishable in this respect from the English and

American element in California. The Dutch or Germans monopolise the trades of baker and grocer almost exclusively. The Hebrew nation there, as elsewhere, deals largely in articles of masculine clothing. Altogether there is no decided evidence to prove the overweening love of either John Bull or Jonathan for "shopkeeping:" *au contraire.* The learned professions, gravely excepting, of course, the Chinese doctors before mentioned, are chiefly recruited from the ranks of those two celebrated cousins. The generosity of Californians has been alluded to. Money at one time was easily made, and that consequent rapid acquirement of wealth might in a measure have lessened its value sufficiently to account for the generous things frequently rendered in the way of assistance by one individual to another. If a case of destitution occurs, its mention in the public prints is enough to insure assistance sufficient to place the suffering party above want. Perhaps this may be a consequence of the rapid acquirement of wealth, the ordinary labour of its attainment, when very great, naturally enhancing its value. It is incredible what sums of money are made and lost unconnected with the chances of gold-hunting. The early purchasers of land on speculation made enormous profits. For its age, the character of many of its edifices, its extent, and population, render the rise of the city a marvel in the history of nations. This port of Drake's New Albion promises to be the New York of the Pacific. The return of intestine peace and the wonderful activity of the people—a phenomenon among empires—will soon

realise that more mature State which nations under despotic rule cannot regard without the envy that, in its reaction, is injurious only to despotism itself, just as the envy of the prosperity of England in regard to her American colonies reacted upon France, and accelerated the revolution that shook all the absolute sovereignties of Europe, and dissipated the unworthy dream of kings ruling through divine, in place of popular right; to which last form of government all the civilised, or, in other words, the more enlightened nations of the world are tending.

The garden produce of the vicinity of San Francisco in necessaries for the table is plentiful. Onions vary from 1*d.* to 5*d.* per lb.; cabbages and cauliflowers 6*d.* apiece; carrots and turnips 6*d.* a bunch; peas and French beans 6*d.* per quart; artichokes 6*d.* to 10*d.*; pumpkins 6*d.*, and tomatoes 3*d.* per lb.; peaches, the half-bushel basket, from 4*s.* to 6*s.* The markets, as before stated, are well supplied with fruit and vegetables all the year round. That fruit so neglected in England, the common blackberry, brings sometimes 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb. Raspberries and strawberries from 6*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* in the season. Cranberries are much used for pies, and sell at from 6*d.* to 1*s.* per lb. Rhubarb brings about 1*s.*; plums and cherries double and treble that sum. Oranges are often to be had for 2*s.* a dozen; apples from 6*d.* to a couple of shillings, and even more, per dozen. The finest pears sometimes sell for 6*d.* each, sometimes for much more; inferior qualities are cheaper. A head of lettuce or a bunch of radishes or watercresses is

worth 2½*d.* It must be recollected that in many cases a dollar will go a very little farther than a shilling in England. Many articles are greatly above London prices. Wages are proportionate. Venison and tolerable beef bring 10*d.* per lb. The cost of beef fattened expressly for Christmas reaches the extravagant price of 4*s.* 2*d.* per lb. Pork, mutton, veal, and lamb range from 6*d.* to 1*s.*; ducks and fowls from 4*s.* to 6*s.* per pair; turkeys and geese sell at 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb. Wild geese fetch only 2*s.* or 3*s.* apiece, and wild ducks are worth 1*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* a pair. Salmon and sturgeon, in the height of the season, are as low as 6*d.* per lb., and superb they both are for size. Earlier they are worth 2*s.* per lb. Oysters are 2*s.* a dozen; lobsters and crabs 1*s.* each; soles 10*d.* per lb.; quails 3*s.* per dozen.

In regard to groceries, flour ranges from 6*s.* to 10*s.* per half cwt., and Indian meal 6*s.* to 8*s.* Rice 6*d.*; sugar 7*d.* to 8*d.*; tea 4*s.* to 6*s.* per lb.; coffee 1*s.* 8*d.*; raisins 1*s.*; and dried currants 1*s.* 3*d.* per lb. These prices appear high, but it is necessary in considering them, and also the high price of clothing, to remember that wages are in proportion. For example, book-keepers receive from £15 to £30 per month; clerks from £10 to £20; and salesmen from £10 to £40 per month. Bar-keepers receive from £8 to £15; men-cooks from £10 to £14, and women-cooks from £6 to £7 per month; housemaids get from £3 to £6, and nursemaids from £3 to £5.

Then, as to mechanics' wages per day, blacksmiths earn from 16*s.* to 20*s.*, and their assistants, called

"strikers," from 8*s.* to 12*s.* per day; bricklayers, from 12*s.* to 20*s.*; cabinet-makers the same; carpenters, 8*s.* to 20*s.*; glaziers and painters can earn about the same. Stone-cutters make from 12*s.* to £1 a day; printers, from £1 to 30*s.* Labourers earn from 8*s.* to 10*s.* a day, and washerwomen or charwomen about the same. Draymen (including their teams) get from 30*s.* to 35*s.* daily. It must be understood, however, that the highest prices named above are only commanded by the very best quality of labour in the various employments.

It may be seen that whereas in linen-drapery, house rent, and many other necessaries, the dollar goes but little further than the shilling, a labourer who earns two dollars and a half a day is quite as well off at half-a-crown in London. House rent is very high: for a moderate-sized eight-roomed frame house £8 and £9 per month are considered reasonable. Brick houses of similar size are worth £10 and £12; and when the risk of fire to frame houses is taken into consideration, rents will be seen to be an alarming item in the expenses of working men.

The legal rate of interest is as high as ten per cent. per month in California; the common rate is two and a half per cent. per month. Higher interest is often given, but is not recoverable by law. The exports from the home districts and from Oregon are generally large. Thus from January up to July, 1865, that of treasure alone to England, New York, and Panama was 22,000,000 of dollars; a falling off, however, of 7,000,000 compared with the same space of

time in 1864. The custom-house receipts for the first six months of 1865 were 3,346,936 dollars; in the same year the population of San Francisco alone is 112,700. In 1849 the whole State had a population of but 91,635, on a territory of 155,480 square miles; of that population but 962 were people of colour. In 1855 the exports had reached in value to 8,244,066, the imports to 5,951,379 dollars. The value of real estate in 1850, added to the personal, only reached 21,923,173 dollars. The State debt in 1855 was 1,812,502 dollars. The rate of taxation in California for the year 1864 was 2·90 dollars per cent. higher than that of any preceding year since 1860. The assessed value of real estate in San Francisco for that year was 47,292,903 dollars, and the personal property assessed amounted to 33,443,262. The city's revenue for taxes and licenses for the same year was 925,724 dollars; its expenditure, 785,894 dollars; and its bonded debt, 4,413,384 dollars. Taxation, previously very light, has weighed heavily even on California since the war. Each male inhabitant over twenty-one pays a State poll tax, a military poll tax, and I think a city poll tax of 8*s.* per annum besides.

It is not easy to discover yet what effect the late war has had upon this State in retarding its progress. A great stagnation is complained of by Californians in all pursuits. It was, however, happily beyond reach of active warfare; and the pressure of financial measures was not so severely felt there as elsewhere, partly on account of the attention paid by Government to the plea of the people that, inasmuch as California

was the grand fountain-head of American gold, it was unjust to deprive her of the benefit of a gold currency, and so, by crippling her energies, cut off in a great measure the supply of that metal from her borders. It was partly, too, perhaps by the passage in the Californian legislature of the Specific Contract Bill, by which any one so contracting was compelled to pay in gold coin. Legal tenders or greenbacks were consequently seldom exchanged at their fair value, and, indeed, were but rarely used at all,—never in notes of less than five dollars' value, unless at the post or other public offices.

In regard to the political feeling of Californians during that remarkable conflict of "earth's adverse principles," the great mass of the inhabitants went heart and soul with the Union; nor was it easy to perceive any inclination on their part to sever themselves, under any circumstances, by declaring their own independence. The scheme of a Pacific Republic was indeed mooted, but indignantly scouted by the great mass of the population. The reports set on foot by parties interested in a different state of things from those in actual existence must be taken for what they are worth. The element which has proved so annoying to England, which it never ceases to denounce as the land of tyranny—that is to say, the "Irish" element—promises to become almost as prolific a source of trouble and uneasiness to the very country that has sheltered and fostered it. The great majority of Irish votes in California during the late presidential campaign were cast, not for Lincoln, the

apostle of liberty, but for M'Clellan, the Copperhead or Democratic candidate. Forgetting their long and vehemently-expressed devotion to liberal principles, oblivious of gratitude, of honour—of everything, in short, but the clannish "Mac" before their favoured candidate's name—they rushed, with few exceptions, to the polling-places, and with their ballots inscribed their own infamy upon the records of the land which had adopted and nurtured them.

America was, not without cause, irritated at the course of the moneyed interest among her British cousins during the late struggle; but it must be acknowledged by all right-minded and conscientious Americans that the course of their own Government in permitting, and of their press in actually encouraging, the public organisation of armed bodies in their midst for the avowed purpose of waging war upon England, is hardly calculated to make her regret the style of the late "British neutrality." She might possibly feel somewhat more sore than she appears to do in this matter, were it not that the conduct of these same "Fenians,"* during the political campaign which resulted in the triumphant re-election of President Lincoln, was such as strongly to suggest that they are likely to prove quite as perplexing to the nation which fosters them as to the people they avowedly hate. "Better is an open enemy than a deceitful friend." It is to be hoped that England and the United States, however, will find some worthier object about which to

* Or "Phenians," a fabulous name, taken under the ridiculous assumption that Ireland was peopled from Phœnicia!

differ than about a class of men whose excesses their own clergy do not seek to palliate. If the efforts of such men as the lamented Archbishop Hughes and others had had their due influence on the minds of their followers, we should hear less of the absurdities of "Fenianism." What, however, is to be judged of men on whom neither the denunciations of the clergy they profess to respect, in regard to secret societies and conspiracies, nor the demands of gratitude and liberty on their part towards America herself, have had any effect? Admitting that there are evils in British rule in Ireland of which Irishmen have a right to complain, let me ask, what was the tyranny of Lincoln towards them, that they should oppose him with equal pertinacity? Do they want one kind of freedom for Ireland and another for America? It is also worthy the consideration of the American Government that while the majority of North-of-Ireland men in America voted for Lincoln, hardly a North-of-Ireland Catholic can be found who talks of secret societies to redress the grievances of Ireland. They know, and Archbishop Hughes knew, that earnest and conscientious efforts, rightly and legally directed, would be far more efficacious.

Here I must terminate my narrative. I do not know that I can do better, on taking leave of California, than by quoting from a leading article in that ably-edited paper, the *San Francisco Mercury*, on the subject of the advantages possessed by the race colonised on the shores of the far Pacific, consequent upon its being a "conglomeration" of every superior human

race. There, side by side in the battle of life, are the ever-dominant Anglo-Saxon, the lively Gaul, the heroic Swiss, the "uncharacterisable" Hibernian, the shrewd Scotchman, the phlegmatic yet persevering Teuton, the proud Spaniard, and the hardy Dane; not, as in London, overwhelmed by the superior numbers of one governing race, but boasting of sufficient members of either nationality to secure an influence in the legislature of the State, to say nothing of the emancipated Sambos and China "Johns," by way of an under-current in social life, which the editor denominates the "new human conglomerate:"—

"It seems almost incredible that, in the very face of all the age's tendencies, certain of our adopted citizens persist in the agitation of measures calculated to promote the perpetuation of national prejudices—a proceeding which can only have the effect of damaging their interests as members of a social system the benefits of which all are destined to share in common. The whole bent of the times is towards the intermixture of the civilised and enlightened races into one great universal brotherhood, speaking a common language, and bound together by a common tie of Christian interest; and California, with its inducements to immigration and its liberal laws, may be the very spot where this human mosaic is destined to fuse and come together. There is a prospect, becoming gradually more and more distinct as the world draws near its prime, that all mankind are to 'conglomerate' into an immense overpowering Anglo-American nationality, having its throne of central authority in the United

States, and its main outposts on the hitherward shores of the Pacific, about which time 'the lion and the lamb' will doubtless lie down together, both too much 'used up' to fight it out any longer. The numerous improvements in public conveyances are converting the human family into wanderers; distinctions of country are abolished; homes are almost unknown; the 'peoples,' as Kossuth would express it, are losing their individualities and becoming mixed. We were once exceedingly interested in the proceedings of a colony of insects which had found a home, through the good offices of the winds, in the bottom of an open tin-canister, the greased sides of which prevented their enlarging to any extent the sphere of their usefulness. There they were, working away at their natural pursuits with utmost diligence, without a thought of trespassing beyond the limits of their little domain, which had been theirs for ever so many centuries of minutes. But, even as we looked, a passing breeze threw a great beam of a straw into the can, with one end resting upon the edge. In less time than may be imagined the industrious workers were making use of the bridge thus erected for them, and had sprawled over the adjacent flower-beds in every direction. Formerly, men and women clung contentedly to those portions of the earth which Providence had assigned to them; but steam and electricity are accomplishing for them what the straw did for the insects, and they are rapidly forsaking their old localities, to meet at last in a land where their interests and sympathies will unite and merge in the bonds of a common fraternity. California has effected

all this wondrous change; she smote the shackles from the wrists of the *white slave* in whose breast the oppressions of unjust rulers had nearly extinguished the sentiment of freedom, and has given them, in place of pauperism, prosperity and ease."

CHAPTER XII.

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS—EMBARKATION FOR ENGLAND.

A VISIT to England, *viâ* Panama and New York, in three embarkations will, perhaps, furnish a sketch of some little interest beyond an outward-bound one in an English ship. I must entreat the reader to excuse my want of ability to delineate better the characters or occurrences I may attempt to describe. I referred to my return voyage at setting out as the reason for not entering into any particulars about that by which I reached the American continent, which presented nothing out of the common trips of a like character, and only a few passengers not meriting particular notice. Then, too, I was not seawoman enough to observe others, while my case was rendered very selfish by the usual disagreeables of a primary sea voyage.

Early in the spring (1865) I bade a temporary adieu to the many kind friends I number in the Golden State, and booking myself as passenger on the newest steamer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's line, rapidly left the city of San Francisco behind. It was impossible to quit those genial shores, where I had found so many warm-hearted and, as I trust, life-long friends, with their genuine hospitality and good-nature, without sincere regret, even though the departure were to

be but for a time; and my eyes filled with tears as I reflected on the uncertainty of all sublunary things, on the short-sightedness of mortality, and the possibility that fate might destine me never again to revisit a country which had been the scene of many happy hours, albeit mingled, as all of life must be, with a due proportion of gloom and sadness.

I have before described the Golden Gate, the entrance to the noble bay of San Francisco, after emerging from which into the open Pacific, our stately steamer bent her course southward, passing so near to the Cliff House, before spoken of, that we could distinguish the faces of friends clustered on its piazza, who had driven over from the city for the purpose of waving us a final adieu. The breakers, as before stated, here swell and break angrily upon the rocks; and after the Cliff House faded from sight, I believe no excitement remained of sufficient power to keep the passengers from their berths, to which many had beat a very hasty retreat even in the course of our progress through the harbour. I would gladly draw the veil of oblivion, if I could, over the next three days; but impotent to do that, my readers shall be mercifully spared the infliction of any attempt to do justice to the subject; their imaginations will be sufficiently active to delineate it.

Our commander, I was informed, was an Englishman by birth, and son of an admiral of the British navy. Expressing my surprise that the son of a British naval officer of such high rank, certainly able to have secured promotion in the service to his children, should prefer the command of an American passenger vessel, I was

met with a smile and the characteristic remark, "Oh, he does very handsomely here; his pay is not less than fourteen thousand dollars per annum." I was told he was deservedly a favourite with the owners of that line of steamers for his devotion to duty and valuable qualities as a seaman, while he was no less highly regarded by those who served under him. It was to be regretted, as the captain of a passenger vessel, that he still retained a certain hauteur which, it was significantly remarked by some American gentlemen on board, savoured strongly of his "English origin." Now, against this proposition I beg leave to enter a decided protest, having observed that English naval officers are generally remarkable for genial urbanity of bearing, which I cannot say of those of the army. On board a ship-of-war, too, a strict conduct, from the nature of the duty, becomes habitual; and often habit is mistaken by strangers for hauteur, from which they are here proverbially free. Any individual, on the other hand, who mistakes assumed hauteur for real dignity compatible with urbanity of manner, can know little of the world, the experience of which teaches that dignity, hauteur, or any other virtue or vice, is by no means a criterion of any nationality. This reminds me of the remark of a gentleman to some near neighbours of mine, at the table of this same vessel, relative to English ladies. In allusion to the English aristocracy, as he judged it, he said: "When I last came to San Francisco there were three English ladies on board, and it was amusing to observe the airs they gave themselves. They would associate with no one, asserting that there

were no *ladies* on board, although there were seventy-five first-cabin lady passengers." I was not acquainted with the speaker, but I did long to inform him that my experience of English ladies, reserved though they may be with strangers, suggested the extreme probability that those of whom he spoke were nothing more than ladies'-maids returning home, or something of that class. I could have enlightened him as to the fact that some of the most affable, genial-hearted, and admired women on board at that very moment were Englishwomen undeniably of the genus "lady." Equally as unjust as his judgment of the English was that exercised by a gentleman who remarked confidentially to me, as the result of his morning perambulation on deck, that he had discovered that all the ladies who were usefully and industriously employed were women of foreign birth. "If an American woman is found doing anything at all here, it is reading a novel," said he, derisively. "Indeed," was my reply; "certainly nobody on board has been more industrious since we have been at sea than little Miss M." "No one," he exclaimed, emphatically. "Allow me, then," said I, mischievously enough, "to have the pleasure of informing you that she is a native of the State of Maine. Ah, my dear sir, do you, who have travelled so much, require yet to learn that excellence of any kind is the especial property of no one nation beyond another —that educated people are much the same all over this little world of ours?" The champion of foreign excellence endeavoured to get out of the scrape in a good-humoured way. We would not permit an apology.

Our noble vessel, a steamer of four thousand tons, was a model of elegance, neatness, and order. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness which everywhere pervaded her. The upper deck—reserved, with the exception of a small space near the bow, for the exercise of the first and second cabin passengers—was entirely covered with oil-cloth painted over of a delicate grey colour. Two men were posted on this deck occupied all day long with brooms, removing rapidly any nutshells, fruit-parings, ends of cigars, or fragments of Berlin wool or crochet cotton thrown down from time to time by the passengers. Numerous spittoons, too, studded the length of the splendid deck at intervals. An awning, partially extended over it during the earlier portion of our voyage, was carried along its whole extent as we approached and entered the tropics. There were a number of benches for the use of passengers, who, however, gave the preference to steamer-chairs, provided by themselves; and the student of comfort might have found a subject for fruitful thought in the inspection of those with which our fine deck was crowded. It was a pleasant time enough for those who did not suffer more or less all the voyage from nausea, that fortnight in the noble *Golden City*, on the waters of the vast Paçific, which Drake had navigated in a ship of a hundred tons in place of one of four thousand.

The third day from our departure, at about 3 P.M., we sighted the company's steamer *Constitution* on her upward trip, bound to San Francisco from Panama. She had on board, as we knew, a cargo of passengers who had left New York prior to the assassination of

President Lincoln, for whose cruel and deliberate murder we had left every house in California draped in mourning, and they were consequently ignorant of his death. It was quickly circulated among us that the vessels would exchange communications. There was immediately a great stir on board among those desirous of sending some word or fragmentary note back to dear and anxious hearts left behind in the sunset land. Much bustle and hurry occurred to get letters signed, sealed, and directed in time for the lowering of the boat. It was pitiful, even in that trifling way, to note the anxiety depicted on pale faces that had not ceased to suffer since they quitted home, and could scarcely keep upright while penning the line which was to convey comfort to those now far away. There may be a vast deal of selfishness in the world—undoubtedly there is; but I question if the unselfishness does not about balance it, after all—at least, I hope so.

Onward came the upward-bound steamer, disdainfully dashing back the water from her black sides in long lines of white foam; first cutting through the waves with her sharp bows, as if likely to be turned from her course by no earthly obstacle, when, lo! just as she was passing us on our larboard bow, a sudden roar from the iron mouth of one of our Parrott-gun batteries arrested her graceful progress. Our boat was rapidly lowered, passengers excitedly handing their letters to the purser as he stepped into her, and speedily reached the side of the giant *Constitution*, of four thousand odd hundred tons. The passengers and crew were alike astonished at the unusual circumstance.

It hardly ever occurs that steamers on that line do more than interchange signals. All were now waiting anxiously to learn the cause of the arrest of movement. The first news given to the vessel from the South was that of the decisive victories of General Lee, the herald of the speedy termination of the war, upon the receipt of which a thousand stentorian voices sent a loud cheer of triumph back over the wave to us. Their delight was succeeded by a groan of horror, as the story of the murder of the good President reached their ears. Their flag was hastily lowered to half-mast, and our boat leaving the side of the *Constitution*, the spectacle of those two majestic vessels floating so peacefully upon the bosom of the mighty Pacific waters was quickly dispelled by the increase of steam and speed which rapidly conveyed them away from each other's sight, not without lingering looks until both were hull down. The following day the land of Lower California was in sight,—a bold mountainous outline in the dim distance. The increasing heat now necessitated the extension of the awning over the whole upper deck. The ladies by this time had pretty generally recovered from sea-sickness, discarded their warm San Francisco clothing, and appeared in the airiest of lawns and the most delicate of muslins. There were three very lovely women on board;—a tall, elegant, classical-featured Jewess, the personification of my ideal of Sir Walter Scott's noble creation, Rebecca, in "Ivanhoe," of whom—alas for the weakness of human nature!—subsequent observation of her bearing to her husband and family proved that the

personification extended in no way to her personal character; the one being the most generous of beings, the other a tolerably strong embodiment of selfishness. The second lady to whom I refer was a beautiful Spanish girl, the sister of an ex-governor of one of the provinces of Lower California, with dark, radiant eyes, full lips, and a wealth of massy dark curls falling unrestrained upon her neck. Indolent, and seemingly apathetic as she ordinarily appeared, I recollect being startled from my admiration into a strong consciousness of her Spanish origin by a stormy scene between herself and her maid: the latter was a heavy, clumsy specimen of the natives of Lower California, who, poor, creature, had enough to do to satisfy the whims of her capricious and handsome young mistress. A beauty of a very different type was our third belle, a delicate, aristocratic *blonde*, that mingled so happily the characteristics of the English, American, and German. I puzzled my brains for a long time to no avail in endeavouring to decide upon her nationality. That she was Anglo-Saxon was all of which I felt certain. Slightly above the medium height, her figure was conspicuous for its grace and elegance. Her abundant light brown hair was rolled back from a wide, open forehead, sufficiently delicate, with its tracery of blue veins, to relieve it from an unfeminine boldness of appearance so often the accompaniment of that trying style of *coiffeur*. Her full dark-blue eye beamed with intelligence; her nose, a delicate aquiline, evidence of a nature that could be a "Catherine" upon necessity and play the shrew. It was somewhat softened by a

mouth which expressed some sweetness of disposition. It was thus I read her character at first sight, being a little of a physiognomist. Subsequent observation satisfied me that I had not guessed very far from the truth. During the course of our voyage I discovered that she was a good linguist, speaking several modern languages fluently, was well read, was a sweet singer, and of a character altogether to be regarded with affection. There was not an invalid on board, I verily believe, whom she did not endeavour to console or amuse without the slightest ostentatious display of doing so. There was certainly no fractious child, trying the patience of mother or nurse past endurance, whom she did not manage to soothe by the influence of her sweet tone and manner. She walked the deck with squalling babies whom she had coaxed mamma to trust to her management. Others of her age would pass by such noisy specimens of youthful humanity with a shrug of annoyance or disgust; she never did. Five minutes after the irritable, tormenting infant was consigned, sleeping, to its nurse's care. I saw her anxiously assist some tyro, bound like herself for a tour on the continent of Europe, to construe German or Italian. Her parentage I discovered to be English and German, her birth American. She was an admirable combination of the good qualities of all three nations. Comparing the Anglo-Saxon belle, with her high intelligence, her noble principle, her self-control, her quiet, dignified, and ladylike bearing, with the vacillating and impulsive temperament of the Spanish beauty—now all listlessness, anon all passion—or with the

frequently supercilious and haughty Jewess, wrapped in her exclusive mantle of anti-cosmopolitanism — the domination of the Anglo-Saxon race was readily comprehended as the inevitable and redeeming element of the future of the world.

Not least conspicuous among our party was a gay widow, who invariably reminded me of John Saxe's "mourner *à la mode*," yet she withal exhibited a considerable spice of the coquette in her daily promenades on deck *en reine*. An attendant bevy of cavaliers she with surprising tact and *savoir-faire* managed to keep constantly engaged in the performance of a hundred trifling offices, from that of nurse to her little child, an arch youngster of five or six years of age, to that of "first equerry" in attendance on her still more consequential self. The lady was well enough; and if the "lords of creation" were so simple as to permit it, the lady was little to blame for fooling them "to the top of their bent."

We were favoured on board about this period by an evening lecture from a bishop of the "coloured persuasion," as they are humorously termed in California. In consequence of the extreme softness and warmth of a tropical atmosphere, the discourse was delivered under the awning upon deck. Lanterns were hung at intervals along its full extent, and a small round table with a glass of water, and an unusually brilliant lantern upon it, were placed for the accommodation of the speaker, a short, thick-set man of the blackest colour, a fair type, as to physical strength and intellectual ability, of the hitherto trammelled and down-trodden African. His lecture, remarkable rather for pungency

than logic, was undeniably very superior to one delivered a little while before by a "great gun" of the Sanitary Commission Brigade, who proved a poor specimen of the oratorical powers of the Anglo-Saxon type of manhood. The text of the white man, significantly chosen in accordance with the creed of the sect to which he belonged, was, "If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that I have preached, let him be accursed;" and this simple verse, without regard to context, the reverend gentleman contrived to render available for launching all the anathemas of revelation against the very large mass of God's creatures who presumed to differ from his ideas of acceptance before heaven. A man of a much more liberal heart and creed was our African friend, whom suffering appeared, as it should do, to have taught toleration. In the course of his lecture he alluded to the passage of a law by the American authorities, some years before, which weighed heavily upon the unhappy negro. He was then in one of the Northern States, and hearing the news, was constrained, out of his deep sense of injury, to exclaim, "What does Almighty God mean by it?" (*i.e.* by suffering it). Said he, "How far was my capacity from comprehending the mysteries of the kingdom behind that of an old woman of my congregation whom we called Aunt Sally. When she heard the news for which we had so anxiously waited, she hopped up and down three times, waving her arms in the air, exclaiming, 'Glory be to God! Glory be to God! the tighter the hoop, the sooner the barrel will bust!'"

The scene during that lecture would have furnished

a subject for the pencil of a Rembrandt. The dim light of the lanterns shedding a partial gleam over the faces in the foreground, while those behind, at a first glance, appeared in an undistinguishable shadow; the picturesque groups and careless attitudes into which the listeners had disposed themselves; the light drapery of some ladies contrasting with the more sombre hue of others; and beyond the outer circles of listening forms in shade, a dim glistening of the rolling waters—for it was not then moonlight—relieved ever and anon by a brilliant glitter of phosphorescent sparks in the wake of the steamer,—all presented a *tout ensemble* that would be enchanting to the eye of an artist.

O how often I sat at night—the balmy, genial night of those tropical seas, as distinct from the sultry heat of the shores in those regions as from the chill attendant upon the night hour in other climates—watching the sparkle and glow of the phosphoric light in the wake of the vessel, now stretching in shadowy hues of flame, now scintillating in myriad flashes, and anon breaking into a profuse shower of living diamonds as a sudden motion of our floating palace shivered the wave into a thousand atoms of foam!

It was the very poetry of Nature thus exhibited—beautiful beyond expression—beautiful enough to create a desire to dream away existence in such a Sybaritic atmosphere of delight, from which all the grosser elements of common-place enjoyment were as far removed as the ideal and the sublime are from the practical and the vulgar.

After passing Cape St. Lucas, which was distinctly

visible, the sea became considerably rougher, as it usually is for vessels crossing the Gulf of California. Numbers of birds were observed following the steamer for food, and one or two sharks were discovered bent on a similar purpose. It was about this time that we first noticed the appearance in the heavens of the constellations which are strangers to a more northern vision. The beautiful Southern Cross was more especially remarkable.

On Friday, April 28th, we stopped for an hour or two at the beautiful little cove of Manzanillo, where we parted with our Spanish beauty. We watched with considerable amusement her transmission on the back of a native from the small boat in which she quitted the steamer through the shallow water near the shore, as well as the poor patient mules under that tropical sun toiling on narrow, zigzag paths up the densely-wooded hills at the sides and back of the hamlet on shore, almost buried, poor animals, under their loads of dried palm-leaves used for thatching.

The hamlet in question consisted of a couple of score of Spanish huts, heavily thatched, with an hotel and custom-house, long low dwellings of one story, with wide piazzas. Huts and hotel alike faced the sea. The natives, Mexicans, are a half-naked, dark-coloured race. There is, I believe, a Spanish or Mexican town of some importance a short distance inland, to which Manzanillo is the only contiguous seaport.

There is one nuisance about Manzanillo very effective in keeping off Yankees and Europeans. It is a species of minute black fly, not much larger than a pin's

point, which abounds there. The sensation produced by its sting resembles that of a spark upon the skin, but unfortunately it remains much longer. Tropical seas are very pleasant indeed, and to my liking; but tropical lands are the reverse, with their unfailing accompaniments of snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and mosquitoes, which make it quite another affair.

We reached Acapulco in one day more, a town whose pretty little harbour rejoices in a fine old fort as well as in a blazing sun. The heat here is commonly greater than that experienced at any other point during the transit from California to New York. It was literally broiling. I am not certain as to the height of the thermometer, but I think it was said to be near 120° while we were there. I know the glare of the sun upon the stretch of water which intervened between our vessel and the shore nearly blinded me. It was with the utmost difficulty I obtained a sketch of the fort. Here we received supplies of water and coal. The latter article is conveyed there, I presume, by merchant ships for the coaling of the steamers. Of the quality of the former I cannot speak, a condenser being employed before we were suffered to drink it. The coal was conveyed from the shore to the steamer in large, shallow, flat-bottomed barges. Sheds for the storage of the mineral are erected at intervals along the shore of the harbour to the left hand, facing the town. A party of ladies and gentlemen, perhaps a dozen in all, risked the consequence of exposure to the burning sun, and started in a row-boat for the town, intending to breakfast there. Expressing my disinclination for

the risk to a lady who had many times made the trip, she told me that upon one occasion a party of fifteen having persisted in going ashore, nine died. Pointing out a grove of palm-trees to the left of the coal-sheds, on the edge of the water, "There," said she, "is the spot where they lie buried. We stayed overnight here on purpose to bury them."

The owners of the steamers are very considerate for the health of passengers in some respects during their passage through the tropics. Printed notices are hung up to warn them against purchasing fruit of the natives at the various stopping-places, or in fact against eating the fruit at all. It is considered exceedingly hazardous to do this. An orange eaten before breakfast is rather beneficial than otherwise, but there is no doubt that indulgence in fruit at any other time of the day on tropical seas is hurtful. People are apt to be very careless as regards appetite. There seems to be nothing in which they are less willing to act with self-denial. Parents, incited by the liberal provision of the first-cabin table, and not recognising the wisdom of the rules, which provide plainer fare for their children, who eat at other hours, persist in hoarding rich cakes, nuts, pastry, and other indigestible food, and stuffing their little ones with them, perhaps immediately after they have risen from a sufficient meal of plainer and more wholesome substances.

Whether owing to the season or not, our company escaped from the dangers of sickness with the loss of but one of their number, a native of Boston, who, it was asserted, when he left San Francisco was in a

precarious state of health. The unfortunate man, an officer in the American merchant service, and a passenger, could not be restrained, even in the hazardous atmosphere of the tropics, from his customary indulgence, at any hour, in the use of wine and spirits. It was in vain that old voyagers remonstrated with him during the last few days of his life. Even on the morning of his death, so long as strength remained to reach it, he persisted in helping himself to sherry from a demi-john which he kept in his state-room. It was a matter of surprise to many, and almost the only fault to be found with the excellent economy of the vessel, that the doctor did not enforce abstinence in this respect upon him. But the official in question was a young man ill calculated to inspire confidence in his medical capacity from want of firmness. He was also apparently too much absorbed in the admiration he excited among a certain class of very young ladies on board, barely emancipated from the thraldom of the schoolroom, who, but for the *blasé* character of Californian juvenility, which disdains anything short of "oysters" or "ices," would have been defined by Byron as—

"Smelling of tea and bread and butter."

The poor man died, however, and as his death occurred after we quitted Acapulco, his body was consigned to a watery grave. It is fortunate that a passenger vessel often numbers a medical man among its passengers who may be found of experience sufficient to entitle him to confidence. There sailed with us a venerable gentleman of that profession, alike well qualified by

ability and experience. To him I know, in cases of ailment, the thoughts of the majority of the passengers turned. It is indeed surprising that very young men are ever chosen by the owners of vessels for positions of such great responsibility. Doubtless Æsculapius himself was once a lad; but we should hardly place on the shoulders of Æsculapius minor the responsibilities very properly assumed by Æsculapius major.

To return to Acapulco. The water in the harbour is of crystal clearness. The numberless sharks for which it is famous can be seen at a great depth from the surface. There is a story current about these ugly gentry which is curious, if true, and I have no reason to doubt the veracity of my informant. It is said that years ago the natives, now never seen to step into the water, were in the habit of wading and swimming to vessels entering the calm waters of the bay. Sharks were there, but no one was molested by them, till one unlucky day—unlucky for the swimming propensities of future natives—a shark took it into his head to bite the leg off one poor youth. From that hour the story went that no one was safe. Having once tasted blood, sharkdom, like despotism, kept a look-out for victims to devour by "right divine" in any unhappy waifs or strays of humanity daring enough to venture into the water. It was not till several boys and men fell victims to these despots of the deep that the natives ceased their old habit of swimming about the harbour.

As we were quitting Acapulco, glad enough to be once more on our way, being sick of the intense heat,

to our great joy a light and pleasant breeze sprang up. The heat before had been well-nigh unbearable, and the air perfectly stifling. The iced water on board was at a premium. Of course all our viands were kept in ice, but the water supplied at table was not iced. Passengers could procure a dozen tickets for a dollar from the steward, each of which was available for a plate of ice. Taking care to send his ticket to the man who waits at his table a quarter of an hour before meals, he will find it placed ready for his use. Listen to this, you who are so full of the superior wisdom of our forefathers! What would Drake, Raleigh, and Cavendish have done, if this had been improvised to them, but treat it as a dream? Let our good fathers keep their wisdom where they are. There is another plan relating to meals adopted by American passenger vessels, and generally not so common in English steamers. Two friends or more desire seats at table near each other. Seats are allotted by small numbered tickets, given on the examination of the passage tickets. To secure a seat next to a friend, it is merely necessary to send your passage tickets together for inspection; you are then certain to obtain tickets for the table with successive numbers upon them. In some British steamers no method whatever is observed in relation to meals. Whoever first places his visiting card at a certain spot on the coloured cloth of the dining-table obtains the seat in front of it. I have known many unlucky individuals, ignorant of this custom, who suffered for the first few days at sea so as to be unable to leave their berths, awakened to the unpleasant certainty that

there was no seat unoccupied at table when they did emerge from their state-rooms.

The fare for first-cabin passengers upon the Pacific transit of the Mail Steamship Company's line is excellent, as the following, selected at hazard from the daily bills of fare, will evidence:—"Mulligatawny soup; baked salmon; boiled—capon and oyster sauce, corned beef and cabbage, mutton and caper sauce; roast—beef, pork, lamb, turkey, chicken, and mutton. *Entrées—rognons de mouton, foie de poulets au vin, agneau rôti aux pois;* baked—ham and jelly, woodcocks, curry, and rice. Vegetables—beans, potatoes, green corn, squash, and turnips. Pastry—English plum pudding, greengage pie, quince pie, and apple pie. Dessert—oranges, almonds, and raisins, sponge cake and coffee." On the British steamer crossing the Atlantic we had a greater variety of puddings, tarts, and delicate confectionery, and fewer *entrées* and made dishes. The dinners on the latter were undeniably served with more elegance in their array of silver dish-covers and salvers. Wines and liqueurs, the gentlemen remarked, were supplied at a more reasonable rate in the British vessel than the American. I can only answer for one important point on which it appeared to me superior both to the noble San Franciscan vessel, with her dexterous and civil coloured waiters, but much more so to the boat of Commodore Vanderbilt, with its wretched squad of white waiters, composed of the very dregs of society, which conveyed us from Aspinwall to New York,—I mean the attention paid to passengers. In the *Golden City* we met with the greatest civility—

everything required in reason could be obtained. In Vanderbilt's line (I am told it is *always* the same) we met with positive insult in most cases, and with civility rarely. The simplest food, a bit of dry toast, required by those who had perhaps lain for three or four days unable to touch a morsel of the abundant fare which was their due, was refused without extra pay. On the British boat from New York to England it was not merely civility with which the passengers met—it was actual kindness. Some of us had exchanged occasionally a polite word or two with the white stewardess on the *Golden City;* but had only a glimpse at the official, a lady of the "coloured persuasion," in the New York boat, when she smilingly accepted a fee at parting for services never rendered. We were afterwards surprised to find the stewardess in the British vessel more like a mother than anything else to every one who possessed a claim on her attention upon the slightest symptom of being an invalid. How that woman contrived to be here, there, and everywhere at once, with her cheery ways and kindly smile, was a marvel. The delicate broths she used to prepare for the sick, the ethereal-looking sandwiches she contrived to cut for the convalescent, the medicine she insisted on pouring down unwilling throats in her good-natured way, were things to be wondered at. I mischievously suspected that she knew she would win more hearts and open more purses in this way than the crusty or sullen dames on the other boats, until I accidentally discovered that a poor woman, whom she had been petting and nursing all the way, had never had a

cent to give her. The poor thing had had her passage paid, and herself put on board penniless by relations who wanted to get her safely off their hands to other relatives in England. It gives one a confidence in humanity, after all, to meet occasionally with that *rara avis*—a being who is contented to do good for the love of doing it. The worthy stewardess in question told me she had early been left a widow, with a family of ten children dependent on her exertions, hardly one of whom was capable of contributing to its own support. It was affecting to hear the history of her struggles to maintain and rear them in decency,—of her agony of mind at one time, when engaged on a vessel in the Spanish trade, at being unexpectedly prevented sending remittances to England, which she knew were needed to buy bread by the poor but worthy couple who then had charge of her two youngest children,—of her anxiety to give the elder ones a little schooling, and of her grief at her compulsory separation from them.

How much true heroism of soul is there to be found in the by-ways of life—heroism of which the world never knows, and would not care if it did. If the few comparatively do feel like children of true humanity, many use the pen in confirmation of the excellencies of some dubious hero of story, some human butcher, or some crafty statesman who dupes the multitude, thus affording eulogy to the worldly. To me the tribute of appreciation of the good qualities of that humble Englishwoman it is a delight to record.

Shortly before our arrival at Panama we witnessed a tropical thunder-storm. Being early in the season

perhaps was the cause of its not exceeding in grandeur several I have witnessed in Europe. There were no sullen black skies, foaming waters, or waves lashed to fury by the power of the tempest—no blinding blue lines of forked lightning or appalling crashes of thunder. The flashes came much like what is termed summer lightning in England. The air was rather more balmy than oppressive—possibly in consequence of its being evening. That same afternoon we had been much pleased and amused by the shoals of flying fish. Those pretty creatures frisked in their playful gambols along miles of our course, while countless huge porpoises tossed their clumsy bodies, apparently in the very acme of porcine relaxation, wantoning with the waves. The sun set that evening in a blaze of splendour. Those who have not visited tropical countries are apt to imagine that almost every evening witnesses this gorgeous spectacle of natural beauty. They are mistaken; there were but two evenings in our trip on which the sunset was any way remarkable; but those two afforded visions of glory never—no, never to be forgotten. The entire arch of heaven was like one vast concave of molten gold, excepting in the west, where it faded into violet, from that to pale green, and from that again into a bright blood-red, which tinged the wave it seemed to touch, until ocean and heaven appeared to blend—the fiery funeral pyre of the departing day.

During the delicious moonlight hours which succeeded we passed several islands. On one we discerned a light, and, expressing our wonder, were told by a

gentleman on board a story which savoured strongly of the days of old, when buccaneers were rife in the soft tropical seas, and the Spanish main was swept by those pitiless brigands of the ocean. Hastily clustering around the speaker, a tale was told us by a mariner present of a pirate vessel which, being closely pressed by pursuers, ran into a cove of one of these islands, and there buried vast treasures, and how the pirates, by some fatality, had never again been able to find the island, and how the last survivor of the lawless band, after years of sickness and poverty had passed over his head, whitening his hair to the hue of the mountain snows, had toiled and struggled his way overland to California, only to die there, bequeathing to the watcher at his death-bed a description of the particular island upon which the treasure was buried, but died ere he intimated the precise spot where it would be found.* The individual to whom he imparted the secret succeeded in imbuing others with the faith which he himself possessed as to the possibility of recovering the treasure, and by means of shareholders in the scheme, actually fitted out a schooner from San Francisco, with a company prepared to dig the island over from end to end to discover the concealed riches. The circumstance of the fitting out of the schooner was a matter everybody recollected reading of in the papers. It was one of their watch-fires, we were told, that we had seen. The island is small.

On a Friday we anchored in the peaceful bay of

* This story had long been current among seamen in the West Indies.

Panama at an early morning hour of the month of May. Here we waited, listlessly watching the preparations in the steam ferry-boat which was to convey us to the landing of the railway depôt, the water being too low to admit of our large steamer proceeding there. The weather, hot enough, was neither so scorching nor so oppressive as it had been near Acapulco. The bay looked the perfection of tranquil loveliness. The city of Panama, not more than a mile or two distant from the ship, with the two quaint towers of its antique cathedral discernible above its other structures, was seen in the clear morning air.

We had anchored at 6 A.M., but it was not until near ten that the ferry-boat received her load of passengers. Half sorry to quit the noble *Golden City*, where we had met with much polite attention, and all the comfort possible in a well-filled first cabin, we however left her, and crowded on board the little craft after she nestled up to the side of her giant acquaintance. Our steamer-chairs and hand-baggage, with our large trunks, had been weighed and checked the evening before. One hundredweight was allowed at that time for each first-cabin passenger; all weight above that quantity was charged at the rate of twenty cents (10*d.*) per pound, on payment of which a cheque was given to the passengers, and they had no more trouble with their luggage till it was delivered to them in New York. A baggage-master kept it in charge, who accompanied us the whole way. During our voyage from San Francisco to Panama, ladies who desired to get to trunks too large to be placed in state-rooms

were allowed access to them at a specified hour every day, after which the baggage-master locked the door of the room, and was responsible for their safe keeping. On the other hand, such is the notorious character of the *employés* on the Vanderbilt boats between Aspinwall and New York, that passengers who desired access to their trunks were warned that if once again opened (as the assistance of waiters was necessary to select them from the immense amount of baggage, thus giving them an opportunity of knowing whose trunks had been opened), the baggage-master would not be responsible for their safety! Consequently, many who were ignorant of this were compelled to make the balance of the trip in the dress in which they crossed the isthmus. This was a mortifying circumstance to those who had hitherto indulged in a variety of costume. As we struggled on to the little ferry-boat laden with carpet-bags—for the baggage-master refused to check anything in the shape of loose baggage, steamer-chairs, travelling shawls, and other *et cæteras*—it became a matter of difficulty to secure a spot sheltered from the beams of the scorching sun. Ladies who had had the forethought to provide themselves with large broad-brimmed hats, and been quizzed for their peculiarity, were now envied their possession. Fans of endless variety were in universal request, but as it seemed manifest to me that the more energetically people fanned themselves, the hotter they got, I speedily discontinued the amusement. If ever unfortunate mortals stood slow torture, we did on that day, and in that steamboat. It was so small that, what with the heat of the

machinery from within, and the heat of the sun from without, we were in a fair way to be baked, had we only remained long enough to have been done through. Fortunately, we soon came to a stand-still at the landing-place, where, I must say, the poor half-clad natives waiting anxiously for the chance of earning a dollar by carrying our hand-baggage acted in a far better manner than the hackmen of San Francisco are apt to do there on the arrival of steamers. Engaging an intelligent specimen of the race to convey my chattels, he followed me closely till I reached the train, which was in waiting for the passengers. The heavy baggage, which had followed us in two huge flat-bottomed barges, required some time for its safe bestowal in the railway vans.

We were now in Panama, so named by the Indians. It signifies a place abounding in fish. The harbour is formed by several islands, which afford a kind of breakwater between the main and the ocean. The tides are regular. At low water, the shore, which is on a gentle slope, is dry for a great distance seaward from the city. Oysters are very plentiful in the bay, and the value of its pearls would probably be better known were they not chiefly consigned to the South American markets. Some offered to us for sale by a native were remarkably large, and appeared of a fine shape and water, but distrusting our own judgment in the matter, we declined purchasing, a circumstance we afterwards regretted, being assured by a gentleman who had purchased half a dozen that he had rarely seen finer specimens. The pearl-fishery is rendered extremely

hazardous, so I was informed, owing to the multitude of sharks that infest the harbour.

In the year 1670 Panama was sacked and burned by the English buccaneer, John Morgan. At that time it was a city of twelve thousand houses, containing, besides, eight monasteries and two churches. Many of the houses are said to have been fine and commodious dwellings. But, notwithstanding those evidences of civilisation, the ignorance of the population is shown by a story related of a Spanish lady, with whom the bold buccaneer is said to have been greatly fascinated. She was astonished to find that the freebooters were men, not monsters having the shape of beasts, as she had been taught by the priesthood to believe.

I confess I did not observe such evidence of commercial greatness at Panama, when I first saw it, as I had anticipated from the importance of its geographical position. There was very little activity apparent. Our advent appeared to assume all the importance it might have been expected to do in one of the quietest of English villages. I could not help reflecting, while crossing the narrow isthmus, which is such an effectual barrier between the commerce of the two great oceans, upon the insane and short-sighted policy of nations, that lavish millions for the purpose of butchering each other, and supinely neglect or grudge the comparatively small outlay necessary for schemes the accomplishment of which would benefit the whole earth. The sums which the late civil war has cost America would have sufficed not only to build many Pacific Railways, but, by means of a canal at Panama, to unite the Atlantic and Pacific

Oceans for the passage of fleets. True, the war resulted in emancipation to the African; but far less money than it cost, expended on the principles of Wilberforce, or effecting it by purchase, would have secured the freedom of every slave in the United States, though it is perhaps but too true that the Southerners would never have listened to such a scheme. Let us only take the cost of European butcheries at the whims of kings, and the jealousies of their half-witted satellites in history—the same result would be obtained in expense for better and defensible ends.

I would fain have employed a little time in a ramble over Panama, the heat notwithstanding, for it was a place in which I felt much interest, being a fine old Spanish city, once fortified with walls of great height and strength, now of course in a dilapidated condition. The cathedral alone is an object of much interest. Possibly it was as well for health's sake that I did not risk absence from the train for such a purpose, there being no precise moment fixed for its departure. Having no desire to find myself cast a "waif and stray" on Panama society for any length of time by missing it—conscious too as I was that a railway in Panama, whose solitary line of rail permits the passage of but one train at a time, was a different affair from railways elsewhere, I turned my attention to the idiosyncrasies of Panama traffic as developed by sundry vendors of cakes, fruit, pies, parrots, and shells at the terminus, among which, I am sorry to be compelled to admit, a vast amount of superfluous squabbling arose. What wretched objects most of them were! How one's heart ached to think

that humanity could exist surrounded by the evidences of a high civilisation, and be contented to remain so hopelessly degraded and inferior! The business of the railway office was conducted by Spanish gentlemen, who appeared to great advantage, with their courteous gravity of deportment, even among the numerous American naval officers who lounged near our cavalcade. One, in particular, almost as gay as the rest were serious, was probably incited by the consciousness of possessing, in addition to handsome features, a remarkably brilliant set of teeth. Whether they were the gift of nature it was uncharitable to question; certain it is that he looked, as a lively young friend of mine remarked, the very personification of a "gay Lothario." By the time we were well-nigh weary of sitting cooped up in the hot, close cars, having exhausted every object of amusement visible in the grotesque appearance of the above-named traders in bananas and oranges, and deciding against a strong inclination to purchase a fine green parrot for six shillings, but yielding to one which prompted the acquisition of some bracelets ingeniously composed of tiny delicate pearly shells strung together with glass beads, the train moved off, amid the polite adieux waved to us by some of those who had come down from the ship, either in charge of the passengers, or from kind anxiety to see that all were comfortably disposed. The trip from Panama is usually accomplished in about three hours; on this occasion we went at a much greater speed than twenty miles an hour (the distance across, as is well known, being only about sixty miles), possibly to make up for the time lost by

our long delay in starting. Those who expect gorgeous colouring in grove or flower, in sky or water, on the Isthmus of Panama during the spring months of the year, will inevitably be doomed to disappointment. There is nothing grand, nothing vast, nothing of terrific wildness, or even of excessive luxuriance of vegetation remarkable about the country through which the railway winds its serpentine course. The scenery resembles the Derbyshire hills, thickly wooded, as many of those hills are, but not with any surprisingly large trees. Although the hills spoken of rise quite near the railway on either hand, yet the course of the latter is so chosen as to wind among or around them, in order, most probably, to avoid the expense of tunnelling. There are very few places where it has been necessary to raise embankments. A few tolerable bridges cross wide but at that time shallow streams. The foliage close to the railway is sometimes very dense; at other spots small open glades are seen, and here and there, near a bridge, a pretty glen. The foliage in the early spring is much like that seen in the young plantations so constantly passed on the lines of railway in the woodland counties in England. As before observed, there was no solemn grandeur of aged forest-trees discernible, but more of luxuriant undergrowth than anything else even at that early season, foreshadowing the dense, impassable jungle it would become at a later time in the year. But for an occasional cluster of palm-trees, or here and there some unmistakable tropical vine or large-leaved blossoming plant, I could have imagined myself on

the Midland Counties line somewhere in Derbyshire. The reader must not smile; my own impression on the subject was unconsciously corroborated by a sprightly little lady in England from the Sandwich Islands, who happened to have crossed the Panama isthmus at the same season, and who, every time the English railway cutting passed through a young plantation or some gentleman's park, exclaimed to her mother, "Mamma, mamma, here's Panama again!"

Occasionally our speed was checked for the purpose of taking in fuel and water. The fuel, being wood, was stacked on the side of the railway, without any protection for keeping it dry, and passed to the men at the engine by one or two of their number, who descended for the purpose.

One feature of the landscape, which I have stated in its general outline to resemble parts of Derbyshire, was quite English enough to disenchant any veritable John Bull who might otherwise be inclined to regard it with favouring eyes. Every now and then a shrill whistle announced our approach to a native village, an assemblage of wretched huts, built of upright stalks of bamboo or sugar-cane, entwined with dried palm-leaves, of which the heavy thatch was likewise composed. Swarms of naked and half-naked children played around these hovels, at whose doors their parents might be seen, attracted from their occupations by the passage of the train. The men were clothed in some dirty light-coloured fabric; the women, heavy, coarse specimens of "feminity," usually in white gowns (*sans crinoline*), with naked feet and arms, their dress-waists

covered with what ladies would call a sweeping *berthe* of linen, edged with common cotton lace, of which I should much have liked to obtain the pattern, it being perfectly *distinguée* in its way, though I do not think my admiration would have gone the length of recommending its adoption to my fair Caucasian friends. It looked to me as if one might hit it by laying a large oval-shaped piece of cloth flat on the table, and then cutting out in the centre an oval sufficiently large to admit the head and neck as far as the shoulders.

The groups of native huts were always clustered near a superior wooden dwelling, much like a Californian farm-house, inhabited probably by Spanish families, though what their occupation might be I never could find out, there being no signs of agricultural labour near, beyond that of a moderate-sized garden, usually surrounding the larger dwellings.

We reached Aspinwall in good time, about 2 P.M., and had it not been for a most absurd delay, wholly unjustifiable in such a climate, we might have been all snug on board the steamer which was waiting to convey us to New York before nightfall. The port of Aspinwall consists of one straggling street facing the sea, of which the solitary decent building is a wooden hotel of two stories, about equidistant on either hand. From the front of this hotel two long wooden piers stretch from the road into the sea. At the end of that to the left of the hotel lay the steamer destined for our accommodation, carrying the stars and stripes. At the end of that to the right floated the noble British mail-steamer from Southampton, the red-cross banner of

England streaming from her mast. The Vanderbilt steamer, with her dingy colour and rusty smoke-stacks, looked to disadvantage beside the fresh paint and trim appearance of her English rival—it might have been to the annoyance of Americans, but for the remembrance of the magnificent floating palace on the other side the isthmus, which had so lately been our conveyance, and which might safely have challenged the admiration of the whole world. Intelligent people, both in England and America, are no way unwilling to admit the undeniable truth that while American steamers generally excel in grace, beauty of appearance, and elegance of accommodation, English vessels surpass them in that massive strength of build so necessary for contention with Father Neptune in his angry moods in the Atlantic; while in point of actual comfort they are little, if anything, behind them. In the British boat in which we crossed the Atlantic, for instance, the strength of her iron framework would weather seas whose first leap would have threatened destruction to our beautiful Pacific steamer; and while the dining-cabin of the former, albeit exquisitely decorated, was no way comparable for size or splendour of proportion with the American, yet the state-rooms on the English boat of three thousand tons were much more commodious than those on the Pacific steamers of four thousand. The proof of the assertions regarding strength, and though scarcely willing to say so, perhaps of seamanship, may be found in the fact of so many magnificent steamers of the American (Collins) Atlantic line having been wrecked, while only one,

the *President,* of the famous Cunard (British) line on the same route, has ever been lost.

At Aspinwall we were convoyed to the hotel while the heavy luggage and freight were getting on board. Here we were detained till dusk by the *viséing* of our passports, before alluded to, by the American consul, for which process each individual was mulcted in the sum of a dollar! The sum was reasonable enough, if necessary, although some gentlemen of our company, men of large fortune, pronounced it an unwarrantable imposition, and our friend, of Sanitary Commission notoriety, was highly indignant at the officials' refusal of greenbacks (legal tenders), and threatened to report their conduct at head-quarters. Whether legal or not, the passport affair altogether proved to be an unmitigated humbug. On reaching New York, where, we had been gravely informed by the authorities in San Francisco, we could not land without them, they were never demanded at all. I have mine safe enough at this hour, and intend to preserve it as an evidence of the credulity of human nature. The formality or the expense, however, was nothing; the annoyance consisted in the wearying detention of the sick, the aged, and the infirm for hours, all having more or less luggage to get conveyed safely on board. At length, fairly worn out as many were, they determined to make an effort to get to the steamer: it was already nearly dusk. Those whose passports were ready started, engaging natives to carry their luggage, each of whom sensibly took care to keep close to his employer. The entrance to the pier, how-

ever, was guarded by large gates, through which we were forbidden to pass until the firing of a gun from the steamer. This might be well enough for the vigorous and healthy part of the company, but unfortunately there were many of the number actually unable to stand from weakness, who had with the utmost difficulty walked thither from the hotel, to say nothing of the unpleasantness of being compelled to stand in that sultry climate in such close proximity to the perspiring natives; all of which annoyance and discomfort might have been spared by the simple information that it was useless to attempt getting on board till the luggage and freight were there, and a gun should be fired. Instead, we were told that we could not get on board till the passports were all *viséed!* I am inclined to believe the latter was the sole cause of our detention, as after the gates were opened no one was permitted to pass without producing a passport. And when the gates were at last opened, the scene was a disgrace to the regulations of the company, if it had any. A general rush forward was naturally made by those farthest from the gates, ignorant as they were that the passports were to be again examined there! The officials at the gates rudely thrust the nearest people back, obliging them to submit to all sorts of blows from the ends of steamer-chairs and camp-stools and the other baggage carried by the natives, themselves, poor creatures, forced by the pressure to crush the feet of delicate women, knock down children, and overturn the feeble, at the risk of their being trampled to death. I shall never forget the agony of a lady of

our number at finding her child, a little fairy of some four summers, who had been the delight of every one, torn from her in the struggle, nor her ghastly expression as she fell fainting in the arms of apparently the most humane of the officers of the boat, who rushed out and caught her as she was falling. The shrieks and groans and clamour of those few minutes were beyond expression disgraceful to those who so wretchedly mismanaged the direction of people whose lives were under their charge. One lady in the crowd was obliged to be carried in a chair, having been bedridden for two years. How she fared in mind and body may be better imagined than described, while the simplest forethought on the part of the American officials might have prevented all the inconvenience.

Once all on board the steamer, it got under weigh immediately. It was now night. Children, wearied out with the heat and exertion of the day, were crying for their beds, and none had as yet a state-room assigned to them. Here, however, the chivalrous homage of Americans towards women again made itself apparent. In defiance of the clamour raised by some husbands in demanding state-rooms for their families, not a creature was served till every woman who was travelling alone, whether single or otherwise, was first provided with a bed. This was more difficult as, in addition to our crowded number of first-cabin passengers on the Pacific steamer, some sixty or seventy others from the West Indies by the Southampton steamer were on board, on their way to New York. Eventually, I believe, all were supplied, but very

differently from what it would have been under British control. In consequence of giving the precedence to the first-cabin lady passengers who were alone, some families who had paid the highest rate of first-cabin fare (there are two rates of first-cabin fare on American boats) were compelled to put up with somewhat inferior accommodations. One unfortunate gentleman, who had possibly rejoiced at the fact under other circumstances, was compelled, in consequence of being the only single man in the first cabin, to put up with a bed on deck, screened by one of the ship's boats turned upside down over him. Many were the sly wagers offered by merry lips that for once he envied the Benedicts he had doubtless hitherto triumphed over. Having been conspicuous for a gentlemanliness of appearance in attire, it must have been provoking to be compelled to come down, morning after morning, from his eyrie, and pass through the upper first cabin *en route* for the necessities of the toilet in a friend's room in the lower tier.

Among other agreeable information we received on board, after that unlucky day at Aspinwall, was the news that, a day or so before our arrival, the steamer had burst one of her three boilers, in consequence of which she might require a fortnight to reach New York, instead of the customary nine days.

However, we were fortunate enough to arrive at our destination after no more than ten days' imprisonment and conflict with the horrors of the Caribbean "chop seas" *en passant*. The only adventure we had worth relating during that time was encountering a "white squall." In consequence of the heat, it was usual to

leave the windows of the state-rooms open at night. I was roused from sleep by a loud and curious noise as of wind rushing violently up an iron funnel. I found that the noise proceeded from the circular window or port-hole in my state-room. Hastily looking out, I saw the sea wildly lashing the sides of the ship, which creaked and groaned like a human being writhing in mortal agony. At a distance I observed a thick white fog, which did not appear to extend far over the sea. In a few moments more I could not see a yard from the ship for this fog. Summoning a person to fasten the heavy screw of the window, I returned to my berth, doubtful whether I should reach it in an upright or horizontal position from the tremendous pitching of the vessel, when—just as I reached it safely, to my great surprise and content—crash went the foretopmast, with its sails, as I afterwards found, split into shreds! The fury of the squall, however, was quickly spent. The whole affair did not last more than ten minutes. Next morning a neighbour of mine informed me that, not being roused by the beginning of the storm, she slept on till a dash of water through her state-room window effectually roused her, by washing over the foot of her berth and deluging the floor of her room.

The evening before we reached New York some uneasiness was excited in the minds of the passengers by the sudden stoppage of the boat. A red light was discernible on the land, which last, during the afternoon, had been dimly visible, suggesting no less, as well as did the numerous fishing-smacks and small craft which were repeatedly passing us, the near approach to our

destination. The red light proved to be on Cape May. Then the timorous prophesied all sorts of horrors, of which shipwreck was certainly the climax. It is surprising how little is required to raise a panic among a crowd of human beings, the only sensible course being the last pursued. Our imaginary danger was occasioned, as might have been expected, by stopping to take soundings.

Early the following morning we entered the Bay of New York. Passing the lighthouse at Sandy Hook, Staten Island—whose beauties have been frequently described by far abler pens than mine—rose before us the very personification of loveliness, with its shady trees and velvet turf green with the brilliant verdure of early spring, in the sight of eyes long accustomed to the brown hills and sterile grandeurs of San Franciscan scenery. The bright waters of the bay, with its busy tribe of vessels of every description—from the ugliest scow that ever rejoiced in the classical name of *Aphrodite* to the noblest steamer that floats upon the sea—presented a scene of animated beauty not easily to be forgotten: the freshly-painted white houses too, with their green jalousies and encircling flower-beds, the latter hardly so universal as in England. Still, whatever the scene lacked in the substantiality of its villas and cottages was eminently made up in the brightness and beauty and freshness of its appearance, to say nothing of the clearness of its atmosphere. If anything could be wished different to the eye of taste, it would undeniably be that a good many of the straight, stiff, wooden houses were replaced with Italian villas and Gothic

cottages in grey stone, introducing, for variety's sake, a crumbling ruin, with here and there a "moated grange." This done, however, the landscape would be no more than many a scene of beauty to be found in the Old World. As it stands, it has a character of its own, eminently and peculiarly American—appropriate to that land which, in its care for the present and regard for the future, mingles no thought for that past of itself which never existed. If it has, in consequence, no softening influences, it has no regrets. Absorbed in the consideration which renders it a present benefit to humanity, and the contemplation of a future which bids fair to surpass other nations in ultimate blessings to the human species, it can afford to surrender the past, with the mellowing, refining, and hallowing influences of its regrets for evils wrought, and recollections of good achieved; it can yield its deathless glories and its immortal honour to the soil of that Old World on which those triumphs have been won.

The scenery around New York tells of a busy and a thriving people—beautiful wooded rolling land, thickly dotted with comfortable, and frequently luxurious dwellings.

An admirable position from which to study its natural features is that obtained by a view from Central Park, which ornament to the city, at the time I saw it, I believed exceeded almost any park in the world for size and promise of future beauty. I was then ignorant of the actual extent of the parks of Europe, and, forgetting that by dint of a serpentine course, a drive of nine miles could easily be made in a park of not more

than three miles' circumference—such as the Regent's Park in London—I was led by my faith in the future glories of America to assent to our driver's pompous announcement that there was no park in Europe as fine or extensive. The good man declared all Europeans with whom he had conversed admitted it. That the view from the New York is more beautiful than is to be seen from any European parks I incline to believe. It is a panorama of great beauty and extent. A smiling landscape threaded by the noble East river (not unlike the scenery from the grounds of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, only in the latter view the beautiful river is, of course, wanting), and the magnificent aqueduct of High Bridge, 300 feet in height, which is seen spanning it about two miles distant. This park is greatly injured at present by squalid tenements in many places around it; not even two-story dingy brick houses, which would be bad enough, but miserable, dilapidated, wooden huts or shanties, many of which are clustered in view of some of the back windows of the princely Fifth Avenue mansions. Even to an artist's eye there is no picturesqueness in these hovels: they are too incongruous in such close proximity to lawns, fountains, and ornamental pavilions. By the time the shrubs and saplings of Central Park shall have acquired the umbrageous foliage of forest-trees, artistically dispersed in groves or groups upon hill and knoll, it will be beyond question as beautiful as any in the world. At present, it is in too crude and undeveloped a state to merit that title. In the year 1863 more than 70,000 trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants were

planted in the park. The "skating-pond" did not appear to me nearly as extensive as the ornamental water in the Regent's Park, London, where the endless variety of beautiful forest-trees and blaze of colour in its delightful French gardens give it a beauty of an entirely different character from that of Central Park, the chief loveliness of which at present consists in its exquisite panoramic scenery.

Broadway—the pride of New York, the fashionable promenade of its population, the elysium of belles and dandies—is a fine street, three miles in length—that of Oxford Street and Holborn united. It is much superior to those streets in uniformity of height and general architecture. Its buildings are commonly four or five stories high; it has magnificent hotels, and shops whose display—with the exception, perhaps, of "Jay's" and "Holmes's"—is equal to that of Regent Street. The aristocratic equipages, with their superb horses and liveries seen in the latter during "the season," are not equalled in New York; but, unless during the height of summer, I question if the toilets on Broadway at the fashionable hour do not excel those seen on Regent Street in show. The devotion of American women to dress is proverbial, as before observed.

The following graphic description of Broadway I cannot resist giving from a native source, as it is a pretty faithful painting, if a little humorous:—

"About seven o'clock in the morning comes down Broadway a steady stream of errand-boys, under-clerks, porters, work-girls, artisans, and labourers. Come into it—there is no danger: would that Broadway

could always show so many honest hearts and faces! You may not smell such fine tobacco as later in the day perfumes the street; you may even sometimes smell gin; but you may keep your hand off your pocket-book, and it is about the only time of the day that you can do so with safety. With this tide of human life mingle the hideous rag-and-paper merchants, who come from no one knows where, and mysteriously disappear to the same unknown place.

"About eight o'clock the stream improves (in appearance). Portly forms—Wall Street operators—enveloped in broadcloth and perspiration; clerks in wholesale houses; bank clerks, with pale faces, dressed with scrupulous care, who walk over the paving-stones as considerately and tenderly as if performing the same operation on eggs; lawyers and brokers; all tending down town.

"About eleven o'clock a side-walk guard is formed of young men 'uniformed' in garments of either the hearthrug or Confederate flag pattern (as far as width of stripe is concerned), who sport extensive moustaches, stiff hair soaked in grease, and enormous toothpicks. These emerge from Grand Street and neighbouring streets, and gradually monopolising the entrances of hotels and street corners, they commence from those positions to rake the street. No woman escapes their stare, they miss no chance of picking pockets, they offer to young merchants from the country the chance to 'see life,' and lead them unto death. They form in knots and swindle the unsophisticated; there is not a meanness or rascality of which they are incapable.

"About three or four o'clock, however, the scene changes, and Broadway is thronged by specimens of the New York type of the *genus homo*. The male is distinguished by a whalebone cane, and a general appearance of dissatisfaction that curling-irons, paint, and powder will not make him identical with the opposite sex. The opposite sex resembles a moving clothes-horse, most of the load being at the bottom, and the upper portion entirely unprotected save by a bunch of grapes, artificial flowers, pumpkins, or any fashionable fruit dictated by the milliner. About this time also the ten-o'clock class are coming back from their business; the pale-faced bank clerks slide through the crowd, ministers come out to look at what they deem a sad spectacle, tuft-hunters take this time to show themselves, foreign counts abound, and all nations are represented. In the windows of the 'St. Scratcham' hotel men from all parts of the world may be seen watching this procession—Western trappers, New York fast men, Quakers with the regulation broad-brim, newly-fledged army officers, stout old Englishmen, lean Frenchmen, swarthy Italians, and even the Turkish turban and the Indian blanket have been seen there.

"By five or six o'clock the fashionable portion of the procession disappears, and gradually the street becomes thin. Then, after a time, come back the labourers, the artisans, and shop-girls, and soon after the curtain of darkness falls."

To Californians, accustomed to a gold and silver currency, the use of the dingy greenback, at that time uni-

versal in New York, was very disagreeable. The annoyance of a bundle of bits of soiled paper, varying in value from ten pounds to a penny, in the purse at once, may be easily imagined. Attempts were made to provide purses with separate compartments for certain numbers, but this was a poor remedy for the unpleasantness. Some paper was so horribly dirty that one felt tempted to fling it away rather than harbour it in the purse.

The city at this period was in its last stage of mourning for the murdered President, the thirty days of official mourning having nearly expired. The public buildings were draped with much taste in a very effective mixture of white and black. The columns of many buildings were completely swathed in black, but the private dwellings were hardly so universally draped as those in San Francisco. Kirby Smith and his band were the only Southern regiments still holding out against the North. Booth had met his death during our voyage. Regiments were constantly arriving from the seat of war. The second night of our stay Broadway was roused from slumber by the band of a regiment just arrived playing that spirit-stirring air, "The Battle-cry of Freedom," as the troops marched past. The inhabitants of Broadway, much less demonstrative than I think San Franciscans would have been at the sight of their gallant defenders under such circumstances, suffered them to pass without a cheer. Possibly the novelty of such sights had worn off. To me there was an indescribable sensation consequent upon the sight; a curious mixture of anguish and of gladness, mingled with the

impression of solemnity. How thrilling is all national music! It is not alone the soul of an Englishman which thrills to the sound of the majestic "Rule Britannia," nor the eye of an American only that moistens at the performance of the "Star-spangled Banner." The Frenchman is inspired by the "Marseillaise," but he is in no way callous to the national music of other lands. Cold indeed must be the heart which does not throb quicker at sounds which have been accompaniments to the heroic deeds of heroic men for generations, without reference to any particular nationality. I love them all. If a stronger sentiment is aroused by the national anthem of any one land beyond another, it is by the two whose glorious strains chiefly vibrate to that necessity of humanity which will yet bring conquest as well as conviction to their banner—the trumpet tones of Freedom.

Prices were exorbitant in New York about the close of the war. Millinery, when paid for in gold, was higher than in San Francisco, and nearly, if not quite, double its value in England. Linen-drapery almost the same. Provisions not quite so high as in California.

CHAPTER XIII.

REPORT ON THE WESTERN MINING.

FROM an introductory letter attached to the Report of the mineral resources of the States and territories west of the Rocky Mountains, in North America, with the letter of instructions prefixed, signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, followed by a letter from Mr. Ross Browne, the Commissioner, dated from San Francisco, it appears that from 1861 to 1865 inclusive, the gold and silver raised in the Oregon, California, Nevada, and Washington territories reached in value 278,711,000 of dollars. Including several new districts, the product for 1866 was estimated at 106,000,000 dollars. Some thought the last estimate exaggerated. Whether so or not, it would appear that it exceeded in amount all the gold and silver in the national treasury, and in all the banks in the States, estimated at 69,700,000 dollars. The attention is naturally drawn to this Report from considering the magnitude of the precious metals, added to those raised in Australia, and yet that gold keeps up its price in the market. The Report states in a summary the heads of the different sections, in all thirteen, into which the work is divided, and the names of the individuals employed, together with the mode of pro-

ceeding recommended. The subject is important, because it affects the circulating medium in every country, more particularly in the matter of supply.

The earliest mention of gold in California was in a bay near lat. 38° by Sir Francis Drake in 1579. This discovery is now doubted, because no "reasonable quantity" was obtained, nor is it found at all near the ocean in lat. 38° at the present day, and it is that latitude to which Drake alluded. It is reported that the people of Mexico found gold near the Colorado river at various times between 1775 and 1828, at San Isidor, and near Monterey. It was not until 1838 that it was discovered at a spot north-west of Los Angeles. This deposit was not very rich. In 1841 further discoveries were made, but the principal and rich gold fields of Sacramento were not known until 1848, being discovered by a person named Marshall, who was engaged in cutting a sluice to erect a saw-mill for Mr. Sutter, a native of Baden, who had emigrated to that country. During his labour Marshall found pieces of a yellow metal which some of the workmen thought to be gold. Marshall could not prove the metal to be gold, nor disprove it from his ignorance. They soon found more as the water washed away the earth from the bottom of his cutting. Some of the supposed gold was taken to San Francisco, and found to be really the precious metal. A person who was acquainted with washing for gold of a similar kind went with one of the men employed at the mill just before to examine the discovery. They found the mill at work, no one apparently thinking more about the yellow bits of

metal. They got a pan and spade, and washed some of the earth from the bottom of the mill-sluice, and in a few hours it was pronounced that the product was exceedingly good. They went to work in earnest, and every day produced its ounce or two of metal per head.

In a little time after a person named Redding, the owner of a spot of land at the head of the Sacramento Valley, about seventy-five miles from the mill, went to see the discovery, returned home, and soon had gold searched for and found upon his own property, and thus the second working commenced, called "Redding's Diggings."

It was not to be imagined that such discoveries could be long concealed. The intelligence regarding them reached San Francisco. The newspapers published the discovery made at the mill. The whole country from San Francisco to Los Angeles was roused. The sordid spirits first cried "Gold, gold!" It very soon became the general cry. Everything but the search for gold was now abandoned. Fields were left half-planted, houses half-built, shovels and picks could not be made fast enough, nor the means of transportation be obtained to reach a spot where one man had made a hundred and twenty-eight dollars in a day, and the average profit for many was twenty dollars for that space of time.

Not satisfied, new "placers"—an Americanism for mineral deposits—were sought, and getting much, each man wanted still more. At the end of 1848 miners were at work in every large stream on the west of the Nevada for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, as

well as at Redding's Diggings, in the northern part of the Sacramento Valley. The excitement increased. Oregon, the Hawaiian Islands, and Senora sent thousands to share in the search. In 1850 the population of California had risen from 15,000, in 1847, to 100,000. The average yearly increase of the territory for five or six years subsequently was fifty thousand.

The statement or Report next proceeds to explain the instruments used and the estimated labour. It would appear that in all two hundred and five miles of ditches had been constructed, and 6,000 dollars per day made by the sale of water for washing the earth. The miners went in bodies, or what were called locally "rushings," in search of new diggings. They had a vague idea that the gold must come from some great deposit. Many of the delusions on this head were singular enough, through the extravagance of the popular stolidity. Wonderful reports were spread which were wholly destitute of foundation.

The inventions to facilitate the labour are stated in this Report, which consists of three hundred and sixty pages. It is pretty clear, too, that the gold found had been originally in quartz, which had afterwards become disintegrated. Machinery was introduced to crush the quartz, and large sums expended uselessly. These improvements are detailed. Some rivers were turned to no great advantage. In 1851 the gold found in Australia caused a desertion of numbers to that continent, and to Peru; but most who went, especially to the latter-country, were disappointed. The largest of the ancient river-beds in California were turned, and

afforded 25,000,000 of dollars in gold. The table mountains of Tuolumne also afforded much treasure. The Frazer river, in high favour, disappointed most who essayed there. A very noted discovery was made at Gold Canon, a branch of the Carson river. The Washoe excitement, so called, is detailed, and the rise of Virginia city, near which the amount of silver produced was wonderful, averaging 12,000,000 of dollars, or 800 per head on the spot.

The silver mining appears to have been for some time neglected, but it has since mounted up to a large profit, and the product seems to increase.

The various mining theories and practices are described at considerable length, as well as the nature of many of the speculations. The Columbia and Cariboo mines are noticed last of all.

The second section of the Report bears relation to the geological formation of the Pacific slope by Mr. Ashburner. It treats of the mining interest generally, of the gold belt of the northern mining districts, and of that in the hills or sierras.

In an allusion to the Australian gold, it would appear that it is of remarkable fineness—much finer than that of California. These last mines returned about 25,415,401 dollars for 1866. Those of Australia in 1865 about 29,627,916.

The gold belt of California—at least, the most productive portion from lat. 37°—extends about two hundred and fifty miles, narrowing on the south to twenty-five. The State Geological Survey of 1866 contains the best information regarding the quartz

veins. These vary in width from one foot to two feet six inches. One, however, was noticed twenty-five feet wide, and another fifteen. Slate, granite, and greenstone are the principal rocks: which of these is most prolific is not as yet noted. In Mariposa county the veins are in slate, first worked in 1852, when they gave for a time seventy-five dollars per ton. Since 1861 the veins yield only 18·14 dollars per ton.

Here the Report gives the returns of other mines in that district, and then describes the northern districts and cost expenses. From 1857 to 1865 the mine Sierra Buttes raised, in the gross, 1,120,000 dollars; expenses, 385,000; profit, 735,000. The principal expenses were for milling or crushing the quartz.

It must be observed that the product of the gold mines of California is already beginning to decrease. It was in 1853 that most of it was raised. It fell in 1861 to 40,000,000 dollars, from 57,000,000 in the former year, and in 1865 they raised but 44,984,623. It is true the exact amount cannot be ascertained. Some miners bury their dust until they remove; some is manufactured; about 4,000,000 dollars in value is coined. The quartz mines, however, are observed to be upon the increase, and it is upon these that the country must look for its continued supply of the precious metals. The operations of mining are always uncertain. Even in the quartz the metal is by no means equally disposed. In some veins little or none will be found; in others it will be rich, occurring in what the Cornish miners call "bunches." The mills for stamping are of various weights and sizes. There is a table in the

present Report of eighty-four different mills, with their product and cost. The amalgamation and various processes are fully described. For notices of the several mines reference must be made to the work itself.

The Comstock mine is said to be the richest in the world. A strip of land six hundred yards wide and three miles long has yielded 12,000,000 dollars per annum. The silver companies of the Nevada mines lead in product beyond any others in the world—even beyond Potosi. In Mexico, where a hundred men are required, twenty only can do the same work here.

An historical sketch of the Nevada possesses considerable interest. The original inhabitants of the county were the Washoes, the Pah-Utahs, the Shoshones, and Pannocks. Except these last, they are all inoffensive and peaceable people, showing a good-natured indifference to all going on around them. The Washoes are in particular a friendly race, and commendable for their honesty. Nomadic to a certain degree in their habits, they have still favourite spots in the mountains, where they feed upon a species of pine nut, depending almost wholly upon nature for the supply of their wants, and living under the shelter of the willow-trees. They are extremely poor. Their dress is composed of hare-skins and cast-off garments of the white people. They are considered not a badly-disposed race. The women, as usual among similar tribes, do all the laborious work. Their intercourse with the whites has much demoralised them—a thing not singular with all the

Indians, unhappily for their position and future existence.

The first discovery of gold in the Carson river was by accident, and it was followed up in the usual manner. It would seem, from the early exhaustion of the spot at first found to be rich, as if the mineral wealth were placed in those particular spots to tempt a population and stock an uninhabited territory with people. In 1849, on an emigrant road in a ravine of considerable depth, a discovery of gold took place, and the foundation of Carson city was the result. The gold found there was evidently the result of disintegration. Other spots were worked near by, and then abandoned to the Chinamen, who are said to have taken out gold-dust afterwards to the extent of between three and four hundred thousand dollars. In this way towns sprang up, and were in some cases abandoned when no more of the precious metals could be abstracted.

The State of Nevada seems to be one of considerable interest. Nevada means "snowy mountains." The same name is given to the hills near Granada, in Spain. They rise here to an elevation of from five to six thousand feet, and for three hundred miles form a natural barrier between that State and California. Some of the loftier peaks of the Sierra Nevada reach ten thousand feet in elevation. They are covered with spruce, pine, and scrubby wood. They rise irregularly and disordered. On some of the interior peaks of the Sierra the snow lies all the summer. Most of the district is well watered, especially in the west and south. There are many gaps through the mountains

affording passes. The rock is principally syenite, slate, and granite. Limestone and porphyry are to be found in the range, and evidences of volcanic action abound, though of remote date. The numerous ravines in these mountains are called "canons." The summits are generally rounded, as if from disintegration. Here and there spire-like points may be met with, but it is not the general character these elevations assume. Some of the land on their sides contains fine garden earth enough for small farms. As the mountain chain continues for a hundred miles or more together without a break or deviation from its course, so do the intervening valleys with very slight inclinations. Sometimes they spread into plains of considerable extent, or sweep round a mountain, and run into other valleys nearly upon the same level. Streams of water run through a few of the valleys; but many of the smaller mountain streams are lost, sinking out of sight, or else are absorbed in the dry porous earth of the vales themselves. Where a stream, however small, runs, there is generally a strip of green meadow along its shores. Some of the vales show good arable land where there is no stream. Some valleys are perfectly sterile, clearly from the lack of irrigation.

The large plains in the district are marked by greater sterility and dryness than the other parts of this singular and remote country. In general, however, the plains are barren, having little wood, grass, or wholesome water, the latter being tainted with minerals, and thus rendered unfit for use. The feature of the district being so situated, with no outlet to

the sea, its collected waters become a lake in form—an "alkali flat" or a "salt-bed," to use the local terms.

The lakes in this remote State are formed by the waters of the Carson, Walker, and Humboldt rivers: one is called the Pyramid Lake, about thirty-three miles long by fourteen wide, and very deep. This is the largest. All the lakes here are impregnated with alkaline salts, and are scarcely fit to drink, especially when their waters are low. There are also mud lakes. What are called "alkali flats" consist of mud dried up. Many of the smaller lakes become thus dry late in every season. These last are never deep, not more than a foot or two. The bottoms are level. Some have their bottoms always covered with a few inches of water, and look at the same time as if they were of great size and depth. There seem to be many singularities in these lakes. In the season they dry up, often exhibiting a crust from the mud which becomes extremely hard. The rivers and streams are of no magnitude, and are nearly all fordable. The Humboldt, for example, is the largest and longest river in the State. In general the rivers have hurried currents. A cascade of any size is unknown. The trout in some of the streams is described as excellent. The springs are numerous, and of all kinds, cold, tepid, or hot, and impregnated with mineral substances, marked, too, with certain peculiarities. Some called the Steamboat Springs are sulphureous, and others chalybeate.

The salt-beds found are abundant and pure. That at Sand Springs, near Virginia city, is noted. It extends over some hundreds of acres, with a few inches

of water upon a stratum of salt a full foot thick. A second space of salt-bed covers twenty miles square. In this new State timber appears to be scarce. It is the mining, however, which is the valuable and profitable undertaking in the Nevada. The surface there is also rich in organic remains, both animal and vegetable. Entire trunks of fossil trees have been discovered well preserved.

The product of silver at Comstock is the richest in the world, and the works are already considerable. The whole product of the mine in bullion from 1859 to 1866 was 70,725,000 dollars. Still, as usual in mining, all is uncertain as to profit and loss.

"So large was the income from some of the claims at the Gold Hill mine at one time that they readily commanded from five to fifteen thousand dollars. The net monthly profit yielded from five hundred to three thousand dollars per lineal foot. In some cases persons owning but ten feet enjoyed from this source an annual revenue of more than twenty, and some approximating to thirty thousand dollars."

Tables are given exhibiting the shares, prices, and assessments as far as they could be ascertained. They show the usual fluctuations in such concerns, and that large profits must have accrued, while there has been an equal proportion of losses.

It is worthy of observation that much of the mining has been followed up by fits and starts, and often abandoned without profit. Of seventy millions of dollars in gold and silver extracted from the mines of Nevada, it is thought not more than a third was paid

to shareholders as dividends. Some mines become depressed far beneath their real value. Such, however, must naturally be the case where no rule of sober reflection guides the operations, but all is the work of popular impulse moved by rumour, or imaginary notions of profit to be derived from localites where no ore exists. It is, after all, as a cast with dice, an enterprise incited by gambling to win back if a loser, or to be more enriched if already successful.

The works necessary for carrying on the mines and extracting the ores cost large sums. A single trench for the conveyance of water was sixty miles long, and cost a hundred thousand dollars. Mills of all kinds had to be erected, particularly stamping mills for crushing the quartz, and mercury in many cases was purchased to separate the ores.

But the efforts of labour are not confined to risk of capital and want of remuneration on the part of the miner. He has to pay his labourer in wages from three dollars fifty cents to five dollars per day in some parts of California, as in Nevada, for example. The taxes laid on by the Government are one-half of one per cent. on all bullion assayed. It prohibits any sale, exchange, or working up of what has not been assayed. Miners who make a thousand dollars a year, and every person or firm employing others, must take out a license at a cost of ten dollars. Then come the State taxes on the ores, mills, works, and all above ground, not inconsiderable in amount. There are one hundred and seventy stamping mills in the State of Nevada alone.

In the territory of Oregon the profit of the mines for the latest year is estimated at not more than two millions of dollars, the product of work by hand. In Washington territory the return was not expected to be more than half of that in Oregon.

In Utah, so notorious for the rule of the polygamous Brigham Young, coal is found, and traces of lead and silver have been discovered, but are not to be worked. A company from New York is said to have established itself about a hundred and sixty miles from the Salt Lake city. Montana produces little, but the State of Idaho yields about 10,000,000 of dollars from its quartz mines. In south-eastern Nevada the veins are large, and said to be rich. In Arizona State little mining appears to have been carried on.

To refer to other metals than gold and silver on the coast of the Pacific, copper was found twenty-seven years ago near Los Angeles. Between 1851 and 1854 traces of it were again met with, but it was not until 1855 that it was discovered in ore of fine quality in a place called Hope Valley. It was found at San Francisco that the ores, green and blue carbonates, contained forty per cent. of copper, and were worth one hundred and forty dollars per ton.

In 1860, the preceding discovery having been passed over, another was made of copper at Gopher Hills, and some ore being raised, was sent to San Francisco, where it was valued at one hundred and twenty dollars per ton. Soon after a company undertook to work it, called the Napoleon Company, since which mines, there and elsewhere, in thirteen different spots, have been worked

for copper. Some of the mines are said to produce rich ores. The total produced from May, 1863, to September, 1865, was in all 1,718,885 lbs. weight of ore. The first mine has ceased to work, but others have been opened at Forest Hill, Mareposa, and elsewhere. Much of these ores goes to England to be smelted. From 1862 to 1866 inclusive 20,151 tons were shipped to New York, 25,312 to Boston, and 13,248 to Swansea.

The quicksilver mines in California are situated at a place called New Almaden. The exports were in flasks 308,756 in number from July, 1850, to August, 1863. The quicksilver occurs in magnesian schists, sometimes in calcareous, and rarely in argillaceous. From November, 1863, to December, 1864, 3,566,200 lbs. were produced.

Borax is also found in California, and a particular account of its discovery is given. It has been obtained from a territory that bears marks of volcanic action. The lake where it is extracted covers several hundred acres. Sulphur is met with. Traces of tin have been discovered, and coal has been found, but there are disadvantages in working it. Iron has been met with in abundance, and of course is largely used.

Wonderful is this distribution of mineral wealth throughout the world. It is one of those marks, and not the least obvious, which show the design of the Great Former of all things in the way of preparation for what was to be developed at a future period, by providing for the use of those destined to apply it to their purposes. It thus becomes apparent, both as a temptation to occupy the land and as a provision for

labour, made through the unlimited foreknowledge of the Great Designer of all things.

It is calculated that what the Americans call the "Pacific Slope" has an area of 900,000 square miles. They divide it into four parts, separated from each other by high mountain ranges, which are characterised as more adapted for mining than agriculture. The territory so denominated rises from five hundred to six thousand feet above the sea. The low lands have a long strip of vegetation bordering them. In Oregon and Washington dense forests cover the mountains.

The heights on the Pacific Slope have the elevation just mentioned, but the Sierra Nevada rises in some places much higher. It is on the mountain sides that most of the mining operations are performed. The lower mining towns there have no snow or ice for more than a day or two at a time, while on the highest ridges the snow lies for four or five months. Two-thirds of the year a cloudless sky is enjoyed, and no rain falls from May to November. Only half the rain falls there that falls in New York and Philadelphia in a year. Fogs often occur early in the day in summer, but soon clear up. Thunder and lightning are rare. The climate is one of those in the world most favourable to health. When the coast is left for the interior, the moderate temperature kept up by the sea breezes is unfelt, and the summers are hotter and the winters colder. Thus at Sacramento the former season is intensely hot. It is warm even at considerable elevations. In the deep ravines the air becomes stagnant, and the burning rocks reflect the sun's rays power-

fully upon the miners. From May to October the thermometer ranges from 85° to 90°, with a cloudless sky, and no showers. The earth appears arid during the summer and autumn, but the nights are always cool, and most so after midnight. Higher up the mountain sides the summer is shorter, and the days cooler. At 2,500 feet of elevation, frosts will be observed in July; and in the latitude of San Francisco, at an elevation of 5,000 feet, the snow will remain on the ground for seven and eight months together. The snow on the Sierra is often from five to ten feet deep in winter.

At Sacramento, in the lower mining districts, the heat is torrid in summer, the mean temperature having been above 100° for three months together. The hot wind sometimes blisters the skin. The rain increases as the country rises in altitude and latitude. At San Diego, in 32°, the fall is eleven inches; at San Francisco, in 37° 48″, it is twenty-two inches; and at Humboldt Bay it is thirty-four inches. Nine inches of rain may be added for every thousand feet in altitude. The climate, soil, and size of California very much resemble those of Old Spain.

The total number of white miners is 25,750, and of Chinese miners 20,806. The quartz miners of gold are in number 7,150; hydraulic miners, 5,850; placer miners, 29,550; silver miners, 1,300; copper miners, 2,700. The mineral specimens given as existing in California are numerous: upwards of a hundred and ten are enumerated. Collections of them already exist in San Francisco.

The limit of the gold zone is yet undetermined. It

runs into British Columbia, and from thence into Russian America, towards the Arctic Sea. The age of the gold-bearing slates or rocks in this part of America seems to have been determined as of the secondary order.

It was evident that America lost considerable advantages by not early laying down some fixed regulations regarding her mines. The lands here and there were torn up, and earth and gravel piled over them, for the miner did nothing beyond that which would contribute to his own want or profit. All done by the miner was done for a momentary purpose, and then he abandoned one spot for another. The American miner became a wanderer to wherever he thought he might make new profits, and thus he led a migratory life, to the injury of the soil, and his own character as a free citizen. The American Government perceived the evil of its citizens becoming wanderers, one year to Peru, the next to British Columbia, now to Brazil, and then to Australia. Men without homes are in the first stage of a return to a savage and demoralised life. At a late period comparatively the evil was noticed, and an Act was passed to grant fee-simple titles to miners, including mines or agricultural lands in mineral districts. It was not the wandering, restless, demoralised life that men led that was all the mischief; the loss to the States in which a population of such a character resided was very great in the view of the popular demoralisation. All the world heard of outrages and offences committed a few years ago in San Francisco from this cause. That city now is one of the most peaceful and

secure in the world, by day or night, shaming the riots, outrages, and unprovoked assaults and breaches of morality openly practised in the superior city of the States, *par excellence*, New York.

The mining regulations, wisely compiled to meet the exigency of the time, are numerous, and appear to be effectual. Their voluminous character prevents entering upon them here. Some could hardly be understood without a knowledge of mining in detail. To adjust the various claims was no light task. Local customs and rules in one district would not pass muster in another. There was no appeal for the redress of a wrong, no precedent for proceeding rightfully. The miner had no protection. Regulations assented to at one time were disregarded at another. The authors of the Report, therefore, recommended uniformity as to mining or land claims, which in one district differed from another in a most extraordinary manner. Then that the size of grants should be limited, and the breadth of the claims more particularly. The necessity of a claim being worked was to give the right to hold it. Many were thus held and never worked at all. The laws were required to be permanent. Mining was a lasting labour in a mineral country; one, too, of such extensive superficies. It was contended, and justly, that the legislature alone could do what was needful to cure abuses and establish uniformity.

The Report next details the regulations of the Nevada, the Sierra, Tuolumne, Sacramento, Columbia, San Juan, Pitch Hill, New Kanaka, Copperopolis, and other district mines, together with the different statutes and

various provisions belonging to them. The mining laws of Mexico are quoted, and, as was to be expected, are all of Spanish origin, and were sufficiently long. A list is added of the different published works on the Californian mines. It appears that there have been many publications written on the gold discovery. Many were mere rambles and personal adventures by such persons as visit a country for a few days, return home, and then publish accounts of the manners, customs, modes of thinking, religion, and moral character of the people, of which they really know nothing, except that they find the ignorant are entertained by their myths. Excluding works published under this empirical conceit, of which we have surely had enough, we must turn to those of the country or the States themselves, of which the titles are given here, as far as they relate to the useful, and not to conjecture or presumption.

The works most useful are eleven or twelve in number. Of these Tyson's "Geology and Resources of California," Trask "On the Geology of the Sierra Nevada," and also his work on the coast mountains, the Report of Blake, and that of M. Marcen, of Zurich, the geological work of Dr. Newbery, and others, will show that some, and no little, attention has been paid to this copious subject, and to California generally, as a rich mineral country.

The distance from San Francisco to Victoria, in British Columbia, is 753 miles; to New Westminster, in the same territory, 823 miles; from San Francisco overland to New York is 3,417 miles; and to St. Louis, 2,279.

There is a very interesting paper at the end of the volume on the mineral resources of the States, and territories east of the Rocky Mountains. It is long, but cannot but be read by those who reflect upon the discovery of the New World, so vast, so interesting, yet novel to what is called the Old World; its inhabitants, animals, vegetable productions, and scenery, for so many ages we presume unknown; for even old Noah himself hardly housed a rattlesnake or protected a llama. Reflecting how slow was the advance of science among the nations for centuries, during which mankind were kept in ignorance by the fear of attempting to do what was novel, and could show no precedent among their forefathers, we must still marvel that the Americas were not before discovered by adventurers towards the north-west or from the southern shores of Greenland.

We find it was in 1822 that California issued a declaration of independence, and from that time became lost to Spain. The Report details various efforts made to obtain a preponderating influence in California by Louis Philippe, of France. A hint, too, is given of a jealousy of England by her children, upon the same grounds. The volume concludes with a cursory description of the gold mines east of the Rocky Mountain range in West Mexico, Colorado, Montana, Utah, Dakota, Saskatchewan, the Vermilion District, and the Canadian, Nova Scotian, Alleghany, Virginian, North and South Carolinian, Georgian, and other mines of the East. The main interest, however, lies to the west of the father of rivers, the great Mississippi.

The mystery amid all this increase of production in the precious metals is, that gold has not been affected in price like other commodities when they become more plentiful. This is a point which remains to be cleared up satisfactorily.

Early in May I embarked at New York in the steamer which was to convey me to the shores of England. Immediately upon treading her deck we were favourably impressed by the polite replies of the old "salt" to whom we accidentally addressed some inquiries respecting the bestowal of our luggage, and his deferential tone and manner. This we were pleased to find, during our voyage across the Atlantic, was the characteristic of all on board in the employ of the owners. In short, to adopt the expression of a lively little Knickerbocker, we felt very quickly as if we were "at home." It may or may not have been that the English carry their beautiful and peculiar love of "home comfort" even into the economy of their ships; certain it was we felt it, and enjoyed particularly the additional "invalid's meal," as I termed it, of tea and dry toast (butter, of course, *ad lib.*), which was served an hour and a half after dessert had been dismissed, and for which we ladies would fain have exchanged our third and last meal (dinner) in the American vessels. Tea was the fourth meal served in the British boat, and to those who were unable to eat in the earlier part of the day it was a great desideratum, with its cosy array of tea and coffee-pots, steaming urns, and glittering toast-racks.

Nothing of special moment occurred during our

voyage across the Atlantic beyond the excessive cold encountered in the region of icebergs east of Newfoundland, and the commemoration of the birthday of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, which, if not celebrated in a mode calculated to excite rapturous emotions among the *crême de la crême*, of whom Her Majesty is as much sovereign by her love of that simplicity which is the unfailing attribute of noble souls as she is by birth, it was commemorated by all classes and nationalities on board with a heartiness and in a way that evidenced the high esteem in which she is held by the world, no less than the sincere love of her subjects. "The Star-spangled Banner" was called for by an Englishman, "God save the Queen" by an American, and "Her Majesty's health" was given by a genial-hearted old gentleman, a Catholic priest, and a son of that isle whose Catholic children are so wrongly counted the bitterest enemies of the British crown. It was drunk with "three times three." An admiring San Franciscan added a call for a "tiger"—a word the meaning of which is an extra yell of excessive delight at the close of the cheering. Champagne-corks flew freely, but, as became the occasion, the utmost decorum prevailed, and the representatives of the various nationalities, mutually pleased, retired at twelve o'clock to their respective state-rooms.

Late one afternoon all the passengers flocked on deck as the bold headlands of the Emerald Isle rose in sight, deficient indeed in wood, but crowned to the

very edge of the cliffs, or occasionally in glens down to the sea, with fields of young grain and pasture land, evidencing a thrift and prosperity for which their Transatlantic friends were totally unprepared. Expressions of surprise among them were rife as the neat little white cottages of the peasantry were seen here and there clothing the cliffs, cresting the brows, or mantling the sides of the bold heights as they towered above the sea.

The beautiful little harbour of Queenstown reached, the company's tender swiftly approached our sides, as we did not enter the larger harbour of Cork. Several passengers, among whom was our friendly companion, the good father, quitted us at this point. The mail was also transferred to the custody of a mail agent, and with a parting cheer to our friends left there, our stately vessel shaped her course for her ultimate destination, Liverpool, where she arrived the following day.

The contrast presented by its magnificent docks of ponderous granite to the rotting woodwork of the wretched piers of New York made a great impression on those who had never seen them before. One elderly dame—the Ophelia of our passenger party—leaned over the side of the vessel in amazement as we entered lock after lock on the way to our moorings, or rather resting-place. She pointed out with astonishment the immense size of the granite blocks of which the docks were composed in the sides and piers.

"Surely," she exclaimed, "the English people must

build for their children's children, while we only build for ourselves."

"True, aunty," thought I, "and if John and Jonathan would but get over some of their ridiculous jealousies, and make themselves acquainted with each other's excellencies, they might cement a mutual regard, only to be attained, however, by visits such as you and I are, or have been, paying."

Just after this sage remark we were obliged to turn our attention to the necessities of disembarcation. We soon afterwards passed through the Custom-house scrutiny, and found the officers as civil and obliging, when they must have seen we had no intention to deceive, as we found them in America, neither of them as "black as they are painted," perhaps by those who are conscious of some desire to act crookedly. Should I have cause to reverse my judgment on this point in any future disembarcation, I may be tempted to record it, either as regards England or America; I now only state a simple truth as far as my humble judgment will justify me.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNEY OF W—— TO THE WEST IN THE EARLIER TIME—THE START FROM CHICAGO—A CONVOY OF SAINTS—INDIAN ANECDOTES AND ATTACKS—GERMAN EMIGRATION—MEETINGS OF THE BRETHREN—SPLENDID SUNSETS—LABOURS OF THE PEOPLE—MOSQUITO ATTACKS—EXCESSIVE HEAT—FALSE ALARMS—THE CHIMNEY ROCK—FORT LARAMIE—DANGER FROM WOLVES—MOUNTAIN-RANGE SCENE—REACH THE SALT LAKE VALLEY—PROCEED TO SAN FRANCISCO.

I SHALL not err in subjoining here some particulars of a journey to San Francisco, *viâ* the Salt Lake City, from Chicago, several years subsequently to Mr. Kelly's journey, by a route somewhat similar. Mr. W—— travelled across the continent, making that part of the distance thus mentioned with a caravan of the devotees of the new religion of Joseph Smith's originating; on whose death Brigham Young led Smith's disciples to the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, where they founded the Salt Lake City, the new leader adding to Smith's articles of faith those especial tenets for which he has become so famous. How the pioneers, and those who followed them in an undertaking so arduous at the earlier time of the settlement, explored their way, not without danger of death from want and the wild Indian, and this for some thousand miles from the Atlantic, I well knew, but not so fully as I learned at a later period. For the present detail I

was indebted to Mr. W——, a native of Scotland, who, though not enrolled among the "faithful," travelled at an early date in a waggon train in their company towards the Rocky Mountains, which he crossed. He was far from regarding the "Saints" with prejudice, for they treated him with great civility. "Other sects," he said, "believed things almost as absurd. These people will sober down by-and-by." It must be observed that this remark was made some years ago. Since then, great changes have been effected, and the road has become quite a highway thither. The facilities of journeying, too, are no longer so difficult to obtain. Even at the time to which I allude it must have demanded a stern resolution to conduct a number of persons—men, women, and children—such a distance on a trackless road to a desert solitude, among mountains explored only by the Indian and the white hunter, by the semi-civilised and the lawless. Thus will ambition oftentimes lead men to strange adventures, of which the present was no unworthy example for record. Of the peculiar nature of the faith so attractive I can pretend to give no opinion. Censure of religious freedom or persecution for conscience' sake, after the example of persecutors everywhere, I should feel pain in imitating. Let all men judge for themselves in what equally concerns themselves alone.

Mr. W—— having business of importance at Chicago, which he completed much more to his satisfaction than he had contemplated, met with a convoy of "Saints" bound to the promised land, and as he

intended to visit the Sandwich Islands, *viâ* San Francisco, by adventuring across the continent in place of proceeding by sea from New York, he joined the "chosen vessels" on their way to the Salt Lake, taking the directions of one of the leaders of the convoy for his own outfit, which he speedily completed—a waggon, oxen, bedding, rifle, and such things as would render his transit comfortable. He did not calculate on making more than a dozen miles in the day, and, therefore, foresight was careful to provide comforts proportionate, even to cooking utensils. Travellers in this mode could complete their journey with comparative comfort. It will hardly be credited that some of the poorer brethren and sisters undertook the same journey on foot, pushing hand-carts before them, in which their infants and scanty luggage were placed, reposing at night under the canopy of heaven for months together, exposed to malaria and chill. Day after day did they drag their miserable vehicles the enormous distance, exposed to a sun almost tropical at noon, and proportionably chill at night. How many fell victims to the enterprise can never be known! Day after day they perished, or dragged their vehicles, happily without a knowledge and therefore without a presentiment, of the doom that might be in reserve for them.

I cannot undertake here to note more than a few leading incidents among those thus described to me. Much that is painful I suppress, and this is less to be regretted, as even the most painful descriptions of suffering pass out of remembrance too quickly.

The traveller from the East joined the "convoy" a little way in advance of the city. He found the leaders of the brethren civil and obliging to himself, "Gentile" as he was, nor did Mr. W—— repent of his resolution. All was new, and novelty is with some an irresistible attraction. For several days there was much that was preparatory going forward. It was hard work with the leaders to establish order, and prevent rules from being broken. Some of the leaders had passed and repassed the same route more than once. At length all was in trim, and the time was beguiled by conversation about the new creed and its implied duties, stories of escapes from the Indians, and similar topics, with acts of revenge by the whites no way to their credit, the Indians naturally being always in the wrong! One story related by a smart elder of the faith showed what narrow escapes many of the adventurers had in that early time of their journeyings to the West. Some of the Yankee devotees, only four or five in number, left their camp on horseback. They were fortunately very well mounted. A few miles away they encountered twenty mounted Indians at a place where the road took a sharp bend. Seeing their position, they cut across the bend, and thus got into the rear of the Indians. Fortunate it was they were well horsed; one was upon a trained racer that had cleared sixteen feet at a leap. The Indians yelled savagely, and let fly their arrows. Fast indeed did the whites urge spur and rein. Their lives hung on a thread. They soon saw that the ground widened between them and the red men. Observing

this, they turned in the saddle, waved their caps at the Indians in derision, and got back safe from the tomahawk to their encampment.

To show what hazards even the convoys ran when not strong, one of the leaders related that thirty waggons and sixty men were one day on the way to the westward, accompanied by some of the Sioux Indians, enemies of the Pawnees. The former said that the Pawnees intended to attack the convoy, but they should not, for that they, the Sioux, would burn their wigwams. The convoy approached a place called "Loup Fork." Five of the number, who had acted as scouts, declared the country clear of Indians, as far as they could observe it. "Are the Indian corn-fields clear?" (Some of these lay not far off.) The reply was in the affirmative. The party now thought the Sioux had deceived them, and went on. Presently two thousand Pawnees uprose from among the high corn, and gave the war-whoop. The bullock-trains were hurried up into squares of four, each facing outwards. Scarcely was this done, and almost before the party could place their backs to the waggons, ready for a hopeless defence, when the Indians came down upon them, certain of their prey. All must have fallen, when out of their usual custom the first Indian addressed the interpreters of the whites, who told them the Sioux were close upon them, and burning their wigwams.

"It's a lie! it's a lie!" they cried, and at once approached nearer to their prey. The massacre of all the party seemed inevitable. The Indians repeated their yells and war-dances. On a sudden, one of

the white party, who himself related the incident, said that he did not feel afraid, for the thought flashed upon him, "Your time is come, make the most of it." The Indians brandished their tomahawks, and only watched for the chief's word to make the onset. Just then one of the whites who had been looking out earnestly towards the point where the Pawnee wigwams and village stood, seeing the smoke, shouted, "Hurrah, boys, the Pawnee wigwams are in flames!" There lay all the property the Pawnees possessed—wives, children, and dwellings. A great volume of smoke arose into the air. The Sioux had been faithful to their words. The whites were saved; for the Pawnees hurried off to find only their smoking dwellings, and captive families most probably by that time some distance away. Such were the hazards the "Saints" ran in obedience to the law of their wary leader in the earlier time of their pilgrimages.

In some cases the whites were not so fortunate. One of those who had been allured by the great apostle and his followers, and had abandoned the world through credulity as to the history of the golden plates—in other words, an apostate, but apparently a good kind of man, though he was reported only so beyond the *sanctum*—stated that in one case of Indian attack he had known of a party not one of which had escaped the hatchets of the red men.

Many were the hairbreadth hazards thus related. The scalps of a man, woman, and of several children, killed by the Cheyenne Indians, were found, and their waggon half burned. Cattle were stolen from parties

which the Indians did not venture to attack openly. Some of the pilgrims were victims to their own temerity in venturing to travel in parties of only two or three together, and fell an easy prey.

"When we halted for a day to give the cattle an occasional rest," the narrator, Mr. W——, said, "I met with a German convert, who entertained me much with his accounts of his native country, to which he showed still how much he was attached, for a tear often stole down his cheek as he made allusions to it. It is remarkable what a torrent of Germans pours in one constant stream into the United States at the present time. They have continued, and will continue to do so. In San Francisco, with his heavy movements, good-nature, and beer-drinking, the German is familiar. He seldom or never talks of returning home, while he always expresses his attachment to his fatherland. The truth is that he had felt when at home disgusted and oppressed. The petty tyranny exercised over his actions by his rulers in some of the States was grinding. As the popular mind expands, freedom is there rather contracted than expanded by the petty satraps that govern. The German had no free will to act upon objects most material to his comfort, on points without which, and free action, life is slavery.

"This Teutonic fellow-traveller entertained us on our way not only with incidents he had himself encountered at home, but with those which had occurred to others. We thus journeyed day after day, for several months, with a great sameness of incident, relieved in some measure by the difference in the aspect of the country.

Here were almost interminable levels, there the land was undulating like huge waves; here it was monotonous and dull, there novel and peculiar. There was also much for the naturalist and geologist to study. One place appeared like some remembered spot in the old country, or like the northern counties of England, for example. Prairies, barrens, wooded scenery, levels covered with wild herbage, often varied, and at times beautiful. Some spots were excellent for pasture, others full of young trees, sprung up, they told me, since the Indians had fired the woods to clear their hunting-grounds. Sometimes, but rarely, we fell in with a log-hut, inhabited by a solitary man, his wife, and children. Horses were grazing near by the rude habitation, the property of the inmates, and generally so fine in form and breed as to contrast singularly in their excellent appearance with those at the westward of the continent seen afterwards. The inhabitants were right hospitable, and set before the stranger in one place tea, molasses, milk, bread, and beef-steaks. The settlers' table here beat that of the inhabitants who are situated on the Pacific side of the great backbone of mountains that divide North America into two distinct parts; distinct, too, as to climate and appliances similar to the present. Yet was the cot itself miserable enough. The roof leaked; the floor was of loose boards, so loose that strangers were cautioned where they put their feet. Two lovely children also inhabited the dwelling in that remote spot. The inmates lived upon the produce of the land, and our host expressed his hope that new settlers would soon come to relieve them of their

solitude. The contrast between their patriarchal support drawn wholly from the land, and that afterwards observed so slovenly in the mining country to the westward, could not but strike the stranger as remarkable.

"The appearance of the people, and of the females particularly, was strictly American in taste, as a white jacket, white bonnet, and pink skirts clearly showed. Some of the scenes near this place formed lovely pictures of natural wildness and tranquil beauty. One of these wild spots in particular lay on the edge of a transparent stream, studded with green islands, gracefully wooded, while timber of majestic appearance as to size and form drooped beautifully over the transparency beneath.

"It was on one of the most beautiful evenings I ever saw that the members of this community I was accompanying halted on a similar spot in the wild. There it was they held one of their new religious meetings. It was attended by all the brethren, except those upon guard, who were placed some distance off, in order to give timely warning of danger. I had never witnessed such a scene before. The picturesque beauty of the spot, the open air, and nature in tranquil sweetness around, reminded me that it must be like some of the scenes chosen for the earlier Christian worship, as performed upon olive-covered mounts, amid the sanctity of nature, in place of the gloom of Gothic arches and the effluvia from the charnels beneath magnificent buildings of the earlier ages. The scene was perfect in that simplicity, as far as outward appearance went, which is an attraction in every faith as an accompaniment. As to the

sincerity of the worship or its character, I had no means of investigation, or time to spare for a disquisition upon it, nor ability, if I had, to perform it. I can only say that the scene was to myself novel and impressive as to picturesque effect. I heard no invocation of those golden plates which mortal eyes have still to behold. There was nothing worthy of record, nothing new except what related to the living brethren, but still the scene was novel from the locality. It was impossible to play the infidel in the silent sermon preached there by nature, if that of the 'new creed' were no more than a 'tinkling cymbal.'

"I shall never forget the beauty of that evening as it closed in with the dying light. My German friend seemed moved by it. The moon rose and 'walked in brightness' up the sky, casting down between the trees streams of liquid silver. I was half a Saint, made so by the eye, rather than the ear, for the orisons offered up were sadly common-place. I no longer doubted that the holy men of the early ages imbibed from nature in Eastern lands much of that spirit which devotion in unison with it alone exhibits, and is thus more readily felt and goes deeper into the soul. But even here, at such a moment, the fiction of the 'plates' and the 'angelic characters' was too much to credit, and did not, at a moment so apparently auspicious for the purpose, incline me to look favourably upon the faith. Still it was a striking scene taking place in that seclusion, and it would be untrue to deny that my feelings were not a little worked upon, more by the secondary objects than by that primary one of the

sentiment of the worship. Who would desire to resist such a feeling, even with such wild notions? Wonderful were the toil and labour these people underwent under the impression of a religious duty, of which their own narrow convictions could only be founded upon the assumptions of others, who were deep designers, being taken for granted. Well may the thinking and reasoning exclaim in behalf of a large part of the world, after Goethe, 'Light, light, more light!' Such were the ideas that crossed my sensorium at that moment.

"I must do these people justice as far as I observed them in their imperturbability under worship, and the sincerity, at least, of the more ignorant among them. The sneers of half-lettered travellers who came in their way at that early time were at least superfluous. They seemed truly charitable to each other, more so than most Christians; and if they are not acute enough to detect the fallacy of their new faith, though numbers have done it, becoming, as it were, clear-sighted in the matter, they are still deserving of respect for their disinterested brotherhoodship.

"The pilgrims were all marshalled duly, as I should have before remarked, in bodies of forty or fifty. Each band was under a controlling head, or overseer, who was evidently the superior man of the party which he conducted. These leaders, if they may be so called, underwent incredible fatigue without any other chance of reward than their zeal in the service. This they expected would bring them in the approval of their church, and being the superior men on the pilgrimage was gratifying to their ambition. They spared no

labour, argued with the opinionated, soothed the suffering, and compelled the obstinate in a mode well adapted to their objects and creditable to themselves. They were evidently men in earnest, if deficient in judgment, and credulous in their religious belief.

"I saw the leaders run up and down the sides of steep hills, urging on the teams, the thermometer at 90°. I also remarked their great fatigue incurred in marshalling their companies. We were at that time travelling over many beautiful wild flowers, and among them I noticed the golden rod and gentianella. It was a spectacle calculated to please a botanist. Here, too, now and then, we came to a dwelling, the settlement of some, as yet, solitary family of a very humble kind. This spot was about fifty miles from some bluffs by the Missouri, the name of which my informant could not recall, but I soon found he meant what are called Council Bluffs, not far from Florence Town, a place at that time not of great moment, though from the situation likely to grow into one of considerable importance.

"We had here what the travellers call a stampedo, or the bullocks unharnessed taking flight and scampering off in all directions, often knocking down or trampling upon all in their way. It required much trouble on these occasions, and even considerable danger, to recover them. Ague and fever began here to attack the travellers.

"On reaching Council Bluffs, with their appendage of the new town near by above-named, we found everything in the way of purchase very dear, except tools

and shoes, of which there was a good stock. We rested here for several days, when I made some fresh acquaintances among the 'Saints.'

"We crossed the muddy and shallow Missouri at a ferry where the soil had a ferruginous appearance, but the road was far better than we could have expected. A terrible thunder-storm overtook us here. It was as if all the batteries of heaven had opened upon us at once. This happened inopportunely, and just as we were about to move onwards.

"We were now become more immediately exposed to the depredations and attacks of the Indian tribes that might chance to be hostile, as day by day we drew nearer to their encampments. I should have said before that, after leaving Chicago, I had proceeded to Marengo, in Iowa. The railroad was not then open to Florence and the Bluffs. After crossing the Missouri our principal care was to travel so as to secure a successful resistance in case of attack from Indians. We were as strong as we desired in numbers, but it was necessary to comprehend what should be our mode of action in case of attack, as no less than three different tribes hunted over the ground which we were crossing, and we heard as many tribes were in the country before us, encamped or otherwise; not at all pleasant intelligence. We also met a waggon belonging to emigrants returning to the West, and some of the authorities overtook us going in the opposite direction. These were on their way to the Great Salt Lake, travelling too fast for us to keep up with them. We soon afterwards met the first Indian, a solitary, and shook hands with him.

"Here we were obliged to halt for a time, as rain had fallen, and the waters were out. We went on at last, reached Platte river, near which we encamped, and for two or three days proceeded without any notable incident, and so on for a week more. We then prepared to strike off into the country, before which, water being short, we passed some pits, but only found a little water in one of them, scarcely enough to suffice us. Our journey now lay over a dreary, monotonous prairie for a whole week. Neither bush nor shrub was to be seen as far as the eye could command the landscape. In some places were low sandy ridges, over which there grew a low scrubby grass.

"Though when in the East I had heard of the beauty of the Western sunsets, and of the evening in that region, I had hitherto been disappointed. That night its beauty exceeded my utmost fancy of such a scene of glory. It was a scene that might be taken for heaven. The whole sky, as the sun got low in the horizon, became overspread with an intense blue, most radiant to the eastward. There it was seen blending with and falling off into a beautiful pink colour, of exquisite delicacy, and then changing into violet, from the midst of which the silver moon rose, amid such a peculiar scene of glory as I never had beheld in the heavens before. This glorious colour was rendered the more remarkable as it contrasted with a line of sandy bluffs, beneath which all had assumed a deep orange hue. Never did I see the earth arrayed in such exquisite beauty—a beauty, too, so peculiar, and yet so unlike any I had ever seen before.

"We were doomed after that glorious sight, and 'a beauty so peculiar,' to feel the mortifying meanness of contrast but too sensibly. We were attacked after sundown and cruelly suffered from clouds on clouds of mosquitoes. Hundreds came swarming into the vehicles in which we slept. In vain did I extinguish the light in the hope to put an end to my sufferings. I then re-lighted the candle, placing it outside, when the insects literally 'clustered' round it; but, unfortunately, the wind extinguished it. It was too warm to sleep under thick clothing, while thin was pierced through and through by the proboscis of the blood-suckers, or 'lawyers,' as some called them. The open air then seemed the only refuge; but the day had been warm, and in the cold night it was hazardous to sleep, on account of fever ensuing, generally severe and full of danger in its attacks. Amidst all the suffering, it was ludicrous to hear, in the still midnight on these vast wilds, the exclamations that issued from the different waggons—the cries, sometimes sad moans, and then doleful interjections. The cause was but too well 'felt.' One individual came out, declaring he could stand it no longer and keep in life. Another said he would mount guard willingly against the Indians, but he could not undertake to mount guard against those within more sanguinary creatures—he could not be a mosquito-sentry. Many, in defiance of the night and fever, fatigued, too, with the labour of the previous day, lay down on the grass, and were with difficulty forced back to their beds to prevent a still greater calamity. One or two proposed to go and sleep

in water to the chin, with something over their heads impervious to the inordinate blood-suckers.

"The next night affairs were not much better, it being passed near Wood river, a small clear stream, with steep, well-timbered banks to a considerable extent, running through a plain stretching far away into the distance, so that it grew faint and seemed to mingle with or melt into the sky. One day passed at this spot was so intensely warm, that sleep seemed to be the only resource. I attempted to write, but was unable. I scarcely knew how I should exist. The next morning we came upon the trail of a large Indian encampment. Hard by, to our horror, were the graves of several white people, known to have been murdered by Indians. We saw none, very fortunately, as we passed by that melancholy spot. The poor women seemed exhausted from the heat, for they could scarcely be got to converse, and it must be confessed the temperature was overpowering. We were now about two hundred and twenty miles from Florence and the bluffs to the westward. One of our number descried some pencil lines on a bleached buffalo's skull, stating that a party of 'Saints' had gone by there three days before.

"We now fell in again with the Platte river, and at no great distance from Fort Kearney. The individuals stationed there recommended caution, as the Cheyenne Indians were prowling in the vicinity, and hostile. A company that had passed just before had been robbed by them of thirty head of cattle.

"The next day we encamped near some standing water. I saw what in the East is called a 'mirage'

for the first time. Reading, and by chance looking up from my book, I fancied I saw on the verge of the horizon a flock of wolves. Yet all the nearer ground was clear enough almost to the horizon line. Then the objects changed, and I fancied I saw a lake and trees. It would be difficult to credit that all was not real, if at intervals the objects did not assume a wavy motion when steadily observed. Sometimes it seemed in motion, and to come stealing along over the surface of the ground. The way was still by the Platte river. We were delayed here three days by rain and an accident to a waggon, during which we met a party going eastward, that gave a good account of the prospects of the Saints and sinners bound to the Valley on the ames track as ourselves. We met with nothing to alarm us, except one night that some musket-shots were fired, that seemed to proceed from one side of the square formed by the waggons for keeping in the cattle. One of the guards said he had seen a man pass, wrapped up in a blanket, who did not reply to a triple challenge. It was believed not to have been an Indian, as was at first apprehended, but it set us all on the alert.

"Our course still continued along the banks of the Platte, which was shallow, with bluffs on each side; the shores were sandy.

"Some Indians, few in number, calling themselves Navahaws, but suspected to be Cheyennes, were suddenly met. Ten or twelve of the party, with rifles in hand, went up to them for a 'talk,' and they seemed to take some alarm in consequence.

"We continued our journey until we came in sight of

what was called the Chimney Rock, a very remarkable object. At almost the same moment, another party of Brigham's Saints was seen, bound for the Valley. They encamped on the other side of the river, opposite the singular rock of sandstone above-named. This formation rises, like an obelisk, far above an uneven and irregular ridge of the same kind of sandstone, which the Spaniards, with good reason, I mean as to the bare ridge itself, would call a 'sierra,' for so they denominate a range of hills or mountains, from their saw-like unevennesses. Here, however, the shapes were fantastic and irregular, prolonged in ridges intermingled with points, but not very acute. They were evidently shaped by the rains washing away the earth. This ridge lay wholly near the Platte river.

"Some of the party, having crossed the stream, met a dozen waggons, with an escort and a paymaster-general, on their way to Fort Laramie. Two officers of the escort visited us, and brought intelligence that the Cheyenne Indians were trying to make a treaty with the commander-in-chief at the Fort. They were said to have confessed several murders of which they had been suspected guilty. These officers inquired the number of our men travelling to the prophet's head-quarters in the convoy, and were told a hundred armed. At the same time no less than sixteen waggons passed eastwards bound to the States. It appeared that they had some travellers with them who had repudiated the apostleship of Brigham, and his own peculiar doctrine of the harem. A military mail was travelling eastward in their company.

"I had thought the Chimney Rock so curious an object, that, on passing its meridian, I went and made a sketch of it. I was by no means pleased to find that a number of wolves had been approaching me without my perceiving them. I was nearly four miles from the camp, but they were between, and consequently nearer to the camp than myself. I had set off an hour ahead of the train of waggons, in order to sketch it. The wind, too, took the scent towards the camp. One wolf was shot at. Two of the party at once rode over to me at the rock in consequence. It is a hundred feet high, stands alone, and is plainly seen to be formed by the disintegration of the sandstone.

"I also observed some bluffs which they called 'Scott's Bluffs.' We met a drove of horses from California soon after passing those bluffs. These are a stupendous elevation of the surface of the ground, raised, it is probable, by an earthquake or some great natural convulsion. At a distance, too, Laramie's Peak rose loftily.

"Fort Laramie, now so called, was near. It stood, they said, where Fort John had formerly been. On reaching it, we found it consisted of a square of barracks. The house in the centre, on one side of the square, being of wood, was the only good dwelling. This was devoted to the officers. I posted a letter or two there, and sketched the 'Fort,' as it is denominated. It was eight o'clock in the morning, and as I endeavoured to use my pencil, it was with difficulty; the cold was too severe at that elevation, and I could not satisfy myself. The officers were gentlemanly men, and exceedingly

civil, though well aware that most of the convoy were of the new faith. I found that various goods and stores were kept there, being safe under the shadow of a military establishment. The commander was Colonel Hoffmann, a very urbane and kind man, of agreeable address.

"The country from thence continued to improve, becoming more and more picturesque, with hills grass-covered, brushwood, and pine or cedar. The road lay between high cliffs of white, dotted in the clefts and hollows with darker soil. I observed in one place the grave of an Indian child a few yards only out of the road. It was composed of a number of withies stuck into the ground, forming a sort of cage, united at the top, within which lay the body. Thus nature speaks in all countries the same feeling towards the departed, ever indicating the expectation of some unknown prolonged existence—the 'longing after immortality' —though 'shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.'

"The road now continued undulating, the soil calcareous, but destitute of good grass, except in nooks and dells near the rivulets. The hills were generally wooded. Wild sage and prickly pear became common, and were, in fact, the chief vegetable productions. On this road we overtook again poorer disciples of the prophet, who travelled to the promised land dragging along hand-carts, in which was all their wealth. Numbers were down with fever and exhaustion. It may be imagined what they suffered, travelling so many hundreds of miles, exposed to the elements by day and

night. Now they were about crossing a stream, intending to proceed five miles further before resting. To see the poor sufferers nearly exhausted, and wading through the chilling water, and weakly women, too, dragging or pushing the wretched carts, the children piteously crying, and the haggard faces of the men, almost worn down, with no canopy but the heavens, was most pitiful, most painful. How many victims thus succumbed it would be worth knowing. A severe snow-storm had just taken place, to enhance the misery of these poor creatures. Some of the men of our party, when we overtook them, carried numbers over the river on horseback, half-perished with the inclemency of the weather. It was a painful sight to witness, and led me to wonder how any delusion could lead reasonable beings to encounter such misery as these poor creatures underwent, prompted to do so without regard to aught but populating a wild by those interested in its being colonised.

"The country continued much the same in character, but it was not long before we found the ground infested with black ants and hideous, nauseous crickets, to our great annoyance. Still, it bore a pleasing appearance to the eye in many places. We crossed a branch of the Platte, for I was informed it was still that stream, or a feeder of it. Here, not far from the water, we rested ourselves. The day was excessively warm; yet we found the night cool to a trying degree. The truth was, we were not awake to the elevation of the ground over which we were travelling. This was some thousand feet above the ocean level—we were told no

less than six thousand. It accounted, too, for the cold. The rate at which we travelled was slow, and had not been unpleasant until now, when we got among the mountain lands, where some of the party suffered from what is called 'mountain fever.' I am unaware of its nature; but my German friend recommended me to keep up my spirits, and gave me an aperient just about the time we passed the Green river, which was not three hundred yards wide, and flowed here at a spot three hundred miles from Fort Laramie.

"We next came to a large tract of ground covered with wild sage, and at length reached a station denominated Fort Bridger, after travelling across a wild waste of country. Here I thought we were about to rest for a short interval, but it was not a spot sufficiently attractive or convenient. The 'Fort,' as it was then oddly enough named, consisted of a few huts built and connected after the manner of the country, including a workshop or two, and sundry stores. I am told that since then it has been greatly improved.

"After leaving the 'Fort,' the road led towards Muddy Fork, an affluent, I believe, of the Black River Fork; and on the way we found good feeding for the oxen. We next crossed Bear river, turning from south to north. On one spot here for a considerable space the ground was covered with wild flowers, and we halted to repair the waggons, which had become much dilapidated. We had nothing to amuse us, and little to admire but the distant mountain prospect, which was really noble.

"As we approached nearer to the renowned City of

the Saints, through 'canons', or deep hollows among the mountains, we crossed several streams. In one or two places where we halted, we found more rattlesnakes than we had seen in all the former part of our journey. We destroyed several, and thought it fortunate that no accident from them took place. Formidable as they are, they always avoid using their deadly power, unless attacked or trod upon. They are a very ugly species of the reptile kind. I doubt if our mother Eve would have fallen in love with a snake of this species, however strongly Moses may have insisted upon the fact of the lady's passion for that species of the animal creation. We were sadly jolted on some of the roads after we entered the up-and-down passes. Many and hard were the labours the animals underwent here; now ascending for long distances to descend into hollows; sometimes winding for a short space, and then plunging deeply to ascend again. So steep was it at times, that the animals could with great difficulty bear the downward pressure. The distant mountains were grandly snow-capped, and took all kinds of forms at the summits. Nature everywhere displayed that inimitable greatness so impressive to the observer, as to cause an admiring silence, when here and there some new scene comes suddenly into view. In certain difficult places we expected that a general crash could not be escaped.

"At length, having nearly passed the first mountainous range which opened from the hollow or canon through which, up and down, the road lay, we came upon a broad, treeless plain, which lay between the

place from which we emerged and the noble mountain range on the other side. This was the renowned valley of the Great Salt Lake, a part of which was visible northwards, shining in the sun, and at length we reached the expected city, which had anything but an agreeable aspect. It must be recollected, however, that this was at an early period of the occupation. The grounds were marked out in allotments upon a plan that betrayed nothing more than very commonplace ability. There was a want of all that a fair amount of time and labour would probably bestow upon it. What I saw, however, led me to believe that no very refined taste existed among the superiors in the new faith. The people were civil and obliging. They placed before us the best they could muster in the form of refreshment, and I obtained quarters for a few days in the family of a Saint whose establishment was sober, neat, and clean. Evidence clearly existed that within doors the affairs were directed by female management and good housewifery. As I could learn nothing new here regarding the Saints, and found that the local doings of the leaders were not disclosed to the profane, I was content to share the proffered hospitality of these 'new-light' people, which was tendered with much kindness. I confess I did not witness in that house anything at all offensive in polygamy. The kindness I experienced, too, was in houses only erected temporarily. All seemed diligent and active. Things were hardly settled down, but much land was already enclosed and tilled. The produce of the gardens was apparently all that could be desired, but

the spot was certainly no paradise, however saintly the people; still allowance must be made for the short time the ground had been occupied. I had intended to remain some time in the city, but I had between eight and nine hundred miles to travel over a wild road of the worst description, and it was not possible to travel alone. I heard of a party that intended to make the same transit, and that so soon, I had scarcely time to make the necessary preparations. I was enabled, however, by the aid of some of the Saints, civilly tendered, to be ready early enough.

"I can, therefore, no more pretend to give an honest and impartial account of the institutions of so reserved a people in any respect than I can of those who dwell in Kamtschatka. I can only say that I found the class of men there hard-working, civil, and oftentimes exceedingly kind. As to intelligence, they by no means ranked high, as indeed their mental subjection to those who led them to the spot where for life they had taken their abode fully proves. It is singular that the propagation of such wild notions as to faith should lead to the peopling of a territory which could alone tempt to a settlement of the like nature. It was a motive power second in effect to that from gold in a less remote region, an illustration of the mode in which great natural ends are attained. All that part of America may be said to have been colonised under the carrying out of two great evils — the lust of gold, and religious imposition—both to terminate, no doubt, in peaceful industry, and a faith more consistent with truth and reason yet to come. At the time I

passed through the place, for all I could observe, the women were kind, obliging, and perfectly decorous. I have no doubt, from what I saw myself, and from what I heard from others, that there is as high a tone of morals maintained there, and even a much higher tone in some respects, than in the cities of the West or in Europe. As far as can be judged by the stranger, too, there is more in one respect of sound moral character naturally, because what it is the fashion to call a 'social grievance' can never exist there."

Let little credence be given to stories propagated by casual visitors to this far-famed City of the Desert. My friend W—— saw it in its earlier state. There is, I too have heard, a jealous vigilance present there, not at all incompatible with gaiety and openness of manners. Such was his opinion. But I must here take my leave of a subject on which the reader may form his own idea from so many sources as have since become available, recollecting that I write of a much earlier time than the present, and what I state relates to a period when not a tithe of the present inhabitants were in the Valley, and my informant was a man of high honour.

Another word. Is there any one in the New, and even in the Old World, at least in the island of my fondest recollections, who has not known, or at least heard of, the "droll," Artemus Ward? When I saw him he was in no good humour with Young and his colony of Saints, and in them he had matter enough for some of his raciest jokes. It had been reported that the enormous distance of the City of the Saints

alike from the east and west coasts rendered it impossible for any to return who would fain retrace their steps. It was said, therefore, that the City of the Desert was a complete woman-trap. This was idle talk. It is true the distance from Council Bluffs is eleven hundred miles, and to San Francisco about nine hundred more; but except the hand-cart pilgrims, there were only a few who could not have returned to the East, undergoing, of course, considerable privations.

The people were tithed in their earnings. All the ready money of the brethren was placed in the hands of the elders. Young, playing with Smith's new religion, was at once absolute in his sovereignty among the chosen, who are so far separated from the "Gentiles." No strangers, not members of the church, can know anything of the secret workings of the chief and his apostles in their despotic rule, let visitors assert what they may. Strangers pretend to know what passes, as if it were before their own eyes. Confidential intercourse with the Gentiles, in regard to the secrets of the faithful, is out of the question. Yet much civility and cautious kindness being shown to strangers, they often imagine they know a great deal when they really know nothing of moment. "Shall a Gentile intermingle his ungodliness with the children of the New Revelation? Heaven forbid!" Thus apostates alone disclose the few secrets and doings of the Saints which are matters of revelation if they relate to the faith. The Western visitors draw upon imagination when they can do nothing in the way of worming out secrets from the holy ones. With an open aspect, and an apparently civil welcome to

such, the Brighamites are as wary as may be to those who, in their stranger guise, imagine they can spy them out. To all travellers they are hospitable, and ready to do them a service. Only one tavern for the accommodation of the stranger is, or was, I believe, permitted to be open, under sanction of the "sovereign authorities."

Here must terminate all I obtained from W——'s narrative. He did not remain long at San Francisco after his arrival there, but proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, from whence came to me a few remarks upon the people and some notices on natural history. The former being for the most part commercial, are now of little interest, while what relates to nature is ever worthy of record.

To return for a moment to San Francisco. At no place in the States did the success of the Atlantic cable spread more delight than here. I was requested among others to contribute my mite towards the recognition of an event so delightful to those of the old country who sojourn in this city. I ventured in one of our first-rate papers* to express, I regret so unworthily, the sincere pleasure I felt. We are a long, long way from the home of our sires. But we had been able to communicate with New York for some time past by the telegraph wires: no farther.

I must now conclude my desultory notes with the hope that all miserable petty jealousy between the nations at the ends of the cable, or between parent and child, unworthy of two great nations, may soon

* The *Sunday Mercury*.

for ever cease, and sixty millions of souls of the same language, family, and habits, draw closer together, and present to the whole wondering world the most striking examples of national glory that ancient or modern ages have or ever can exhibit to mankind.

CHAPTER XV.

SANDWICH ISLANDS—THE NATIVES—THE BARK "YANKEE"—THE HAWAIIAN NATION—THEIR KING—"PULU"—GENERAL MILLER—DENSE WOODS—ORNITHOLOGICAL INFORMATION—MODES OF CATCHING BIRDS—EARTHQUAKES—MOUNTAINS—VOLCANOES.

THE intercourse between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands is continual, as the passage of my friend W—— to them might explain. Owyhee, or, as it is generally spelled, Hawaii, is the largest of the islands, and he was bound there. It is celebrated as the place where the great circumnavigator Cook met his death, an event less attributable to the savage disposition of the natives than to their misinterpretation of his intentions. It is painful to reflect that he who discovered those islands should have terminated his existence on the very spot he was opening to the benefits of a civilisation towards which the inhabitants have since made great progress. They are a fine race of people, somewhat darker in complexion than the people of the other Polynesian groups. Their features are pleasing, and their manners mild. They are called Kanakas. Their climate is much more temperate than other places under the same latitude. The labours of the European and American missionaries have changed

the manners of the people. They are making rapid advances towards complete civilisation. The bark *Yankee*, commanded by Captain Paty, the Nestor of that navigation, makes fortnightly or tri-monthly trips from San Francisco to Honolulu. Quite an extensive invalid passenger trade, too, is carried on between the two ports; a change from the keen, bracing winds of the San Franciscan summer to the more balmy breezes of the Sandwich Islands being especially beneficial to consumptive patients, more particularly, perhaps, because it includes a sea-voyage.

The Hawaiian nation, which seventy or eighty years since numbered between three and four hundred thousand, now counts only about seventy thousand. So much for the intercourse of the savage with civilisation! Vast tracts of land are utterly uninhabited; fertile kalo lands, once cultivated, are now overgrown with weeds. The island of Hawaii, with a remarkably productive soil, said to be capable of sustaining a hundred thousand people, has a population of less than seven thousand.

There is a kind of vegetable down growing in the islands, and known there as "pulu," which is largely exported to San Francisco. It is used to stuff mattresses and bolsters instead of horsehair or wool, being less costly than either. It is also said to be obnoxious to fleas, in which San Francisco abounds beyond any place of which I ever heard. But I have no faith in their antipathy to pulu.

Many others who had visited these islands speak highly of them. Several are very mountainous;

some of the mountains are very lofty. Some are extinct volcanoes; perhaps all are of volcanic origin, but the country around has ceased to suffer from their activity. In Owyhee alone the volcanic action remains in full energy.

I have never, I regret to say, visited these islands. I am induced to mention them here for two reasons beside the interest they may naturally be supposed to afford to Europeans. The first is on account of the British consul, General Miller, now no more, who was a resident there, and of whom I had some knowledge; and, secondly, because I possess a few particulars relative to these islands which may be of interest to observers of natural history.

General Miller left behind him, I believe, some biographical memoranda which have been published, and relate chiefly to his military operations in South America,* which was deeply indebted to him on many occasions. He was covered with wounds in the service. In Peru he held the rank of general, but in one of those popular outbreaks which have darkened the character of several of the emancipated South American republics, he was necessitated to quit Peru. This was in 1840. He was afterwards appointed British Consul-General for the Pacific, and died in Callao Bay in October, 1861, on board the British frigate, the *Naiad*. He received a public funeral. Persons who visited the Sandwich Islands while he was a resident there, spoke in the highest terms of him.

* Two volumes, published by his brother, in London, 1828.

No great variety of objects exists in these islands that will contribute to enlarge the sphere of natural history, although their group is numerous. The dense woods have but few trees which bear berries calculated to nourish birds of the hard-billed species. There are, indeed, some of which the species are peculiar to these islands, as I am informed by those who have not only made it a study, but have recorded and put their observations—the most interesting being ornithological—into my hands. The feathered tribe which seem more immediately native feed chiefly on the nectared and succulent flowers of the *Eugenia. Malaccensis*, commonly called the Malacca apple, which is very plentiful in all the islands. It was from three distinct species of these birds that the natives obtained the feathers they once used in making the cloaks and helmets which they wore, and which were not only neat, but handsome articles of native clothing. The most rare and valuable feathers are yellow, and belong to a bird of an intense black colour except under the wings and tail, where there are tufts of that colour. These last were formerly paid as a tribute by the islanders to the *eree*, or king, and were at times very difficult to obtain. They were at that period valued at the rate of five feathers to a dollar among the natives themselves. The bird which supplied them with red feathers is said to have been much more common. This, it must be remembered, was at a time long anterior to the existing domination of the white man's influence, at present so potent. The birds were taken by a class of men

brought up to the pursuit from their earliest years, whose operations were conducted after the following manner :—

When the bark of the bread-fruit tree is cut, a thick fluid issues from the incision, which, when collected and boiled, becomes viscid like birdlime. The bird-catcher then selects a tree, usually the Malacca apple before alluded to. He next proceeds to anoint the boughs with the foregoing substance. He now denudes the neighbouring trees of nearly all their blossoms. In consequence of this stratagem, the poor birds settle naturally enough upon the anointed tree, and become the easy prey of the fowler.

Of the birds upon these islands, the *Iehiri*, so called by the natives, is about five and a half inches long, the bill much curved and sharply pointed, of a yellowish colour, and covered at the base with a hard membrane. The tongue is long and tubular, and divided at the extremity into minute filaments. With the exception of the wings and tail, which are black, and two or three scapular feathers of white on each side, the whole bird is a beautiful scarlet. The bill and legs are of a yellowish red, with three toes forward and one behind. The middle toe is connected with the outer up to the first joint. The tail feathers, twelve in number, are pointed. When this beautiful bird leaves the egg, it is of a sickly yellowish-green colour, the tail and legs being dusky. Its note is merely a chirp. It feeds principally on the flowers of the Eugenia before named, and on the banana. They live in pairs, and build on the tops of trees, and if caged, will not

live long in confinement. It is said to belong to the species classed by Linnæus as the *Cerchia coccinea.*

The *Amakee,* so called by the natives, or the *Nectarina flava,* is in length about four and a half inches. The bill is dark brown, slightly curved and pointed, about half an inch in length; the upper portion a little longer than the lower. The bill is covered with a hard membrane, and the tubular tongue is divided at the extremity into small threads. The neck and breast are yellow; the upper part an olive-green; the quill feathers brown, slightly edged with green. The male bird is a deeper yellow than the female. The legs are brown. The toes are three forward and one behind; the middle is connected with the outer as far as the first joint. The tail is short, and the feathers brown, edged with yellowish green. The habits and manners like those of the foregoing species. They feed on caterpillars and worms.

The *Assassanié,* or *Fringilla coccinea,* is nearly five inches long, the bill black, slightly curved, and sharp-pointed, about three-fourths of an inch in length; the upper part longer than the lower. The nostrils at the base are covered with a hard membrane. The tongue is long and tubular, divided into minute threads at the tip. The legs are black. The toes three forward and one backward; the middle connected with the outer toe as in the foregoing species. The head, back, breast, and throat a deep blood-red, deepest coloured upon the head. The belly dull white, wings and tail black; the latter having twelve pointed feathers. The tertiary quill feathers, greater and lesser wing coverts, edged

with red. Similar in habits, manners, and food to the *Nectarina coccinea.* The feathers of this bird are also used for clothing by the natives.

The *Merops niger,* called *Uho* by the natives; *Oku,* or parrot-billed grosbeak, or *Lexia psittacea;* the native *Erepeio,* or Sandwich fly-catcher; the *Akepakepa,* or *Fringilla rufa,* and *Fringilla Sandwichensis;* the *Amawee,* or Sandwich thrush, of two kinds, one named *Woakensis,* the first a fine songster; the *Puaho,* or Sandwich strix; the *Corvus tropicus,* the *Turtoris* of Linnæus—are among the land birds. Bats are occasionally found. Pigeons and most farm-fowls have been introduced, and are at present quite common in the islands. The common moor-hen; wild ducks and geese, the last supposed to come from the north-west coast of North America; the tropic bird, noddy, of two kinds; the *Korea,* so called by the natives, properly the *Fringa Woakensis;* the *Uau,* or *Procellaria alba*—are observed, but no gulls, doves, nor birds of the parrot kind. There is one species of owl, and petrels are seen.

Oxen were introduced by Europeans into Owyhee, as well as horses, dogs, swine, goats, asses, rabbits, and cats. Mice, too, were introduced by the shipping. Rats were indigenous, and of a peculiar kind. There are no venomous animals, and no very novel insects.

The volcanic character of these islands has been already often alluded to, and published in England in detail besides, if I remember rightly, more than once. The fact that existing action is only met with in Owyhee, too, has been stated. Earthquakes are fre-

quent in consequence, which is in no way to be wondered at, when that island contains the largest crater known. It is ever emitting rocks and lava, and is seven miles and a half in circumference and thirteen hundred feet high. Two mountains on this island are said to equal in height the Peak of Teneriffe. That called Mount Raal is sixteen thousand feet in elevation, covered with perpetual snow, and perforated with craters which exhibit no sign of latent fires. Mount Roa is said to be equally high. Wòroray is ten thousand feet high, exhibiting, like the others, marks of volcanic agency. There is a great volcano called Pali on the south-east of the island; stones and ashes have been thrown to a great distance, by which natives have been killed. A place called Wyekaak is the proper spot for ascending to the crater of Pali. The best part of two days is required for making the ascent, although the direct distance is barely twenty-four miles; the only road by which the ascent can be made is quite forty, and that over rugged beds and rocks of lava, and part of the way through dense woods, on the borders of which, at a great height, grow strawberries, bilberries, and various kinds of heaths. One of the extinct craters is curiously and beautifully clothed with verdure to the very bottom. These craters are generally oval in form. Sulphur cliffs contrast strangely in some places with the dark colour of the lava in sufficient quantities to be an article of exportation. Sounds resembling the bubbling or ebullition of glass-furnaces are heard in the bowels of these mountains, with loud and violent puffs, as red-hot

stones are projected upwards from beyond the lava where it issues from the heart of the mountain. Sometimes one part of the mountain exhibits greater activity than another. Sulphur is found there both compact and crystallised; obsidian; and besides various kinds of slag-lava, some is discovered there as light as sponge, of a dullish-green obsidian passing into pumice. Crystals of olivine of the finest kind are also found. The volcanoes were once objects of religious worship, and scenes of sacrifices to the god Pali. Since Christianity has prevailed in the island, this has almost wholly ceased.

At Woahoo are two large extinct volcanoes—one called Diamond Hill, from some stone resembling diamonds having been found there; the other called Fort Hill, having been used as such by the natives because it commands the town of Hanaruna, a place of residence of the king and merchants, built upon a low plain of coral rock and shells once overflown by the sea. Lime and good stone are found, and salt is produced not far off by letting the sea into ponds, and suffering the water to evaporate. Porphyry of the argillaceous kind is also found in these islands.

The mountain-chain next in height is in the island of Mowée, which, like Owyhee or Hawaii, is volcanic. It has a double range of mountains connected by a sandy isthmus. Nitre abounds there. Moratoi, to the west, decreases in elevation from the east, and terminates to the westward in a low point. It is to be seen at times from Woahoo. Its east end is six thousand feet high, with deep valleys, numerous waterfalls tum-

bling down the rocks into the ocean in agreeable contrast with other scenery in their vicinity, consisting of black precipitous cliffs.

Ohahua, like Mowée, is divided into two ranges, in elevation about four thousand feet, and not more than three thousand on the north-east part. In one place here the ridges are suddenly broken on the north-east side by an almost perpendicular cliff, nearly three thousand feet deep, running for eight or nine miles in a semicircular figure, having at its base a plain three or four miles in extent, agreeably diversified and covered with vegetation. The climate, too, is much cooler here than on the other side of the island cliffs. The inhabitants can only communicate with the north-east side by a verdant pass through a cultivated valley called Amu-Amu, at its entrance about half a mile wide. It is at the back of the town of Hanaruna. From hence sugar-cane, taro, and cabbages are procured for the supply of the town.

From the upper part of the valley of Amu-Amu there is a magnificent prospect; but the path soon leads to an almost perpendicular descent in one place, and to a pass called by the natives Pawie, or the Cliff. It is a wonderful spot, and leads down to a plain, and to low hills covered with verdure. The cliffs are the haunts of innumerable birds, where for ages past, undisturbed by man, they have reared their young unmolested, and are likely to continue to do so, there being nothing near to tempt the cupidity or attract the selfish objects of the "tyrant of this lower world." The climate is warm, but exceedingly healthy.

But I must trespass no further in the way of hear-say description from Mr. W——. I have begun to wander from the stuffed-bird specimens of the island to their general character, already given by others, as I have before remarked.

NOTES.

IT must be remembered that the city of San Francisco had grown from one house in 1836, to a city of 100,000 inhabitants in 1846. In 1836, and for several subsequent years, it was known only by the name of *Yerba Buena*. Every one is aware that the shores there were explored by Sir Francis Drake, who sailed into a bay on his voyage of discovery in the Pacific, supposed to be that of San Francisco, or another near it. He took possession of the surrounding country in the name of his sovereign Queen Elizabeth. On many maps still extant the country is called by the name he gave it, in honour of his own beloved land, "New Albion."

In 1769, a Spanish or Mexican priest named Father Junipera Serra, Prefect of the College of San Fernando in Mexico, came upon the bay at its southern extremity, and struck by its extreme extent and great beauty, specially dedicated it and the country round to the patron saint of his order, St. Francis, thus singularly enough connecting it with the name of its first discoverer, Sir Francis Drake.

The Mission and Presidio (the latter near Fort Point), the earliest ecclesiastical and military establishments, were founded by the Spaniards in 1776. In June, 1833, Jacob P. Leese, a young American merchant of German parentage, who had been at Monterey, arrived at Yerba Buena from Los Angeles, where he had been engaged in mercantile pursuits, having been persuaded by some American ship-masters to establish a store and commission house at Yerba Buena. He brought with him to the Alcalde of the latter place an order for a grant of land from the Spanish Governor at Monterey, as well as a small vessel loaded with material to build a wooden house. He erected it on what is now Clay Street, a few feet west of Dupont Street, nearly where stands at present the St. Francis Hotel, in time for the celebration of the 4th of July, 1836, the anniversary of American independence. Here on

that day, with two others, Nathan Spear and William Hinkley, his two partners, he entertained a hundred guests, and hoisted the American flag for the first time on the site of the future city. The guests, mostly *rancheros*, or Spanish farmers, were glad to see a commercial house established, for previously they had been dependent on foreigners for supplies of various kinds, and the harbour was frequently destitute of many necessaries for months together.

Shortly before Mr. Leese quitted Los Angeles, the first instance of Lynch law in California occurred. A young married woman named Verdugo deserted her husband for another man. Senor Verdugo applied to an Alcalde for an order to compel his wife to live with him, which was granted. Verdugo took his wife on his horse behind him, and started for his rancho, or farm, which he never reached. He was murdered on the road by the wife and her paramour. The evidence against the two latter was conclusive, the circumstances revolting, and the popular indignation against them was great. There was a universal requisition for punishment suitable to the enormity of the offence. The end could only be attained by Lynch law, for the courts had never decided a capital case, having avoided giving any judgments. Murders, frequent enough, were never punished. If this fresh crime were suffered to go unpunished there would be no individual security whatever. The people, therefore, took the law into their own hands, tried the offenders, convicted, sentenced them to death, and finally, executed them. Everything was deliberately done, with all due respect for justice. A record was carefully kept of the proceedings, and the execution was delayed two days, in order that a priest might arrive from San Gabriel to confess the condemned. The Alcaldes, Don Manuel Riquena and Don Abel Stearns, made no serious resistance, appearing rather to favour the proceeding. Thus occurred the first instance of that Lynch law in California which afterwards made the annals of San Francisco so remarkable during the time of the celebrated "Vigilance Committee," about the proceedings of which there are yet so many conflicting opinions.

The Russian trade with Yerba Buena at this time amounted to about 40,000 dollars (£8,000) annually, and the purchases were liquidated by drafts drawn by the Russian-American company, payable by other drafts on St. Petersburg, which drafts were always taken at par by the American trading vessels.

The residents on the Mission, at that date, lived upon their herds of cattle; their dwellings were built of adobe, or sun-dried brick; and their furniture, food, and clothing were simple in the extreme. The Mission had about eight hundred Indians, who lived in rancherias in the savage manner, at various places on the peninsula, some as far south as San Mateo.

In April, 1838, the first child in Yerba Buena, a daughter of Mr. Leese, was born. The Hudson's Bay Company, undertaking to supply Sitka with produce from California, determined to establish an agency at Yerba Buena, and monopolise the trade of the bay. Mr. Leese, unable to compete with the immense capital of that company, sold his business premises to them, and moved to the distant county of Sonoma. The agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Ray, offered trading terms to the rancheros much more liberal than those offered by the Americans, agreeing to pay cash, as well as the merchandise, which was all the Americans would give, and still more, to pay the merchandise in advance. The Hudson's Bay Company grew rapidly in importance there. But that evil which has so constantly blighted British enterprise (the short-sighted policy of her aristocratical officials) stepped in to nip the bud of commercial success. A Sir George Simpson, the governor of the company, visited the coast, disapproved of Ray's system of payment, refused to accept the purchase of Mr. Leese's house, and proceeded to such a wanton humiliation of Ray, that in conjunction with the heavy pecuniary loss it entailed upon him, as well as some domestic difficulties which occurred at the time, caused the poor man to enter on a career of dissipation, and finally, to seek that refuge from trouble which even dissipation from despair would not afford him, by committing suicide.

During 1844-5 and the early part of 1846 the town remained stationary. It was whispered, however, among both the Americans and their followers, that California would soon become a part of the United States, and Yerba Buena was regarded as its future metropolis. In the early months of 1846 Yerba Buena contained less than fifty inhabitants, and not ten children; but a hundred or two Mexican or Spanish *hombres*, as well as some whites, might be gathered together in a short time by sending to the Mission or Presidio, and the winds were already wafting vessel loads of Americans thither. The emigrants of 1845 and 1846, annoyed by the proclamations of the Mexican Governor, began to talk of revolution, and forming a

government of their own. John C. Fremont, now General Fremont, with a band of only sixty men, rode through the country displaying the American flag, but only intending to proceed peacefully through to Oregon, so it was said, without any intention of what ensued. The sight of that flag, so exciting to the Americans, caused a number at Sonoma to rise and declare their own independence. It was on the 18th of June, 1846. Wm. B. Ide issued from thence a proclamation headed, "Head Quarters, Sonoma," and commencing with "The Commander-in-Chief of the troops assembled at the Fortress of Sonoma," above which floated the old "Bear Flag" of California. In consequence, Don Pio Pico, Mexican Governor, addressed a letter of remonstrance to Thomas Larkin, American Consul in California, noted for his defence of American citizens at Monterey in 1840. The Consul's reply was hardly read, however, when the sound of Commodore Sloat's guns announced the cessation of Mexican rule, and the commencement of a new era in Californian history. So much for the morality of the stronger hand, as usual in political proceedings under the "last reason" of republics as well as of kings.

July 4th, 1846, passed in silence at Yerba Buena; but when the American Vice-Consul there hung out his flag in honour of the day which Americans never omit to celebrate, some people gathered together, drinking the customary toasts, and speaking anew of independence. What sort of independence would be the share of the Mexicans they did not appear to regard any more than the law of nations. On the morning of July 8th, the sloop-of-war *Portsmouth* lay broadside to the town, and some unusual action was observable on board. Shortly, two boats, laden with marines, pushed off from her. As the boats' keels grated on the beach the commander of the *Portsmouth* sprang ashore. The sergeant with the colours followed. The men were drawn up and the lieutenant called out, "Fall back, keep your line straight as a street!" then with a comic look at Captain Montgomery, "straight as Montgomery Street," at which the marines began to cheer, but Captain Montgomery, hardly able to keep from smiling, ordered "Silence!" Hence the name of the present Regent Street of San Francisco. The next order was given by the Major, "Right flank, march up Washington Street!"—now another main street—and finally, as they reached the flag-staff on the Plaza, he again gave "Company! by the right flank, march! to the flag-staff on Ports-

mouth Square." At this, the name of their vessel, all the "company" did laugh, and as one who related it to me said, "the town was taken by smiles." Perhaps the bloodlessness of the acquisition reconciled the Mexicans so readily to their conquerors, for they are on the very best terms at the present day. At the time, the sub-prefect protested in the name of the Mexican Government, but as he spoke in Spanish, his protests were supposed to be congratulations! The American flag was raised by Captain Montgomery, and most of those present cheered lustily as the stars and stripes floated on the morning breezes. Thirteen volleys were fired by the marines, and answered by the guns of the *Portsmouth*. Sloat's proclamation, declaring the country under American jurisdiction, was read. That night a patrol guarded the town, and all the neighbourhood gathered at the *puebla* of Yerba Buena to see the flag. Whatever the Mexicans thought of the *sang-froid* with which their neighbours claimed their territory, certain it is that they got up an *impromptu* festival of their own on the occasion, and caroused all night. The morrow brought post-riders from Monterey with the further news that the Americans were rapidly conquering Mexico itself! The aspect of affairs in that country was even then such as almost to warrant the Americans in the annoyance they feel at not having annexed Mexico, instead of Texas and California only, to their Union. French rule is undoubtedly superior to Mexican, but I am Anglo-Saxon enough to prefer American to that French which terminated so disastrously for the despotic rule of a German pretender.

As many persons have emigrated from England to the mines, which have been so productive in that part of America noticed here, it is desirable they should not be disappointed in many things about which they may miscalculate. Few are aware that the land entered by the Golden Gate, the fine entrance of the harbour of San Francisco so denominated, is not a land of cheap living. Very large quantities of gold have been raised, but Australia now makes larger returns of that metal, while silver, in purity and quantity, is found far surpassing all previous example. Emigrants will find everything dear to European prices. A dollar, or four shillings, in San Francisco will not go further than a shilling in England, while all employments there are overstocked with hands. In order to explain this in the best mode, the reader recollecting that house rent and taxes are

proportionately high, the rates of wages in several common trades are subjoined as well as the prices of provisions. Miners who can rough it up the country, and rough work it is with them, may find ground productive enough if they possess a little capital, but they must move into the distant country, and be prepared to combat hardships.

The subjoined are the rates of wages in the more common employments:—

Wages per Month.	Dollars.
Bookkeepers	75 to 150
Clerks	50 — 100
Salesmen	60 — 200
Barkeepers	40 — 75
Men Cooks	50 — 70
Women Cooks	30 — 35
Waiters	35 — 45
Housemaids	15 — 30
Barmaids	15 — 25

Wages per Diem.	Dollars.
Blacksmiths	4 to 5
Anvil Strikers	2 — 3
Bricklayers	3 — 5
Cabinetmakers	3 — 5
Carpenters	2 — 4
Glaziers and Painters	2 — 4
Stonecutters	3 — 5
Labourers	2 — 2½
Washerwomen	2 — 2½
Draymen with a team	7

The wages of journeymen printers run from five to six dollars, or from twenty to twenty-four shillings per day. The dollar may be reckoned at four shillings English, or four and a penny.

Market Tariff.

Venison	per lb.	10d.	
Beef, prime joints	„	10d.	
Do., inferior parts	„	4d. to 5d.	
Pork	„	6d. — 7d.	
Mutton	„	6d.	
Veal	„	6d. to 7d.	
Lamb	„	6d. — 7d.	
Turkey	„	13d. — 15d.	
Geese	„	13d.	
Ducks	per pair	4s. to 6s.	
Fowls	„	4s.	
Salmon	per lb.	1s.	
Sturgeon	„	6d.	
Smelts	per pair	10d.	
Herrings	each	4d.	
Soles	per pair	10d.	
Lobsters	each	1s.	
Crabs	„	6d.	
Oysters	per doz.	2s.	
Wild Geese	each	2s. to 3s.	
Do. Ducks	„	1s.	
Rabbits	„	2s.	
Quails	per doz.	3s.	
Flour	per 50 lbs.	6s. to 10s.	
Indian Meal	„	6s. — 8s.	
Buckwheat Flour	per 10 lbs.	4s.	
Rice	per lb.	6d.	
Oswego Starch	„	1s.	
Haricot Beans	„	2d.	
Sugar	„	7d. to 8d.	
Tea	„	4s. — 5s.	
Coffee	„	1s. 8d.	
Raisins	„	1s.	
Dried Currants	„	1s. 3d.	
Chocolate	per package	2s.	

Fruit, when in Season.		Vegetables, all the year round.	
Rhubarb .	per lb. . . . 1s.	Potatoes . .	per lb. 1d. to 2½d.
Strawberries .	„ . . 6d. to 1s.	Cabbages . .	per head . . 6d.
Gooseberries .	„ . . 6d. — 1s.	Turnips . .	per bunch . 6d.
Raspberries .	„ . . 6d. — 1s.	Carrots . .	„ . . 6d.
Cherries . .	„ 1s. 2d. to 2s. 6d.	Onions . . .	per lb. . . 1s.
Cranberries .	„ . . . . 6d.	Tomatoes	3d.
Blackberries .	„ . . . 1s. 3d.	Peas . . .	per quart 6d. to 1s.
Plums . . .	„ . . . 2s. 6d.	French beans	„ 6d. — 1s.
Peaches, half-bushel baskets	4s. 6d.	Artichokes . . .	6d. — 10d.
Grapes . .	per lb. . 6d. to 1s.	Cauliflowers . .	each 6d. — 1s.
Water Melons . .	6d. — 1s.	Squash or Pumpkins .	per lb. 6d.
Musk do. . . .	6d. — 1s.	Lettuce . . .	per head . 2½d.
Cocoa-nuts . . .	6d. — 1s.	Radishes . . .	per bundle 2½d.
Oranges . .	per doz. . . 2s.		
Apples . . .	per lb. 3d. to 1s.		
Peas . . .	„ . 6d. — 2s.		

It will thus be perceived that the high rate of wages, and the great but accidental profits from the mines and minerals, are causes of the high prices maintained in the State. It is needful this should be considered by emigrants of small means. Nearly every branch of business and handicraft is filled to an overflow. Mining is only to be followed by men of a hardy constitution, who can brave no common degree of toil.'

Distances.

To San Francisco from England by sea, *viâ* Panama and New York from Liverpool.

To New York . . . 3,100 miles.
New York to Panama 2,400 „
Panama to S. Francisco 3,150 „

Total in 36 days . 8,650 „

To San Francisco, *via* Cape Horn, 13,522 miles, in 120 days.

By land from San Francisco to New York, 3,417 miles.

San Francisco to Sacramento .	117 miles.
Placeville	165 „
Humboldt Mines	420 „
Salt Lake City	800 „
St. Louis	2,299 „
New York	3,417 „

Land and sea to England 6,517, saving 2,133 miles when the New York and San Francisco railroad is completed.

PRINTED BY VIRTUE AND CO., CITY ROAD, LONDON.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018